The lively Portraicture of
Sr Tobias Mathewes Knt
[illegible]mes Gammon sculp

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A COLLECTION OF LETTERS,

Made By

Sr Tobie Mathews, Kt.

WITH

A CHARACTER of the Most Excellent LADY,

LUCY

Countess of *CARLISLE:*

By the same Author.

To which are added many Letters of his own, to several Persons of HONOUR.

Published by the Revd Dr *J. DONNE.*

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October 25, 1932

TO THE
RIGHT HONORABLE

LUCY,

COUNTESSE OF

CARLEILE.

Madam,

TO *present your Ladiship with so many* Letters *and no* Newes, *is a new thing; yet, this being a* work *of your old Ser-*

A vant,

vant, (for, who ever writ the Letters, Sr Tobie Mathews made the Collection) I think I should be injurious to his Ghost, (especially having never heard from him any thing to the contrary, since he went hence) if I should dedicate this Book to any other Person, than your Ladiship, whose excellencies he studied so much, when he was living, and, of which, he has left unto the World so lively a Character.

One Letter from him ('tis true) would have been worth many such Volumes: but, I presume, he was unwilling to send by the ordinary Posts of Heaven, Thunder, or Lightning, as being Messengers too rude to come into your Ladiships presence;

presence; for, that would have told us not onely what are become of those that built, and ruined the Four Monarchies, *but when we may expect the* Fifth; *and whether the invincible ignorance of the* Inca Japancha Poco, *or the profound knowledge of* Serjeant Major General Je ne scai qui, (*who is informed by the Spirit*) *save most. whether* St Peter *delivered the Keyes to our* Saints, *that ascended lately; or whether they took* Heaven, by an Onslate. *Whether our* First Generall, *went immediately thither; or whether he took in a* halfe moon, *or a* whole starr *by the way. Which of the twelve*

Houses he lies at, and at what Sign. *Whether his head-quarter be at* Cancer, or at Capricorn? *what preparation there is making by the* Saints Triumphant, *for the* Saints Militant; *and, when they are expected. What are become of the* Covenanters, *what of the* Engagers, *and what of them that were both* Covenanters and Engagers too. *Whether the* Cavaliers *and They (that were at such enmity here) set their horses together there, (for St. Paul saw Beasts as well as Elders in Heaven)?*

But, Madam, that that would concern us more then all this, is, a

Hope, that by a Letter *from him, we ſhould hear, that your Ladiſhip were to favour us, for many years to come, with your preſence here; whoſe abſence would make ſuch a* Chaſm in our Galaxie, *that it would grieve us leſſe, to ſee all our* Saints *aſcend into the* Heavens, *than that the* Earth *ſhould loſe ſo much of her ſplendour, beauty, and goodneſſe, which is ſo diffuſive, that I cannot doubt, but that ſo much of it will fall to my ſhare, as will pardon the boldneſſe of this* Dedication; *eſpecially conſidering, that the* Book *it ſelf will give your Ladiſhip ſo little trouble: For, it begins whereſoever you*

open it, and it ends wheresoever you see,

MADAM,

Your Ladiſhip's moſt

humble Servant,

JOHN DONNE.

THE

THE CHARACTER OF THE MOST EXCELLENT LADY, *LUCY* COUNTESS OF *CARLEILE.*

THIS Ladie's birth is Noble, from a high and antient Descent; and, in it, her bloud is kept pure, by often Allianze with great and Princely Families. Time has allowed it a Line of longer measure, than, almost, to any, by continuance; and so, as we cannot, with ease, give an account, of the first Greatnesse and Elevation of her Ancestors: but yet, it leaves certain marks, by which we may, as by a kind of back-light, point at many of them, whose Courage and Vertues have dignified both their good fortunes and their ill.

She is of too high a mind and dignity, not onely to seek, but almost to wish, the friend-

ſhip of any Creature: They, whom ſhe is pleaſed to chuſe, are ſuch, as are of the moſt eminent condition, both for Power and Employments: not with any deſigne towards her own particular, either of Advantage or Curioſity; but her Nature values fortunate perſons as vertuous: who, if they be not ſo by this Opinion, they have an advantage of them, who are ſo by this Choice. It may be, ſhe doth this by way of gratitude to Fortune, who hath taken ſo much care of her, as that from a doubtfull, and, I might ſay, a kind of fearfull condition, ſhe hath placed and ſecured her, as it were in her own very Armes; from whence, this great Lady might yet, perhaps, have removed her ſelf, by the careleſſe uſe of thoſe benefits, of the Proviſions which fortune hath made for her, were they not too abundant.

They who are, even as it were in her very veines, as Brothers and Siſters, Shee extreamly loves; but ſhe values them more as they are ſo to her; She wants not alſo kindneſſe for their Children. But ſuch as are more removed from her, ſhe conſiders no otherwiſe then as Streams which runne too far, to have any participation of her Excellencies.

She has as much Senſe, and gratitude for the actions of friendſhip, as ſo extream a Beauty will give her leave to entertain. And from our Sex, ſhe may expect all expreſſions of ſervitude, by the very nature and duty thereof.

She more willingly allowes of the converſation of Men, than of Women; yet, when ſhe is amongſt thoſe of her own ſex, her diſcourſe is of Faſhions and Dreſſings, which ſhe hath ever ſo perfect upon her ſelf; as ſhe likewiſe teaches it by ſeeing her. Amongſt men, her perſon is both conſidered and admired; and her Wit, being moſt eminent, among the reſt of her great abilities, She affects the converſation of the perſons, who are moſt famed for it; though yet, ſhe be ſo handſomly civill to all, as that at the firſt, you would believe her to be more guided by that civility of hers, than perhaps ſhe is; ſince ſhe will rather ſhew what ſhe can do, than let her nature continue in it; unleſſe ſhe conſider ſomething in the perſons, very extraordinary and new, which ſhe cannot find by their admiring her, for that is not to be avoided; and then ſhe may requite them, by allowing it. But yet, if even that be not expreſſed, with the aſſiſtance of fortune;

and

and when she is in a good humour, and in the distance, and with the duty for which she looks; you may, perhaps, find scorn, when you expect acceptation: reproving more the omissions of that, which the Majesty of her person teaches Reverence, than she cherishes, what her Beauty both begets and enforces, Love.

Yet will she freely discourse of Love, and hear both the fancies and powers of it; but if you will needs bring it within knowledge, and boldly direct it to her self, she is likely to divert the discourse, or, at least, seem not to understand it. By which, you may know her humour, and her justice; for, since she cannot love in earnest, she would have nothing from Love. So contenting her self to play with love, as with a child.

She hath too great a heart, to have naturally any strong inclination to others, not allowing them to grow from thence, as finding there no motions of affection, but only upon consideration of the merit of others towards her. So that naturally, she hath no passion at all, since inclinations are the ground and foundation, upon which passion is built. But yet, she will observe them, whose reputation gives a value to their

their persons and condition; as if she would not be unwilling to find something of entertainment, whereby to please her self, or passe her time. But then, her examinations going ever by way of compulsion towards her self, they return unsatisfied.

I conceive her not to be of a lesse sensible nature, than she will acknowledge in her self; I believe, she cannot find in it those little tendernesses, which she will disallow in others; but yet, upon occasions, worthy of her kindnesse or compassion, which, though they differ in their nature, yet they agree in the same shews: It hath broken out sometimes, like suppresst flames. But, I confesse, they are so few occasions that can bring it thus to light, as she may well be mistaken in her own heart, by the seldom working of it; or, peradventure, in her reason, she may make it this defence, against those expressions, that they are occasions to force her, to take this unsensibleneſse upon her nature, which is like giving of denyalls, before suits be asked; or else, as Proclamations, which forbid what may happen, and then, if they be disobeyed, it is to be upon our own perill.

She

She affects particularly so much, that she dislikes generall courtesies; and you may fear, to be lesse valued by her, for your obliging her; she, peradventure, believing it to proceed in them from some easinesse and custom of the mind, rather than from a generosity and humanity of the nature; which I conceive to be her greatest injustice, having observed her to be so carefull for some, who have desired favours from her, as that her charity, or her nature, hath sought advantages for them, who were strangers to her; who yet might well have taken them from those other, who were not so to her.

To shew her understanding, not her disvaluing of persons, she will freely deliver her opinion of them: And as, in whomsoever we can speak of, there is, for the greatest part, more to be reformed than commended; so, in the delivering of her censures, that way it shewes, her judgment can discover, that which we strive most to conceal, our imperfections and errours. Though she be observed, not to be very carefull in the publick Exercises of our Religion; yet, I agree not with their opinion, who hold her likely to abandon and change it, not onely for the faith and trust

which

which she hath in the truth and goodnesse of it; but to avoid the doing of that, which she believes to be a levity, and declaration of a former ignorance.

This Lady, whom both Fortune and Nature have ever been in strife to serve; the one, with her benefits; the other, with her blessings; wants not a sense and contentment in both. But conveniences of this kind being no true delights, she takes the greatest joy in the perfections of her own person, since Fortune cannot give her such a store and stock, as Nature doth, to all that behold her; from which, you may yet, perhaps, come to take so much, that you may find it to be a burthenous treasure, since you cannot lay it out, or make any use of it, she being not to be purchased by her own gifts. If gratitude may be procured from her, it may go for an extraordinary reward, though from others it would be held but for a cold charity.

She is more esteemed than beloved by her own Sex, in two respects; the one, for that her Beauty far exceeds theirs; and the other, for that her Wit doth the like: Which makes most of them, especially such as pretend towards either of these Excellencies, to avoid her company, through

their

their envy; as being constrained in it; Her Beauty putting their Faces out of countenance, as her Wit doth their Minds. She is so great a lover of Variety, as that when she may not otherwise expresse it, she will remove her own thoughts, if not change her opinions, even of those persons that are not least considered by her, when they have given her this entertainment, and let them settle again in their former places with her.

She hath certain high and elevated thoughts, in which she is pleased most, and they carry her mind above any thing, within her knowledge. She believeth nothing to be worthy of her consideration, but her own imaginations: These gallant fancies keep her in satisfaction, when she is alone, where she will make something worthy of her liking, since, in the world, she cannot find any thing worthy of her loving.

Amongst the rest of her un-numbred perfections, she hath a grace and facility, and, I might well say, a felicity, in her expressions, since they are certain, and always in the best, and fewest words. And as they are handsom, they are likewise so faithfull in the relation of any thing, as that she refines the Language, and yet within

within the true limits of the occasion; adding nothing to the substance, but yet infinitely by the manner.

She is in disposition enclined to be cholerick, which she suppresses; not, perhaps, in consideration of the persons who occasion it, but upon a belief, that it is unhandsome towards her self; which yet, being thus covered, doth so kindle and fire her wit, as that in very few words, it saies somewhat, so extracted, as that it hath a sharpnesse, and strength, and taste, to disrelish, if not to kill, the proudest hopes which you can have, of her value of you.

She affects Extreams, because she cannot suffer any condition, but of plentie and glorie; in which, if she had not an assured, and very eminent kind of Being, she would flie to the other Extream, of Retiredneſſe, and so rather obscure her self, than not be her self; it being naturall to her, as her life, to maintain it in magnificence.

She hath been told by her Physitians, that she is inclined to melancholy; and this opinion of theirs proved to be the best remedy for it, by the mirth which she expressed at it. This I say, to shew her to be of a chearfull nature, in her own opinion, who best can judge of it, as she, the most

moſt comely of all creatures, can expreſſe it.

She hath, as all noble hearts have, Ambition, which, I conceive, ſhe rather conſerves, as an humour neceſſary to the mind, (as thoſe of the body alſo are) than for any particular end or wiſh; ſhe being ſo free from the want of any thing, as that it muſt be a ſtudy, and in that, a pain, for her to enquire what to deſire.

To

To the READER.

SIR,

HERE goes a handfull of *English* Letters; which I have procured to bring together, that so I might the better send them abroad. They passe under the Avow of the Highest and Greatest Queen of the World; and you must take very good heed, that you censure them not too sharply; for, I believe, that, if you do, she will be angry. The prime Reason why I publish them, is, to do Honour, that is, Right, to my Nation; for, though I cannot Dye for it, when I will; yet I must Celebrate and Serve it when I can. These Letters were, for the most part, written upon a sudden, and à la volée; and therefore you must not wonder, if they all be not so very exact. Nor shall you expect Clinches or Knacks, of that kind of Wit, which uses to play wantonly with Words; for I cannot get my self

to be much taken with those Toyes. But should these Letters, at least, to speak a true English Tongue, which is not too Generall, even in this time; and many of them are not void of conceit; and they expresse themselves naturally, and nobly enough; considering, that they are not written, but in the familiar way; And some of them, I confesse, I think to be as good, as ever I saw; at least, they are the best I had: And if they prove not so excellent as might be wished, it falls not so far upon my Conscience, as to be able to make me lyable to any Fault, but onely to bring me in mind of Misfortune. And yet, I hope, I may be so capable of Merit, as, in the strength of this Example, to invite some other man, to do better. I will account, that I am Gold-Smith of Cole-Harbour; and, if that may bring any Austin of Cheapside to open his Shop, and shew his better Stuffs to the World, he shall make me as rich as himself. For, the serving of my Turn, and of the Town, with the very best that can be had, is one and the same thing with me.

I know not how these Letters (for I am grown half out of breath, with following the Metaphor so far) will prove able to keep themselves in Countenance, when they are brought forth into Company, and put into Competition with some others, which have been, and are written, in our own Country; but yet I dare give good Security,

(and

(and have no fear to prove Bankrupt upon the Adventure) that if you set them by the Letters of any other Nation, many of These will leave the blushing part to Those. And if a certain Wise and Witty Gentleman said well, That if any Carrier of London, going to Oxford or Cambridge, should chance to be robbed of his Letters by the way; a man would, peradventure, meet with more Wit, in that poor Budget, than in some whole Book of Forrain Modern Printed Letters, of some other Nation: How sure will these be to prove passable, since (to speak without any immodesty at all) the Writers thereof were, most of them, far enough from being but Vulgar men. Benjamin Budgyer.

For, some of them were such, as could no more be lesse in any thing than themselves, than others could find means to be more, or even so much, as They. And, both for that Reason, and for others, (as namely, for the Eminency of the Persons who wrote, and the Royalty of them who were Written to) some of their names will certainly be known too well, even without my naming them, when you grow to read their Fortunes, by looking upon the Lines of their hands; for which I am sorry: For I could rather have wished, that those Letters might also have helpt, to bind you faster (whosoever you be, if you need it) to the Good-Behaviour, as well as the rest; so to have

kept you from judging too haſtily by hear-ſay; and to have obliged you to rely, not ſo much upon your Ears, as your Eyes; for that would have procured, and taught you, to go more warily on with your Votes; for fear, eſt otherwiſe you might have been found afterwards, to have condemned you knew not what, nor whom. I have generally, therefore, thought fit, to conceal the names of the Authors, except ſuch as both are dead, and are alſo made apparent by publick accidents: Becauſe I would not have any of you be either wanton or wayward. As on the other ſide, I have reſolved, to prefix a word or two, by way of Argument, to every one of the Letters; or, at leaſt, to tell you the kind and quality thereof: ſo to keep you, as ſoon as I could, from being wholly ignorant of the Contents, that ſo you might not ſtay any longer than needs you muſt, in the dark, when you were going to caſt an Eye upon this Object.

In the mean time, It is a praiſe to the Nation to Excell, though it be but even in Caſuall and Contingent Things (ſuch as the writing of Letters is) from one minute of our lives to another. But yet ſtill, it is the Entregent of abſent Perſons; it is the Solace and Satisfaction of ſuſpended minds; it is the Communication of everliſtning Friends; it is the Diſpatch of unſetled Buſineſſes; and the way of Diſcharging ſuch Burthens, as would otherwiſe lye too heavy upon the

the heart. And, to perform all those Offices, better then others know how to do, is no inconsiderable faculty, amongst civill men. Though yet, upon this occasion, I will shew, that this Nation of ours, can also play at greater games than this; yea, and it can, and will play fair, and well, when some others are fain to betake themselues to their tricks. For, in fine, men have but Bodyes, and Mindes; and if we excell others in them both, the day will be ours.

The Persons of this Nation are such, as that the holy, and Great St. Gregory, *thought it to be no uneasie, and unnaturall allusion of* Anglos, *to* Angelos; *as thinking, that the Beauty of the English, was then such, as to make them more Angelicall, then others. And the race is not spoyled to this day, in either sex; but still we are, what we were.*

The consideration of the Minds of the English, is also as fit to give them comfort, as that of their Bodyes. For, generally in the first place, there is certainly no Nation under Heaven, more apt to despise those two darlings of Flesh and Bloud, Life, *and* Fortune, *then this is ready to do, upon any reasonable, or even almost but apparent Motive. No man is also more remote, than an English-man, from the doggednesse of long-lasting, and indelible revenge; nor both so alsent, and so farre distant, from using*

base treachery of any kind. Besides, he is of all others the apteſt, and eaſieſt Creature in the World, to take compaſſion of any miſery, whereſoever he meets it. And if any man will make a bitter Satyr againſt other Nations, let him but compare them, in this kind, with ours: For, We are farre from delighting in blood; nay, We can no ſooner ſee a gallant Man at our feet, than wee are ready to place him inſtantly upon our heads.

Withall, our very Bowells yerne, to be ſpreading our ſelves upon our friends, in the Hoſpitable way; and we do it not out of the ends of Ambition, or upon the meer deſire of Honour, like ſome Southern Nations; nor out of a generall dearth of money, which makes Commodities to be nothing worth, as in ſome parts of the Northern. But they coſt us deer; and the ſaving them, would make us Rich; and yet our Pulſe beates towards our Friends in the dark; and our heart doth, as it were pant, and gaſpe, till it be even opening, and powring it ſelf out, upon others, for the very pleaſure of the thing it ſelf, till our Friends be even lockt up, with us, in thoſe very hearts.

Above all things, this Nation abounds with another moſt excellent Endowment, which is no leſſe, than a kind of Balſamum, to the whole life of Man; and without which, that whole life

life is no better than a punishment, both to o-thers, and most of all, to a Man's self; and (for ought I know to the contrary) there is little of it in the whole world, out of this Island. A great, and gallant Man, told me once when we were abroad together (he being in some disgust towards the place, wherein he was at that time) that there grew a certain fruit in England, wherewith neither he, nor I, could ever become acquainted, in all our Travels; and he bad me guesse, what it was. I guessed Pear-maines, and Wardens, and Damsens, and I know not what else of that kind. But still he told me, that I was in the wrong. At length (to take us both out of pain) he said, that it was neither this, nor that, but a certain thing, called Good-Nature; whereof he had never seen any, but in England. I agreed with him very easily in that opinion; For, if we may say it as civilly, as we may doe truly, I believe, that vulgarly there springs very little of it abroad. But in England, there is so much, that the Flowers do even degenerate sometimes into weeds, for want of being so well cultivated with diligence, and discretion, as they ought; and so that, which is a benefit to others, proves often, to be a mischief to the owners. But in the mean time, being rightly used, it is a thing of no lesse excellency in it self, than to be both the

The Earl of Bristol. Brussels.

very ſeed-plot of all Vertue; and yet withall a kind of excuſe of all ſuch Vice, as follows frailty; for it is totally incompatible with any other. In a word; this treaſure of Good-Nature, is ſo rare, and precious a thing, that, as I have ſaid ſomewhere elſe, ſo I think; and ſincerely, if I were put to it (foraſmuch, as might concern the Converſative way of this life) I would ſo make my choice, as rather to deſire to be chained (even for as long, as I ſhould continue in this world) to any well-natured Sinner, than to an ill-natured Saint. And now England is the onely Indies, where his bottomleſſe Mine of pure Gold, is to be found.

Beſides, as, all men know, that Vertue and Vice, are not naturall, but acquired by Exerciſe and Cuſtom (and eſpecially, by the well, or ill huſbanding, and cheriſhing of God Almightie's grace, which is never wanting to us) ſo I think, that it may, without partiality, be well affirmed, that there is hardly any Nation in the World, which originally, is either more vertuous, or leſſe vicious, than the Engliſh. Their vertues are very apparent; and generally, they have naturally, ſcarce any vice: Yea, and the defects of an Engliſh man, conſiſt not ſo much in his being ordinarily ill, as in being eaſily delivered over, into ill humour. For, thoſe little Inconſtancies of his, thoſe little Impatiencies, thoſe little jealouſies of being

being undervalued (which put him, now and then, upon the huffe) and that mauvaise honte, *or inconfidence upon the firſt approaches, to which, he is ſubject, make him eaſily indeed able, to vary a little, now and then, from himſelf ; but yet ſo, as that he will be ſure, to come quickly home again, if you will let him alone. For, if you will needs urge him on, too faſt, he will perhaps, never goe with you, whilſt he lives.*

But theſe are rather defects, then faults ; and yet the Queſtion is not here, which Nation hath no faults at all (for there is none ſuch ; ſo Univerſally have we been dreſſed, or rather daubed, by our good old Friends, Adam *and* Eve, *who begun that ill dance, and drew, and drag'd us all on, to follow them, by thoſe long, and ſtrong hands of their polluted hearts) but, which, in fine, hath the feweſt, ſince that will fall out to be the beſt. For,* Optimus ille, qui minimis urgetur ; *He ſhall not only be eſteemed, but be alſo in very deed, the beſt man (and the ſame will be alſo true, of Nations) who hath the feweſt, and leaſt faults ; and this, I think, is our caſe.*

The talent alſo of the Brain, is very eminent in this happy Country of ours. For we have been Rich, from all Antiquity, in the multitude of great learned men, and that (beſides the Mathematicks) in the moſt ſolid, and ſubtile wayes of know-

Knowledge, of Philosophy, of Metaphysicks, and of Divinity, according to the Method of the Schools; which only, can enable a man, to passe successefully on, towards the Fournies end of truth, both with the speed of a running Post, and with the certainty, and stayed pace of a Pilgrime. And our witts shrink not from us, to this day; as in those starts also, which we get leave of our selves to make, either in writing Letters, or composing Papers of Verses, or in delivering any other way, such cogitations and observations, as may rather exact delicacy of witt, than that sad kind of depth in poynt of knowledge (which usually is not to be purchased, at any other rate, then by a constant, and regular employment of time, and paines;) I think, we may both dese, and beat the world.

We have also rare compositions of minds amongst us, which look so many fair wayes at once, that I doubt, it will go neer to pose any other Nation of Europe, *to muster-out in any Age, four men, who, in so many respects, should excell four such, as we are able to shew, Cardinall* Wolsey, *Sir.* Thomas More, *Sir.* Philip Sidney, *and Sir.* Francis Bacon; *for, they were all a kind of Monsters, in their severall wayes.*

The first of them, was a most large-hearted, and most wise State's-man; who, though he were born,

born, no otherwiſe than a very private and poor man, yet he brought himſelf to the topp of Fortune's wheel, and there devoured, and diſpatched mighty buſineſſes, both Domeſticall, and Forraign, with as much eaſe, as other men have, in drawing their breath. He was a man of a moſt publick Soul; a mighty, and a moſt juſt Magiſtrate. But he was tainted with unbounded ambitions, and greatneſs: in conformity whereof he appeared with huge magnificence, and glory; which yet, through the inequality, or rather iniquity of thoſe times, did ſerve but for the Preface to his Ruine.

The ſecond; A man of large underſtanding; great, and generall Learning; quick, and cleer Conceptions; profound wiſdom; intire vertue in all kinds; and all this, with one of the ſweeteſt Natures, and moſt Saint-like Souls, both for converſation, and contemplation, which hath been found to walke in fleſh, and blood, in all theſe latter Ages of the world.

The third, a perſon of Illuſtrious and Noble birth, a gallant Courtier, a Souldier, a Commander, a man of State, a Schollar (and that, very eminent, in all the politer way of Literature) who did both ſpeak, and write very early, and delightfully, both in Verſe, and Proſe. And in the courſe, and drift of that rare Work of his Arcadia *(which is a Miracle for that time, when*

he

he composed it (much the greater; because, he did it in so much haste, and sent it sheet by sheet to his most noble Sister, as he wrote it, without giving it the exact amendments of the last hand) he weaves it full of Characters, the most excellent, the most amiable, and the most noble, which can, perhaps, be found in any Work of that kind. He also takes occasion to expresse such Consultations of War, such Deliberations of Counsell, such Understandings of naturall Inclination, such waies of prevailing upon Passion, so perfect Description of Actions, with all the Circumstances thereof, as shewes the man who wrote, to have had a most rare Assembly of Notions, and Composition of Parts. Most justly may he passe for a Person of sharp Wit, and sweet Nature; as he was also of easie Humour, and of a most noble Heart. And, if credit may be given to a very generall Report, (for it exceeded the condition of a Rumour) he was considered by the Kingdom of Poland, *as not unfit to weild the Scepter of that Crown. Which Designe towards a Cavalier, and a remote Stranger, shews clearly, what kind of man he was understood to be, over the World.*

The fourth was a Creature of incomparable Abilities of Mind, of a sharp and catching Apprehension, large and faithfull Memory, plentifull and sprouting Invention, deep and solid Judgment, for as much as might concern the Under-

Understanding part. A man so rare in knowledge, of so many severall kinds, endued with the facility and felicity of expressing it all, in so elegant, significant, so abundant, and yet so choise and ravishing a way of Words, of Metaphors, and Allusions, as, perhaps, the World hath not seen, since it was a World. I know, this may seem a great Hyperbole, and strange kind of riotous excesse of speech; but the best means of putting me to shame, will be, for you to place any other man of yours, by this of mine. And, in the mean time, even this little makes a shift to shew, that the Genius of England *is still not onely Eminent, but Predominant, for the assembling great variety of those rare parts, in some single men, which use to be half incompatible any where else.*

But not onely in such things, as have no other relation than to this life; but in those others also which concern the next, this Nation hath been wont to out-strip, even all the rest of the World. Wherein I cannot omit to speak of that vast Piety and Charity of former Times, when Laws were fain to be enacted, to keep men from making themselves too poor, by the desire which they had to make Almighty God (in the Persons of such as serv'd Him most) too rich: As also of the multitudes of Kings and Queens, who renounced the glorious Sun-shine of their Dominions, that so they might follow Christ our Lord, by a

more

more close kind of Imitation, in the solitary and obscure Shade of Recollection and Devotion.

And it may serve the present turn, to look but upon our selves, and our Neighbours, even in these daies of our own. For, I think, we shall be generally found to be naturally the most piously affected of all others; and that there are not seen in the whole world, either better Catholicks, or better Protestants, than in England: *Nor more Women, who are so perfectly Chast, without the Cudgel-argument of Restraint; nor Men, who are more honestly, and even more naturally, Just, without thinking of the Obligation, to make Restitution.*

In a word, it is clear enough, that we are both excellently Endowed, and rarely Tempered, by God and Nature. And we are seated in such Neighbourhood to others, as to have their severall Extreams extreamly well taken off, and so are left enriched with their Good, without being impoverished by their Ill. I have also been apt to think, that these three gallant Nations of the World, (which have the happinesse to obey and serve the King, according both to their Allegiance and Love; and in whom he is made able to command the fruitfullest and greatest Seed-plot of brave Souldiers, which any Prince enjoyes in the whole world) do carry a particular resemblance to the three gallant Nations of Europe,

rope, the Italian, the French, and the Spaniſh: For, the Scottiſh Nation hath it eminently with the French; the Iriſh, as eminently with the Spaniard; and the Engliſh, in my opinion, with the Italian. By which Inclination of theirs, and Application of mine, I preſume, I make England no loſer; for, the Italian Nation is one of the moſt excellent in all reſpects. I ſay not, but that there are many differences, and very great ones; but yet, that there is more ſympathy with it, than with others. And certainly, if an Italian ſhould, for his ſins, be bound to take any Stranger, to live continually in his ſociety, and be receiv'd into his houſe; there is no kind of man alive, whom he would leſſe unwillingly accept, than the Engliſh: as finding a concurrence in him of thoſe moſt excellent qualities, of being the moſt obligeable, the moſt civill, and modeſt, and ſafe, in all kinds, of all Nations.

To conclude therefore, upon the whole matter, I concurre generally, and even naturally, with a certain, worthy, honeſt, true-hearted Engliſh Gentleman, who is now dead: For once, after a grievous fit of the Stone, when he was no leſſe then fourſcore years old, he found himſelf to be out of pain, and in ſuch a kind of eaſe, in the way to recovery, as that great weight of age might admit: wherewith the good man was ſo pleaſed, that he

Sr Dennis Binſeld.

fell

fell to talk very honestly, though pleasantly also after this manner: If God should now say thus to me, Thou art four-score years old; but yet I am content to lend thee a dozen years more of life. And because thou hast conversed with the men of so many Nations in *Europe*, my pleasure is, that for hereafter thou shalt have leave to choose for thy self, of which thou wouldest rather be, than of any other. I would quickly know how to make this Answer, without studying; Let me be neither *Dutch*, nor *Flemish*, nor *French*, nor *Spanish*, nor *Italian*, but an *English-man*, an *English-man*, good Lord. *This said he, and this say I, as being clearly of his mind.*

And now, to make a little Epitome, of what is said already more at large; and to add also a word or two, since there will be cause. The Country is both Temperate and Abundant. The Nation doth even naturally bear a mighty kind of reverence towards the Higher Powers, whether they be of Heaven or Earth. There is no State or People in the whole world, where men of all conditions live so peacefully, and so plentifully; yea, and so safely also, as here. The King, the Queen, the Royall Family, the two incomparable Universities, and Nurseries of Learning; the Ladies, the Nobles, the Gentlemen, the Law-

yers,

yers, the Physicians, the Merchants, the Yeomen, the Farmers, the Labourers; and, in fine, the Common-People of all kinds.

The King hath rich Countries, and most valiant and obedient Subjects; his Power goes very far towards the binding all his Neighbours to the Good-behaviour: No man sits at home so safe as he, none so easily can defend himself, nor so easily both assist his Friends, and vex his Enemies, by means of so many gallant Ports, and goodly Ships, which give him a high Dominion at Sea; whereof, all his Neighbours are grown so sick, as if they meant to dye when he bids them. His Subjects have usually both comely Persons, and well-natured Minds. The Women are, very generally, both more Beautifull, and more Chast, than their Neighbours. The Men are very Hospitable, and as full, both of high Courage, and deep Compossion, as they are far from being either Revengeful and Treacherous, or so much as Base, or even Mean, in any kind. Their Conversation is very Innocent, and yet Free. Men are more heartily, and more straightly embraced, when they are Present; and they are more nobly followed, and more dearly frequented, by the thoughts of their Friends, and more delightfully entertained, by way of Remembrance, when they are Absent, than any

other Race of men whatsoever. Read you these Letters, for a short Essay of this last Observation; and be taught by this Example of mine, to make us see, if you can shew better. For, in that case, will I oblige my self now, to pay you hereafter more Thanks for Those, than you will owe me for These.

S^r

Sr Tobie Mathews's Collection of Englisſh Letters.

This Letter, together with the Anſwer thereof, was written, indeed, by Mr. Francis Bacon *(though, in pretence, by his Brother Mr.* Anthony Bacon*) to the late Moſt noble* Robert *Earl of* Eſſex, *by mutuall agreement amongſt them all, that ſo Mr.* Francis Bacon *might ſhew it to the Queen. It pretends, ſo to adviſe the Earl in his wayes, as that the Queen might be moved thereby to expreſſe ſome care, and compaſſion of him.*

My ſingular Good Lord,

THis ſtanding at a ſtay, in your Lordſhip's fortune, doth make me jealous, in my Love towards your Lordſhip, leſt

you may either do ſomewhat, or omit ſomewhat, which will amount to a new Errour; for I ſuppoſe, that of all former matters, there is a full Expiation. Wherein, for any thing, that your Lordſhip doth, I, for my part (who am remote) cannot caſt, nor deviſe, whereby any Errour ſhould be incurred, except in one point, wherein I know not, what to cenſure, or diſſawde. For it is, that, whereas (according to what the Prophet ſaith) you look up in this affliction, *ad manum percutientem*, and ſo you endeavour to make your peace with God; there are many, who will needs believe, that you really intend one thing, whilſt you pretend another. For men ſay, that they have heard it noted, that my Lord of *Leiceſter* (who could never get, to be taken for a Saint) did yet, in the Queens diſ-favour, grow greatly, into a ſeeming Religious; which is thought by ſome, and uſed by others, as a Caſe, reſembling yours. For either they do not ſee, or will not ſee, the difference, between the diſpoſitions of you two.

But now, to be very plaine with your Lordſhip; my fear rather grows from this, that I hear, how ſome of your good and wiſe Friends, not unpractiſed in the Court, and

and ſuppoſing themſelves not to be unſeen in that deep, and inſcrutable Center of the Court (which is her Majeſtie's mind) do not onely Tole the Bell, but even Ring out Peals, as if your Fortune were dead, and buried; and as if there were no poſſibility for you, of recovering her Majeſtie's favour; and as if the beſt of your Condition, were, to live a private, and retired Life; out of Want, out of Perill, and out of manifeſt Diſgrace. And ſo, in this perſwaſion of theirs, they include a perſwaſion to your Lordſhip; to frame, and accommodate your actions, and mind, to that end. I fear, I ſay, that this untimely deſpaire, may, in time, bring forth a juſt deſpaire, by cauſing your Lordſhip to ſlack, and break off, your wiſe, loyall, and ſeaſonable endeavours, and induſtries, for re-integration to her Majeſtie's favour; in compariſon whereof, all other Circumſtances, are but as *atomi*, or rather as *vacuum*, without any ſubſtance at all.

Againſt this Opinion, it may pleaſe your Lordſhip, to conſider of theſe reaſons, which I have collected; and to make judgement of them, neither out of the melancholly of your preſent fortune, nor out of the infuſion of that, which may come to

you, by the relation of others, which may be ſubject to much Tincture of Paſſion; but, *ex rebus ipſis*, out of the very nature of the Perſons, and Actions themſelves, as the truſtieſt, and leaſt deceiving grounds of Opinion. For though I be ſo unfortunate, as to be a ſtranger to her Majeſtie's eye, and to her nature, yet by that which is apparent, I manifeſtly diſcern, that ſhe hath this Character of the Divine Nature, and Goodneſſe, that *Quos amavit, amabit uſque ad finem*; And when ſhe hath a Creature, ſhe doth not deface, nor defeate it. In ſo much as, (if I obſerve rightly in thoſe Perſons, whom heretofore ſhe hath honoured with her ſpeciall favour) ſhe hath covered and remitted, not onely defects, and ingratitudes in Affection, but errours alſo in State, and Service.

Secondly, if I can ſpell, and Schollar-like put together, the parts of her Majeſtie's proceeding, now, towards your Lordſhip, I cannot but make this Conſtruction, That her Majeſty, in her Royall intention, never purpoſed, to call your Lordſhip's actions, into publick queſtion; but onely to have uſed a Cloud, without a ſhowre, in cenſuring them, by ſome temporary reſtraint of liberty, and debarring you from her preſence.

ſence. For firſt, the handling the Cauſe in the Star-Chamber, you not being called, was inforced by the violence of Libelling, and Rumours, whereby the Queen thought to have ſatisfied the World, and yet ſpared your Lordſhip's appearance. But then afterward, when that Means, which was intended for the quenching of malicious bruits, grew to kindle them, (becauſe it was ſaid, your Lordſhip was condemned unheard, and your Lordſhips ſiſter wrote that piquant Letter) then her Majeſty ſaw plainly, that theſe winds of Rumours, could not be commanded down, without handling the Cauſe, by making you Party, and admitting your Defence. And to this purpoſe, I aſſure your Lordſhip, that my brother *Francis Bacon* (who is too wiſe, I think, to be abuſed; and too honeſt, to abuſe) though he be more reſerved in all particulars, then is needfull; yet, in generall, he hath ever, conſtantly, and with aſſeveration affirmed to me, that both thoſe dayes, (that of the Star-Chamber; and that, at my Lord Keeper's) were wonne from the Queen, meerly upon Neceſſity, and point of Honour, againſt her own inclination.

Thirdly, in the laſt Proceeding, I note

three points, which are directly significant; That her Majesty did expressely forbear any thing, which was irreparable, or might make your Lordship, in any degree, incapable of the return of her Favour; or might fixe any Character indelible, of disgrace upon you. For she spared the publick place of the Star-Chamber; She limited the Charge precisely, not to touch upon any pretence of Disloyalty; And no Record remains to Memory, of the Charge, or Sentence.

Fourthly, the very distinction, which was made in the Sentence, of sequestration from the places of service in State, and leaving your Lordship the place of Master of the Horse; doth (to my understanding) *indicativè* point at this, That her Majesty meant to use your Lordship's attendance in Court, whilst the exercises of the other places, stood suspended.

Fifthly, I have heard, and your Lordship knows better then I; that now, since your were in your owne Custody, her Majesty, in *verbo Regio*, (and by his mouth, to whom she commits her Royall grants, and decrees) hath assured your Lordship, that she will forbid, and not suffer, your ruine.

Sixthly, as I have heard her Majesty, to be

be a Princesse of that Magnanimity, that she will spare the service of the ablest Subject, or Peer, when she shall be thought, to stand in need of it; so is she also of that Policy, as she will not loose the service of a meaner man then your Lordship, where it shall depend meerly, upon her choice, and will.

Seventhly, I hold it for a Principle, that generally, those diseases are hardest to be cured, whereof the cause is obscure; and those easiest, whereof the cause is manifest. Whereupon I conclude, that, As they were your errours, in your courses, towards her Majesty, which have prejudiced you: So your reforming, and conformity, will restore you; so that your selfe may be *Faber fortunæ propriæ.*

Lastly, considering your Lordship is removed from dealing in Causes of State, and left onely to a place of Attendance; me-thinks, the ambition of any man, who can endure no partners in State-matters, may be so quenched, as that they should not laboriously oppose themselves, to your being in Court.

So as, upon the whole matter, I can find neither in her Majestie's Person, nor in your Own, nor in any third Person, neither in

former presidents, nor in your owne case, any cause of dry and peremptory despaire. Neither yet do I affirm this so, as that, if her Majesty, out of her resolution, should designe you to a private life, you should not be as willing, upon her appointment, to go into the Wildernesse, as into the Land of Promise. Onely I wish, that your Lordship will not preoccupate despaire; but put trust, next to God, in her Majestie's grace, and not be wanting to your selfe.

I know, your Lordship may justly interpret, that this, which I perswade, may have some reference to my particular fortune, because I may truly say; *Te Stante*, (not *virebo*; for I am withered within my selfe, but) *manebo*; and that I shall in some sort, be able to hold out. But though your Lordships years, and health, may expect a return of Grace, and Fortune; yet your Eclipse for a time, is an *ultimum vale* to me. And were it not, that I desire, and hope, to see my Brother established by her Majestie's favour, (as I think him well worthy, for what he hath done, and suffered) it were time I took that course, from which I disswade your Lordship. But now, in the mean while, I cannot choose but perform these honest duties to you, to whom I have been so deeply bounden, &c.

The

The Answer.

SIR,

I Thank you for your kind, and carefull Letter. It perſwades me to that, which I wiſh ſtrongly, and hope for weakly; that is, a poſſibility of reſtitution to her Majeſtie's favour. But your Arguments, which would cheriſh Hope, turn me to Deſpaire. You ſay, the Queen never meant, to call me to publick Cenſure, which ſhewes her Goodneſſe; but you ſee, I paſſed under it, which ſhewes the power of Others. I believe moſt ſtedfaſtly, that her Majeſty never intended, to bring my Cauſe to a Sentence; And I believe as verily, that, ſince the Sentence, ſhe meant to reſtore me, to attend upon her Perſon. But they, who could uſe Occaſions, (which it was not in me to hinder) nay could amplifie Occaſions, and practiſe upon Occaſions, to repreſent to her Majeſty, a neceſſity, to bring me to the one; can, and will do the like, to ſtop me from the other. You ſay, my Errours were my Prejudice; and therefore, I can mend my ſelfe. It is true. But they, who know, that I can mend my ſelfe; and that, if ever I recover the Queen, I will never loſe her again;

gain; will never ſuffer me, to re-obtain an intereſt in her Favour. You ſay, the Queen never forſook utterly, where ſhe inwardly favoured. But I know not, whether the Hour-glaſſe of Time, have altered her mind. Sure I am, that the falſe Glaſſe of others, muſt alter her, when I want acceſſe, to plead mine owne Cauſe. I know, I owe doubly, infinitely to be her Majeſties; both *jure Creationis*, for I am her Creature; and *jure Redemptionis*, for I know, ſhe hath ſaved me from ruine. But for her firſt Love, and for her laſt protection, and for all her great benefits, I can but pray for her Majeſty. And my endeavours are now, to make my Prayers for her, and my ſelfe, better heard. For, thanks be to God, they, who can make her Majeſty believe, that I counterfeit with her, cannot make God believe, that I counterfeit with Him. And they, who can hinder me from coming neer to her, cannot hinder me from drawing neer to Him; as, I hope, I do daily. For your brother, I hold him to be an honeſt Gentleman; and I wiſh him all good; much the rather, for your ſake. As for your ſelfe, I know, you have ſuffered more for me, then any friend, I have. But I can but lament freely, as you ſee, I do; and adviſe you,

you, not to do that, which I do; which is, to desparre. You are not ignorant, what hurt Letters have done me; and therefore, make sure of this. And yet I could not, (as having no other pledge of my Love) but communicate freely with you, for the ease of my heart, and yours.

Mr. Bacon, *to a friend and servant of his; by way of Advertisement, concerning some Books, and writings of his owne.*

SIR,

I Perceive, you have some time, when you can be content to think of your Friends; from whom since you have borrowed your selfe, you do well, not paying the Principall, to send the Interest, at six Months day. The Relation, which here I send you inclosed, carries the truth of that, which is publick; and though my little leisure might have required a briefer, yet the matter would have endured, and asked a larger.

I have now, at last, taught that Child to go; at the swadling whereof, you were. My work, touching the *Proficiency* and *Advancement* of *Learning*, I have put into two

two Books; whereof the formet, which you ſaw, I account but as a Page, to the latter. I have now publiſhed them both; whereof, I thought it a ſmall adventure, to ſend you a Copy, who have more right to it, then any man, except Biſhop *Andrews*, who was my Inquiſitor.

The death of the late great Judge, concerned not me; becauſe the other was not removed. I write this, in anſwer to your good wiſhes; which I return not as flowers of *Florence*, but as you mean them; whom, I conceive, Place cannot alter, no more then Time ſhall me, except it be to the better.

Mr. Francis Bacon, *to a dear friend, concerning ſome of his Works in writing.*

SIR,

I Thank you for your laſt; and pray you to believe, that your liberty in giving opinion of thoſe Writings, which I ſent you, is that, which I ſought, which I expected, and which I take in exceeding good part; ſo good, as that it makes me recontinue, or rather continue my hearty wiſhes

of

of your company here, that ſo you might uſe the ſame liberty concerning my Actions, which now you exerciſe, concerning my Writings. For that, of Queen *Elizabeth*; your judgement of the Temper, and truth of that Part, which concerns ſome of her Forrain proceedings, concurrs fully with the judgement of others, to whom I have communicated part of it; and, as things go, I ſuppoſe they are likely, to be more and more juſtified, and allowed. And whereas you ſay, for ſome other part, that it moves and opens a fair occaſion, and broad way, into ſome field of Contradiction; on the other ſide, it is written to me, from the Leiger at *Paris*, and ſome others alſo, that it carries a manifeſt impreſſion of truth with it; and that it even convinces, as it goes. Theſe are their very words; which I write not for mine owne glory, but to ſhew what variety of Opinion riſes from the diſpoſition of ſeverall Readers. And I muſt confeſſe my deſire to be, that my Writings ſhould not Court the preſent time, or ſome few places, in ſuch ſort, as might make them either leſſe generall to Perſons, or leſſe permanent in future Ages. As for the Inſtauration, your ſo full approbation thereof, I read with much

comfort,

comfort, by how much more my heart is upon it; and by how much leſſe, I expected conſent, and concurrence, in a matter ſo obſcure. Of this I can aſſure you, that though many things of great hope, decay with youth, (and multitude of Civill buſineſſes, is wont to diminiſh the price, though not the delight of Contemplations) yet the proceeding in that work, doth gain with me upon my affection, and deſire, both by years, and buſineſſes. And therefore I hope, even by this, that it is wel-pleaſing to God, from whom, and to whom, all good moves. To Him, I moſt heartily commend you.

Mr. Bacon, *by way of Advertiſement of ſeverall things, in a familiar way, to the ſame Friend and Servant of his.*

SIR,

TWo Letters of mine are now already walking towards you; but, ſo that we might meet, it were no matter though our Letters ſhould loſe their way. I make a ſhift, in the mean time, to be glad of your Approaches, and would be more glad,

glad, to be an Agent for your Preſence, who have been a Patient by your Abſence. If your body, by indiſpoſition, make you acknowledge the healthfull aire of your native Country; much more do I aſſure my ſelf, that you continue to have your mind no way eſtranged. And, as my Truſt with the State is above ſuſpition, ſo my Knowledge, both of your Loyalty, and honeſt Nature, will ever make me ſhew my ſelf your faithfull friend, without ſcruple. You have reaſon to commend that Gentleman to me, by whom you ſent your laſt; although his having travelled ſo long amongſt the ſadder Nations of the world make him much the leſſe eaſie, upon ſmall acquaintance, to be underſtood. I have ſent you ſome Copies of my Book of the *Advancement*, which you deſired; and a little Work of my Recreation, which you deſired not. My *Inſtauration* I reſerve for our conference; it ſleeps not. Thoſe Works of the *Alphabet* are, in my opinion, of leſſe uſe to you, where you are now, than at *Paris*; and therefore I conceived, that you had ſent me a kind of tacite Countermand, of your former Requeſt. But, in regard that ſome friends of yours have ſtill inſiſted here, I ſend them to you; and, for my part,

I value your own reading more, than your publishing them to others. Thus, in extream haste, I have scribled to you, I know not what, which therefore is the lesse affected, and, for that very reason, will not be esteemed the lesse by you.

Mr. Bacon *to* King James, *upon his Majesties first comming to the Crown.*

It may please your most Excellent Majesty,

IT is observed by some upon a place in the *Canticles, Ego sum flos campi, & lilium convallium*; that, *à dispart*, it is not said, *Ego sum flos horti, & lilium montium*; because the Majesty of that Person is not inclosed for a Few, nor appropriate to the Great. And yet, nevertheless, this Royall Vertue of Accesse (which both Nature and Judgment have planted in your Majesties mind, as the Portall of all the rest) could not of it self (my imperfections considered) have animated me, to make oblation of my self immediately to your Majesty, had it not been joyned with a habit of the like liberty, which I enjoyed with my late dear Soveraign Mistresse; a Princesse happy in all things,

things, but most happy in such a Successor.

And yet further, and more nearly; I was not a little encouraged, not onely upon a supposall, that to your Majestie's sacred ears, (which are open to the ayre of all Vertue) there might perhaps have come some notice, of the good memory of my Father, so long a principall Counsellor in this your Kingdom; but also a more particular knowledge of the infinite Devotion, and incessant endeavours (beyond the strength of his body, and the nature of the times) which appeared in my good Brother, *Mr. Anthony Bacon*, towards your Majestie's service; and were, on your Majestie's part, through your singular benignity, by many most gracious and lively significations and favours, accepted and acknowledged, beyond the merit of any thing which he could effect. Which endeavours and duties, for the most part, were common to my self with him, though, by designe, (as between two Brothers) dissembled.

And therefore, most High and Mighty King, my most dear and dread Soveraign Lord, since now the Corner-stone is laid of the mightiest Monarchie in *Europe*; and that God, who hath ever a hand in bridling

the flouds, and motion, both of the Seas, and of Peoples hearts; hath by the miraculous, and universall consent, (the more strange, because it proceeds from such diversity of Causes) in your coming in, given a signe and token of great happinesse, by the continuance of your Raigne; I think, there is no subject of your Majesties, who loves this Iland, and is not hollow, and unworthy; whose heart is not set on fire, not onely to bring you peace-offerings, to make you propitious; but to sacrifice himselfe a burnt-offering, or Holocaust, for your Majesties service. Amongst whom, no man's fire shall be more pure, and fervent, than mine. But how farre forth it shall be able to blaze out, that rests in your Majesties pleasure to ordain, &c.

Sr. Francis Bacon, *signifying to a friend and servant of his, the wise proceeding of* King James, *at his first entrance to this Kingdome.*

SIR,

I Was heartily glad to heare, that you had passed so great a part of your journey, in so good health. My aime was right, in

in my addreſſe of Letters, to thoſe perſons in the Court of *Scotland*, who were likelieſt to be uſed for the affairs of *England*; but the pace they held, was too ſwift: for the men were come away, before my Letters could reach them. With the firſt, I have renewed acquaintance; and it was like a Bill of Reviver, by way of croſſe-ſuits; for he was as ready, to have begun with me. The ſecond, did this day arrive; and took acquaintance of me inſtantly in the Councel-Chamber, and was willing to entertain me with further demonſtrations of confidence, than I was willing at that time to admit. But I have had no ſerious ſpeech with him; nor do I yet know, whether any of the Doubles of my Letter have been delivered to the King. It may, perhaps, have proved your luck, to be the firſt.

Things are here in good quiet. The King acts excellently well; for he puts in Clauſes of Reſervation, to every Proviſo. He ſaith, he would be ſorry, to have juſt cauſe to remove any. He ſaith, he will diſplace none, who hath ſerved the Queen, and State, ſincerely, &c. The truth is, here be two extreams: Some few, would have no change; no, nor reformation. Some many,

would have much change, even with perturbation. God, I hope, will direct this wise King, to hold a mean, between reputation enough, and no terrours. In my particular, I have many comforts, and assurances; but, in mine own opinion, the chief is, that the Canvessing World is gone; and the deserving World, is come. And withall, I find my self as one awaked out of sleep; which I have not been this long time; nor could, I think, have been now, without such a great noise, as this; which yet is in *aura leni*. I have written this to you in haste; my end, being no more than to write; and thereby to make you know, that I will ever continue the same; and still be sure, to wish you, as heartily well as to my selfe.

Sir Francis Bacon *desiring a Friend to do him a Service.*

SIR,

THE Report of this act, which, I hope, will prove the last of this businesse, will probably, by the weight it carries, fall, and seize on me. And therefore, not now at will, but upon necessity, it will become me, to call to mind, what passed; and (my head being then wholly employed about Inven-

tion)

tion) I may the worse put things upon the account of mine own Memory. I shall take Physick to day, upon this change of Weather, and vantage of Leasure; and I pray you, not to allow your selfe so much businesse, but that you may have time, to bring me your Friendly syde before night, &c.

Mr. Francis Bacon, *by way of insinuation, to the late Earl of* Southampton.

It may please your Lordship,

I Should have been very glad, to present my humble service to your Lordship, by my attendance; if I could have foreseen, that it would not have been, unpleasing to you. And therefore, because I would be sure, to commit no errour, I chose to write; assuring your Lordship (how little soever it may seem credible to you, at the first) yet it is as true, as God knows it to be so, that this great change hath wrought in me no other change towards your Lordship, than this; that I may, safely, be that to you now, which I was, truly, before. And so craving no other pardon, then for troubling

you with this Letter, I do not now begin, but continue to be, &c.

Sir. Francis Bacon *to a Friend, about reading, and giving judgement, upon his Writings.*

SIR,

BEcauſe you ſhall not loſe your labour this afternoon, which now I muſt needs ſpend with my Lord Chancellour, I ſend my deſire to you in this Letter, that you will take care, not to leave the Writing, which I left with you laſt, with any man ſo long, as that he may be able to take a Copy of it; becauſe, firſt, it muſt be cenſured by you, and then conſidered again, by me. The thing which I expect moſt from you, is, that you would read it carefully over, by your ſelf; and to make ſome little note in writing, where you thinke, (to ſpeak like a Critique) that I do perhaps *indormiſcere*; or where I do, *indulgere genio*; or where, in fine, I give any manner of diſadvantage to my ſelfe. This, *ſuper totam materiam*, you muſt not fail to note; beſides, all ſuch words, and phraſes, as you cannot like; for, you know in how high account I have your judgment.

Sir.

Sir. Francis Bacon *to the ſame perſon upon the like Subject; with an addition of condoling the Death of a Friend.*

SIR,

THe reaſon of ſo much time taken, before my anſwer to yours of the fourth of *Auguſt*, was chiefly, my accompanying my Letter, with the Paper, which here I ſend you; and again, now lately, (not to hold from you ſtill the end of a Letter, that, which by griefe, may, for a time, efface all the former contents) the death of your good friend, and mine *A. B.*; to whom, becauſe I uſed to ſend my Letters for conveyance to you, it made me ſo much the more unready, in the diſpatch of them. In the mean time, I think my ſelf (howſoever it have pleaſed God, otherwiſe to bleſſe me) a moſt unfortunate man to be deprived of two, (a great number in true friendſhip) of thoſe friends, whom I accounted, as no Stage-Friends, but private friends; (and ſuch, as with whom I might both freely, and ſafely communicate) him by death, and you, by abſence. As for the memoriall

moriall of the late deceaſed Queen, I will not Queſtion, whether you be ſo paſſe for a diſintereſſed man or no; I freely confeſſe, my ſelf am not; and ſo I leave it. As for my other writings, you make me very glad of your approbation; the rather, becauſe you adde a concurrence in opinion, with others; for elſe, I might have conceived, that affection would perhaps, have prevailed with you, beyond that, which (if your judgment had been neat and free) you could have eſteemed. And as for your Caution, touching the dignity of Eccleſiaſticall perſons, I ſhall not have cauſe to meet with them, any otherwiſe, than in that ſome School-men have, with exceſſe, advanced the authority of *Ariſtotle*. Other occaſion I ſhall have none. But now, I have ſent you, that only part, of the whole writing, which may perhaps have a little harſhneſſe, and provocation in it; although, I may almoſt ſecure my ſelf, that, if the Preface paſſed ſo well, this will not irritate more; being indeed, to the Preface, but as *palma, ad pugnum*. Your own love expreſſed to me, I heartily embrace; and hope that there will never be occaſion of other, than entireneſſe between us; which nothing but *Majores charitates*, ſhall ever be able to break off.

Sir.

Sir. Francis Bacon *to a friend, in reflection upon some Astrologers in* Italy.

SIR,

I Write to you chiefly now, to the end, that by the continuance of my acquaintance with you, by Letters, you may perceive how much I desire, and how much I do not despair of the recontinuance of our acquaintance, by conversation. In the mean time, I wish you would desire the Astronomers of *Italy*, to amuse us less, than they do, with their fabulous, and fooliſh traditions; and come neerer to the experiments of sense; and tell us, that when all the Planets, except the Moon, are beyond the Line, in the other Hemisphere for six months together; we must needs have a cold Winter; as we saw it was the last year. For, understanding that this was generall over all these parts of the world; and finding, that it was cold weather with all winds, and namely West-wind, I imagined, there was some higher Cause of this Effect; though yet, I confesse, I thought not, that ever I should have found that Cause,

Cauſe, ſo palpable an one, as it proved. Which yet, when I came quickly afterwards to obſerve, I found alſo very cleerly, that the Summer muſt needs be cold too; though yet, it were generally thought, that the year would make a ſhift to pay it ſelfe; and that we ſhould be ſure to have heats, for our cold. You ſee, that though I be full of buſineſſe, yet I can be glad rather to lay it all aſide, then to ſay nothing to you. But I long much more to be ſpeaking often with you; and I hope I ſhall not long want my wiſh.

Sir. Francis Bacon *to the Lord Chancellour* Elſmere, *wiſhing that ſome Hiſtory of Great Brittain, might be compiled.*

It may pleaſe your good Lordſhip,

SOme late act of his Majeſty, referred to ſome former ſpeech which I have heard from your Lordſhip, bred a great deſire in me; and by ſtrength of deſire, a boldneſs to make an humble propoſition to your Lordſhip; ſuch as in me, can be no better, then a thought: but if your Lordſhip ſhall apprehend it, it may take ſome good, and

worthy

worthy effect. The act I speak of, is an Order given by his Majesty, for the erection of a Toomb, or Monument, for our late Soveraign Queen *Elizabeth*, Wherein I may note much; but this, at this time, That, as her Majesty did alwayes right, to his Majesties's hopes; so his Majesty doth also right to her Memory, in all things; a just, and Princely retribution. But from this occasion, by a very easie ascent, I passed further; being put in mind, by his Representative of her person, of the more true and more perfect Representative, which is of her life, and government: For, as Statues and Pictures, are dumb Histories; so Histories, are speaking Pictures. Wherein (if my affection be not too great, or my reading too little) I think, I may be of this opinion, that if *Plutarch* were alive, to write Lives by Parallels; it would trouble him, both for Vertue, and Fortune, to find, for Her, a Parallel amongst Women. For, though she were of the Passive sexe, yet her Government was so Active, as, in my poor opinion, it made more impression upon the severall States of *Europe*, then it received from thence. But I confesse to your Lordship, I could not stay here, but went a little farther, into the consideration

tion of the Times, which have passed, since King *Henry* the Eighth; wherein I find the strangest variety, which in so small a number of Successions, of any hereditary Monarchie, hath ever been known: The Raign of a Child: The offer of an Usurpation, though it were but as a diary Ague: The Raign of a Lady, married to a forrainer; and the Raign of a Lady solitary, and unmarried. So that, as it comes to passe in massie bodyes, that they have certain trepidations, and waverings, before they fixe and settle: so it seems, that by the Providence of God, this Monarchie (before it was to settle in his Majesty, and in his Generations (in which, I hope, it is now established for ever) hath had these preludive Changes, in these barren Princes. Neither could I contain my self here (as it is easier for a man, to multiply, than to stay a wish) but calling to remembrance, the unworthinesse of the History of *England*, in the main continuance thereof; and the partiality, and obliquity of that of *Scotland*, in the latest and largest Author, that I have seen; I conceived it would be of Honour, and a work very memorable for his Majesty, if, as this Island of Great *Britain*, is now joyned in Monarchie, for

the

the Ages to come; so it were also joyned in History, for the Times past; and that one just, and compleat Work, were compiled, of both Nations. And if any man, perhaps should think, that it might too much refresh the memory of former Discords, he may satisfie himself with the verse of, *Olim hæc meminisse juvabit*. For, the Case being now altered, it is matter of comfort, and gratulation, to remember former troubles. Thus much, if it may please your Lordship, was in the Optative Moode; and it was time, that I should look a little into the Potential; wherein the hope, which I conceived, was grounded upon three Observations: The first is, of these Times, which flourish in Learning, both of Art, and Language; which gives hope, not onely that, it may be done, but that it may be well done. Secondly, I see that, which all the World sees in his Majesty, both a wonderfull Judgment, in Learning; and a singular affection, towards Learning, and Works, which are of the Mind, more than of the Hand. For, there cannot be like honour sought, and found, in the building of Galleries, and planting Elms along high-wayes; and in those outward Ornaments, wherein *France* is

is now so busie (things, rather of Magnificence, then Magnanimity) as there is in the uniting of States, pacifying of Controversies, nourishing and augmenting of Learning, and Arts, and the particular Actions belonging to these; of which kind, *Cicero* judged truly, when by occasion thereof, he said to *Cæsar*: *Quantum operibus tuis detrahet vetustas, tantum addet laudibus.*

And lastly, I called to mind that your Lordship, at some times, hath been pleased to expresse a great desire to me, that somewhat of this nature might be done; Answerable, indeed, to your other noble, and worthy courses, and actions; joyning, and adding to the great services towards his Majesty which have, in small compass of time, been performed by your Lordship, other great deservings both of the Church, and Common-wealth, and particular men. So as the opinion of so great and wise a man, doth seem to me, a good warrant, both for the possibility, and worth of this matter.

But all this while, I assure my selfe, I cannot be so far mistaken by your Lordship, as if I sought an Office, or Employment for my selfe. For no man knows better then your Lordship, that if there were

were in me, any faculty at all, that way; yet neither my course of life, nor Profession would permit it. But because there are so many great Masters, both for hand, and colours, it needs but encouragement, and instructions, to give life to it. In all humblenesse, I conclude my presenting to your Lordship this wish; which if it perish, it is but a losse of that, which is not. And, craving pardon, that I have taken so much time from your Lordship, I remain, &c.

Sir. Francis Bacon *sends King* James *an Essay of the History of Great Brittain.*

It may please your Majesty,

HEaring that your Majesty is at leisure to peruse Storie, a desire took me, to make an Experiment; what I might be able to do, of your Majesties times; which being but a Leaf or two, you may be pleased to pardon, though I send it but onely for your recreation; considering, that Love must creep, where it cannot go. But to this, I adde these petitions: First, that, if your Majesty dislike any thing, you would conceive, I can mend it, upon your least

beck. Next, that, if I have not ſpoken of your Majeſty encomiaſtically, your Majeſty will be pleaſed, to aſcribe it to the law of a Hiſtory; which clutters not Prayſes together, upon the firſt mention of a name, but rather diſperſes them, and weaves them, throughout the whole Narration. And as for the proper place of Commemoration (which is in the period of life) I pray God, I may never live to write it. Thirdly, that the reaſon, why I preſumed to think of this Oblation, was, becauſe whatſoever my diſability be, yet I ſhall have that advantage, which almoſt no Writer of Hiſtory hath had, in that I ſhall declare the times, not onely ſince I could remember, but ſince I could obſerve. And laſtly, that it is onely for your Maleſtie's Reading, &c.

The Lord of St. Albans Bacon, *to an humble Servant; my Lord believing his own danger, to be much leſs, than he found it.*

SIR,

I ſay to you, upon the occaſion, which you give me, in your laſt, *modicæ fiati, Quare dubitaſti?*

dubitaſti? I would not have my Friends (though I know it be out of Love) too apprehenſive, either of me, or for me. For I thank God, my wayes are ſound, and good; and I hope God will bleſſe me in them. When once my Maſter, and afterwards my ſelfe, were both of us, in extreamity of ſickneſſe, (which was no time to diſſemble) I never had ſo great pledges, and certainties, of his Love and Favour. And that, which I knew then, ſuch, as took a little poor advantag of theſe latter times, know, ſince. As for the Noble man, who paſſed that way by you, I think he is faln out with me, for his pleaſure; or elſe, perhaps, to make good, ſome of his own miſtakings. For, he cannot in his heart, but think worthily of my affection, and well-deſerving towards him; and as for me, I am very ſure, that I love his nature, and parts.

My Lord of St. Albans Bacon, *to the same humble Servant employing him to do a good Office, with another great man.*

SIR,

I Have received your Letter, wherein you mention some passages at large, concerning the Lord you know of. You touched also that point, in a Letter, which you wrote upon my Lords going over, which I answered; and am a little doubtfull, whether mine, ever came to your hands. It is true, that I wrote a little sullenly therein; how I conceived, that my Lord was a wise man, in his own way; and perhaps thought it fit, for him to be out with me; for at least, I found no cause thereof, in my selfe. As for the latter of these points, I am of the same judgment still; but for the former, I perceive by what you write, that it is meerly some misunderstanding of his. And I do a little marvaile, at the Instance, which had relation to that other crabbed man. For I conceived, that both in passing that Book, and (as I remember) two more, immediately after my Lords going over,

over, I had ſhewed more readineſſe, than many times I uſe, in like caſes. But to conclude, No man hath thought better of my Lord, than I have done. I know his Vertues, and namely, that he hath much Greatneſſe of Mind, which is a thing almoſt loſt amongſt men. Nor can any body be more ſenſible and remembring, than I am, of his former favours; ſo that I ſhall be moſt glad of his friendſhip. Neither are the paſt occaſions, in my opinion, ſuch, as need either Reparation, or Declaration; but may well go under the title of Nothing. Now, I had rather you dealt between us, than any body elſe, becauſe you are no way drenched in any man's humour. Of other things, at another time; but this I was forward to write, in the midſt of more buſineſſe than ever I had.

The Lord Viſcount St. Albans Bacon, *to the Biſhop of* Wincheſter Andrews, *after his Fall. It acquaints him both with his Comforts, and his Writings.*

My Lord,

AMongſt Comforts, it is not the leaſt, to repreſent to a man's ſelf the like Examples of Calamity in others. For Examples make a quicker impreſſion, than Arguments; and beſides, they inform us of that, which the Scripture alſo propounds to us for our ſatisfaction, that *no new thing is happened to us*. This they do the better, by how much the Examples are more like in Circumſtances to our own Caſe. And yet more particularly, if they fall upon Perſons, who are greater and worthier than our ſelves. For, as it favours of vanity, to match our ſelves highly in our own conceit; ſo, on the other ſide, it is a good and ſound Concluſion, that if our Betters have ſuſtained the like Events, we have the leſſe cauſe to be grieved.

In this kind of Conſolation, I have not been wanting to my ſelf, though, as a Chri-

Christian, I have tasted (through God's great goodnesse) of higher Remedies. Having therefore, through the variety of my Reading, set before me many Examples, both of Antient and Later Times; my thoughts, I confesse, have chiefly staid upon three Particulars, as both the most eminent, and most resembling. All three Persons, who had held chief Place and Authority in their Countries; all three ruined, not by War, or any other Dysaster, but by Justice and Sentence, as Delinquents and Criminalls; and all three famous Writers, Insomuch as the remembrance of their Calamity, is now to Posterity, but as some little Night-piece, remaining amongst the fair and excellent Tables of their Acts and Works. And all three (if that were any thing to the matter) are fit Examples, to quench any man's ambition of rising again; for that they were, every one of them, restored with great glory, but to their further ruine and destruction, all ending in a violent death.

The Men were, *Demosthenes*, *Cicero*, and *Seneca*; persons, with whom I durst not claim any affinity at all, if the similitude of our Fortunes had not contracted it.

When I cast mine eyes upon these Ex-

amples, I was carried further on to observe, how they bore their Fortunes; and principally, how they employed their times, being Banished, and disabled for publick Businesses; to the end, that I might learn by them, and that so they might be as well my Counsellors, as my Comforters. Whereupon I hapned to note, how diversly their Fortunes wrought upon their Minds, especially in that point, at which I aimed most; which was, the employing of their Times and Pens. In *Cicero*, I saw, that, during his Banishment, (which was almost for two years) he was so softned and dejected, as that he wrote nothing, but a few Womanish Epistles. And yet, in my opinion, he had least reason of the three to be discouraged; because, though it were judged (and judged by the highest kind of Judgment, in form of a Statute and Law) that he should be banished, and his whole Estate confiscated and seized, and his Houses pulled down; and that it should be highly Penall for any man to propound his Repeal; Yet his Case, even then, carried no great blot of Ignominy with it; for, it was thought to be but a Tempest of Popularity which overthrew him.

Demosthenes, on the contrary side, though his

his caſe were foul, he being condemned for Bribery, and Bribery in the nature of Treaſon and Diſloyalty; took yet ſo little knowledge of his fortune, as that, during his Baniſhment, he buſied himſelf, and intermedled as much with matters of State by Letters, as if he had been ſtill at the Helm, as appears by ſome Epiſtles of his, which are extant.

Seneca indeed, who was condemned for many Corruptions and Crimes, and baniſhed into a ſolitary Iſland, kept a mean: For, though his Pen did not freez, yet he abſtained from intruding into matters of buſineſſe; but ſpent his time in writing Books of excellent Argument and Uſe, for all Ages.

Theſe Examples confirmed me much, in a reſolution, (to which I was otherwiſe inclined) to ſpend my time wholly in Writing, and to put forth that poor Talent, or half-Talent, or what it is, which God hath given me; not, as heretofore, to particular Exchanges, but to Banks or Mounts of Perpetuity, which will not Break, &c.

The

The Lord of St. Albans Bacon *to* King James. *It moves, in moſt earneſt humble manner, for Compaſſion and Succour.*

May it pleaſe Your Moſt Excellent Majeſty,

IN the midſt of my Miſery, which is rather aſſwaged by Remembrance than by Hope; my chiefeſt worldly comfort is, to think, that ſince the time I had the firſt Vote of the Lower Houſe of Parliament, for Commiſſioner of the Union, till the time when I was choſen in this Parliament, by both Houſes, for their Meſſenger to your Majeſty, in the Petition of Religion, (which two were my Firſt and Laſt Services) I was ever ſo happy, as to have my poor Endeavours moſt graciouſly accepted by your Majeſty, and likewiſe not to have had any of them miſcarry in my hands. Neither of which points I can any way take to my ſelf, but aſcribe the Former to your Majeſtie's Goodneſſe, and the Latter to your prudent Directions, which I was alwaies very carefull both to have and keep. For, as I have often ſaid to your Majeſty, I was towards you but as a Bucket, and

and a Cestern, to draw forth and conserve; whereas Your Self was the Fountain.

To this comfort of nineteen years prosperity, there succeeded a comfort even in my greatest adversity, and it was partly of the same Nature; namely, That in these Offences wherewith I was charged, there was not any one which had speciall relation to your Majesty, or any of your particular Commandments. For, as, towards Almighty God, there are offences against the First and Second Table, and yet all against God; so, with the Servants of Kings, there are offences more immediate against the Soveraign, though all offences against Law are also against the King. To which Comfort, there is added this Circumstance, That, as my faults were not against your Majesty, otherwise than as all faults are; so my Fall was not your Majestie's Act, otherwise than as all acts of Justice are yours.

This I write not to insinuate with your Majesty, but as a most humble Appeal to your Majestie's gracious Remembrance, how honest and direct you have ever found me in your Service; whereby I have an assured belief, that there is in your Majestie's own Princely thoughts, a great deal

of

of ſerenity and clearneſſe towards me, your Majeſtie's now proſtrate and caſt-down Servant.

Neither do I, (moſt gracious Soveraign) by this mention of my ſervices, lay claim to your Princely Grace and Bounty, though the priviledge of Calamity do bear even that form of Petition. I know well, that if they had been much greater, they had been but my bounden duty: Nay, I muſt alſo confeſſe, that they were, from time to time, far, above my merit, ſuper-rewarded by your Majeſtie's Benefits, which you heaped upon me. Your Majeſty was, and is, that Man to me, who raiſed and advanced me nine times; thrice in Dignity, and ſix times in Office. The Places indeed were the Painfulleſt of all your Service, but then they had both Honour and Profit; and the then Profit might have maintained my now Honour, if I had been wiſe.

Neither was your Majeſtie's immediate Liberality wanting towards me, in ſome Gifts, if I may hold them. All this I moſt thankfully acknowledge; and do herewith conclude, That for any thing riſing from my ſelf, to move your eye of pitty towards me, there is much more in my preſent Miſery,

ſery, than in any paſt Services; ſave that the ſame your Majeſtie's Goodneſſe, which may give relief to the one, may give value to the other.

And indeed, if it may pleaſe your Majeſty, this Theme of my miſery is ſo plentifull, as it needs not be accompanyed by any thing elſe. I have been ſome-body by your Majeſtie's ſingular and undeſerved favour, even the Prime Officer of your Kingdome. Your Majeſtie's Arme hath been often laid over mine in Councill, when you preſided at the Table; ſo near I was. I have born your Majeſtie's Image in Mettall, much more in Heart. I was never, in nineteen years ſervice, reproved by your Majeſty, but often, on the other ſide, overjoyed, when your Majeſty would ſometimes ſay, I was a good Husband for you, though not for my ſelf. Sometimes, That I had a way to deal in buſineſſes, *ſuavibus modis*, which was moſt according to your own heart. And other moſt gracious ſpeeches of affection and truſt, upon which I feed till this day. But why ſhould I ſpeak of theſe things, which now are vaniſhed, but onely the better to expreſſe my ruine?

For now it is thus with me, I am a year and a half old in miſery, though I muſt ever

ever acknowledge it to be, not without some mixture of your Majestie's grace and mercy. For, I cannot think it possible, that any one whom you once loved, should be totally miserable. Mine own Means, through mine own improvidence, are poor and weak, little better then my Father left me. Those things which I have had from your Majestie, are either in question, or at courtesie. My Dignities remain marks of your past Favour, but yet burthens withall to my present Fortune. The poor remnants which I have had of my former Means, in Plate or Jewells, I have spread upon poor men to whom I owed, scarce leaving my self bread. So as, to conclude, I must poure out my miserie before your Majestie, so far as to say, *Si deseris Tu, perimus.*

But as I can offer little matter for compassion to your Majesty, rising from my self, wherewith to move you, except it be my extream misery, which I have truly laid open; so looking up to your Majestie's self, I should think, I committed *Cain's* fault, if I could despaire. Your Majesty is a King, whose heart is as unscrutable for secret motions of Goodnesse, as for depth of Wisdome. You are, Creatour-like, Factive, and not Destructive. You are the Prince,

in

in whom I have ever noted, an averſion againſt any thing, which ſavoured of a hard heart; as, on the other ſide, your Princely eye was ever wont to meet with any motion, which was made on the relieving part. Therefore as one, who hath had the happineſſe, to know your Majeſty neere hand, I have, moſt Gracious Soveraigne, faith enough for a Miracle; and much more, for a Grace; that your Majeſty will not ſuffer your poor Creature, to be utterly defaced; nor blot that name quite out of your book, upon which your ſacred hand hath been ſo oft, for the giving him new Ornaments, and Additions.

To this degree of Compaſſion, I hope, God (of whoſe Mercy towards me, both in my proſperity, and adverſity, I have had great Teſtimonies and pledges, though mine owne manifold, and wretched unthankfulneſſe, might have averted them) will diſpoſe your Princely heart, already prepared to all piety. And why ſhould I not think, but that that thrice-Noble Prince, who would have pulled me out of the fire of a Sentence, will help to pull me (if I may uſe that homely phraſe) out of the mire, of an abject and foredid condition, in my laſt dayes? And that excellent Favourite

vourite of yours, (the goodneſſe of whoſe Nature, contends with the greatneſſe of his Fortune; and who counts it a prize, a ſecond prize, to be a good friend, after that prize, which he carries, to be a good ſervant) will kiſſe your hands with joy, for any work of Piety, which you ſhall vouchſafe to expreſſe towards me. And as all commiſerable perſons, (eſpecially ſuch as find their hearts voide of malice) are apt to think, that all men pitty them; ſo I aſſure my ſelfe, that the Lords of your Councell, (who, out of their Wiſdome and Nobleneſſe, cannot but be ſenſible of human events) will, in this way, where now I am going, for the relief of my eſtate, advance and further your Majeſties goodneſſe towards me. For there is, as I conceive, a kind of Fraternity, between great men that are, and thoſe that have been; being but the ſeverall Tenſes, of one Verbe.

Nay, I will yet further preſume, that both the Houſes of Parliament, will love their Juſtice the better, if it end not, in my Ruine. For I have been often told by many of my Lords, (as it were in the way of excuſing the ſeverity of the Sentence) that they knew, they left me in good hands. And your Majeſty knowes well, that I have ever

ever been acceptable to those Assemblies, not by flattery, but by moderation, and by honest expressing a desire, to have all things go fairly and well. But, (if it may please your Majesty) as for Saints, I shall give them reverence, but no adoration. My addresse is to your Majesty, the Fountain of goodnesse. Your Majesty shall, by the Grace of God, not feel that in Gift, which I shall extreamly feel in Help. For my Desires are moderate, and my Courses measured, to a life orderly and reserved; hoping still to do your Majestie honour in my way. Onely I most humbly beseech your Majesty, to give me leave to conclude with these words, which Necessity speaks; Help me, dear Soveraign Lord and Master, and pitty me so far, as that I, who have born a Bag, be not now, in my age, forced, in effect, to bear a Waller. And that I, who desire to live to Study, may not be driven to study to Live. I most humbly crave pardon for a long Letter, after a long Silence. The God of Heaven ever blesse, preserve, and prosper your Majestie.

My Lord of St. Albans Bacon, *in expoſtulation with the Duke of* Buckingham; *wherein he had a great mind to have been very quick.*

My very good Lord,

YOUR Lordſhip will pardon me, if partly in the freedome of Adverſity, and partly of former Friendſhip (the ſparks whereof cannot but continue) I open my ſelf to your Lordſhip, and deſire alſo your Lordſhip, to open your ſelf to me. The two laſt acts, which you did for me, in procuring the releaſement of my Fine, and my *Quietus eſt*; I acknowledge, were effects, reall and materiall, of your Love and Favour; which as (to my knowledge) it never failed me, in my proſperity: ſo, in theſe two things, it ſeemes not, to have turned, with the Wheele. But the extent of theſe two Favours is not much more, than to keep me from Perſecution. For any thing further, which might tend to my comfort and aſſiſtance, as I cannot ſay to my ſelf, that your Lordſhip hath forſaken me: ſo I ſee not the effects of your undeſerved, yea undeſired Profeſſions and Promiſes;

miſes; which being made to a perſon in affliction, have the nature, after a ſort, of Vows. But that which, moſt of all, makes me doubt of a change, or cooling in your Lordſhip's affection towards me, is, that twice now at *London*, your Lordſhip did not vouchſafe to ſee me: though by meſſages, you gave me hope thereof; and the latter time, I had begg'd it of your Lordſhip.

The cauſe of change, may either be in my ſelf, or your Lordſhip. I ought firſt to examine my ſelf; which I have done; and, God is my Witneſſe, I find all well; and that I have approved my ſelf to your Lordſhip, a true friend, both in the watery Triall of Proſperity, and in the fierie Triall of Adverſitie. If your Lordſhip take any inſatisfaction touching the Houſe: I humbly pray you think better of it. For that Motion to me, was a ſecond Sentence, more grievous than the firſt; as things then ſtood, and do yet ſtand. For it ſentenced me to have loſt, both in mine own opinion, and much more in the opinion of others, that which was ſaved to me, almoſt only, in the former Sentence; and which was more dear to me, then all that, which was taken from me, which is your Lordſhip's Love;

and Favour. For had it not been for that bitter circumſtance, your Lordſhip knows, that you might have commanded my life. and all that is mine. But ſurely, it could not be that, nor any thing in me, which wrought the change. It is likely, on the other part, that though your Lordſhip, in your nature, I know to be generous, and conſtant; yet I, being now become out of ſight, and out of uſe, your Lordſhip having a cloud of new friends, and your ears poſſeſſed perhaps by ſuch, as would not leave ro me for an old; your Lordſhip may, ev n by courſe of the World, and the overbear ng of others, be turned from me. And it were almoſt a miracle, if it ſhould be otherwiſe.

But yet, becauſe your Lordſhip may ſtill have ſo Heroicall a ſpirit, as to ſtand-out in all theſe violent aſſaults, which might have alienated you from your friend; my humble ſuite to your Lordſhip is, that, remembring our former friendſhip, which began with your beginnings, and ſince that time, hath never failed on my part, your Lordſhip would deal clearly with me, and let me know, whether I continue in your favour, or no; and whether, in thoſe poor requeſts, which I may yet make to his Majeſty

jesty (whose true servant I ever was, and am) for the tempering of my misery, I may presume to use your Lordship's favour, and help, as I have done. For otherwise, it were a kind of stupidnesse in me, and a great trouble also to your Lordship: For me, not to discern the change; for your Lordship, to have an importuner, instead of a friend, and suitor. Though howsoever, if your Lordship should never think of me more, yet in respect of your former favours, which cannot altogether be made void, I must remain, &c.

My Lord of St. Albans, *to a certaine friend acknowledging the truth of affection, which he found to be in a certain great man.*

SIR,

IN this solitude of friends, which is the Base-Court of Adversity, where no body almost, will be seen stirring, I have often remembred this *Spanish* saying: *Amor sin fin, no tiene fin.* This bids me make choice of your friend, and mine, for his noble succours, not now towards the aspiring, but only the respiring of my Fortunes. I, who

am a man of Books, have obſerved, that he hath both the magnanimity of the old Romans, and the cordiality of the old Engliſh; and withall, I beleeve, he hath the wit of Both. Sure I am, that, for my ſelf, I have found him in both my Fortunes, to eſteem me ſo much above my juſt value, and to love me ſo much above the poſſibility of deſerving, or obliging on my part, as if he were a friend, created and reſerved for ſuch a time as this. You know, what I have to ſay to the great Lord; and I conceive, it cannot paſſe ſo fitly to him, by the mouth of any, as of this Gentleman; and therefore do your beſt, which I know will be of power enough, to engage him, both in the ſubſtance, and to the ſecrecie of it. For, I can think of no man but your ſelf, to be uſed by me, in this, who are ſo private, ſo faithfull, and ſo diſcreet a friend to us both; as, on the other ſide, I dare ſwear, he is, and know my ſelf to be as true to you, as your own heart.

The Lord of St. Albans *to a most dear Friend, in whom he notes an entireness and impatient attention, to doe him service.*

SIR,

IT is not for nothing, that I have differred my Essay *de Amicitia*, whereby it hath expected the proofe of your great Friendship towards me. Whatsoever the event be (wherein I depend upon God, who ordains the effect, the instrument, all) yet your incessant thinking of me, without losse of a moment of time, or a hint of occasion, or a circumstance of endeavour, or the stroak of a pulse, in demonstration of your affection to me, doth infinitely tye me to you. Commend my service to my Friend. The rest, to morrow; for I hope to lodge at *London* this night, &c.

Secrecie I need not recommend, otherwise, then that you may recommend it over to our friend; both because it prevents opposition, and because it is both the King's, and my Lord Marquesse's nature, to love to do things unexpected.

The Lord of St. Albans *to the Lord Treasurer* Marlborough, *expostulating about his unkindnesse, and injustice.*

My Lord,

I Humbly entreat your Lordship, and (if I may use the word) advise you, to make me a better Answer. Your Lordship is interessed in honour, in the opinion of all them, who hear, how I am dealt with. If your Lordship malice me for such a cause, surely it was one of the justest businesses, that ever was in Chancery. I will avouch it; and how deeply I was tempted therein, your Lordship knows best. Your Lordship may do well, in this great age of yours, to think of your Grave, as I do of mine; and to beware of hardnesse of heart. And as for fair words, it is a wind; by which neither your Lordship, nor any man else, can saile long. Howsoever, I am the man, who will give all due respects, and reverence to your great place, &c.

The

The Lord of St. Albans *to the Earle of* Briſtow, *when once he went to* Spain. *He gives him thanks for his kindneſs.*

My very good Lord,

I Now onely ſend my beſt wiſhes, to follow you at Sea and Land, with due thanks, for your late great favours. God knows, whether the length of your voyage, will not exceed the ſize of my hour-glaſſe. But whilſt I live, my affection to do your Lordſhip ſervice, ſhall remain quick, under the aſhes of my Fortune, &c.

The Lord of St. Albans, *to the* Duke *of* Buckingham, *in deſire to cloſe up a former unkindneſs.*

My good Lord,

THough I returned an anſwer to your Lordſhips laſt honourable and kind Letter, by the ſame way, by which I received it; yet I humbly pray your Lordſhip to give me leave, to adde theſe few lines. My Lord, as God above, is my witneſſe, that I ever

ever have loved, and honoured your Lordſhip, as much, I think, as any Son of *Adam* can love or honour any thing, that is a Subject; and do ſtill continue in as hearty and ſtrong wiſhes of Felicity, to be heaped and fixed upon you, as ever; ſo yet I proteſt, that at this time, as low as I am, I had rather ſojourn the reſt of my life in a Colledge in *Cambridge*, than recover a good Fortune, by any other, than your ſelfe. But now, to recover your ſelf to me (if I have you not already) or to eaſe your Lordſhip in any buſineſſe of mine, wherein your Lordſhip would not ſo fully appear; or to be made partaker of your favours, in the way, that you like beſt, I would uſe any man, who were your Lordſhip's Friend. Secondly, if in any thing of my former Letters, I have given your Lordſhip any diſtaſte, either by the ſtyle of them, or any particular paſſage in them, I humbly pray your Lordſhip's benigne conſtruction, and pardon. I confeſſe, it is my fault (though yet it be ſome happineſſe to me withall) that I many times forget my adverſitie; but I ſhall never forget to be, &c.

The

The Lord of St. Albans *to the Earl* Marshall, *with humble thanks for a favour. This was the last Letter that he ever wrote.*

My very good Lord,

I WAS Likely to have had the fortune of *Cajus Plinius* the Elder, who lost his life, by trying an experiment, about the burning of the Mountain *Vesuvius*. For I also was desirous to try an experiment or two, touching the conservation, and induration of Bodies. As for the experiment it self, it succeeded excellently well; but in the Journie (between *London* and *Highgate*) I was taken with such a fit of Casting, as I knew not, whether it were the Stone, or some Surfeit, or Cold, or indeed a touch of them all three. But when I came to your Lordships house, I was not able to go back; and therefore was forced to take up my lodging here, where your Housekeeper is very carefull and diligent about me; which I assure my selfe your Lordship will not only pardon towards him, but think the better of him for it: For indeed your Lordship's house, was happie to me; and

and I kiſſe your Noble hands for the welcome which I am ſure, you give me to it, &c.

I know, how unfit it is for me to Write to your Lordſhip, with any other hand, than mine own; but, in troath, my fingers are ſo diſjoynted with this fit of ſickneſſe, that I cannot ſteadily hold a Pen.

The late Counteſſe Lucy *of* Bedford, *to the Queen of* Bohemia. *It was written upon occaſion of the Prince, his being in the firſt Parliament after his comming out of* Spain.

May it pleaſe your Majeſty,

YOu have ſo many ſervants here, at the preſent, who, I know, take care to give you an account of all Parliament buſineſſes, worth the Writing, as I (who have but by ſecond report, the paſſages of both Houſes) ſhould deſerve rather blame, than thanks of your Majeſty, to follow, with my imperfect relation, what you, at the firſt hand, receive from them, who are actours themſelves, in the great affairs, now on the Stage of this our world, Where none playes his part, with ſo due applauſe,

as

as your Excellent Brother, who wins daily more and more upon the hearts of all good men, and hath begotten, by his Princelie and wiſe proceedings, ſuch an opinion of his realitie, judgment, and worthie intentions for the publick good, that I think, never Prince was more powerfull in a Houſe of Parliament than he; and there doth he expreſſe himſelf ſubſtantially ſo well, that he is often called up to ſpeak; and he doth it with that ſatisfaction to both Houſes, as is much admired. And he behaves himſelf with as much reverence to the Houſes, when either himſelf takes occaſion to ſpeak, or is choſen by them to do ſo, unto the Lower-Houſe, as any other man who ſits amongſt them; and he will patiently bear contradictions, and calmly forego his own opinions, if he have been miſtaken; which yet hath ſo ſeldome hapned, as not above twice in all this time, he hath had cauſe to approve better of any other, than his own. All which are ſo remarkable Excellencies in a Prince ſo young, ſo lately come to be himſelf, as, I am ſure, the world hath not another to parallel with him. He is, beſides, moſt diligent, and Indefatigable in buſineſſes, a patient Hearer, judicious in diſtinguiſhing counſells,

ſells, moderate in all his actions, ſteady in his reſolutions; ſo eeven, as variableneſſe is a thing, neither in deed, nor in appearance, in him; and ſo civill, and accompliſhed withall, every way, both in mind and body, that, conſider him, even not as a Prince, (which yet adds much luſtre to him) and there is no body who muſt not acknowledge him, to be a Gentleman very full of perfections. And, without flatterie, I know none to be compared with him; for, his vertues and parts are eminent, without the mixture of any vanity or vice. I preſume, your Majeſty will not be diſpleaſed, that I fill ſo much paper with this ſubject, upon which, when I fall, it is ſo much all our joyes, and ſo great a part of your happineſs, to have ſuch a brother, as I can never ſatisfie my ſelf to have ſaid enough. And, Madam, give me leave to wiſh, that you would in one Letter, at leaſt, take notice of what you hear of him, from them, who will neither flatter him, nor diſſemble with you; ſince there is no bodie who doth well, but is glad to hear thereof. And it is both a part of their recompence, and encouragement to them, to perſevere, and ſtrive for more and more glory, that ſuch notice is taken of deſerving praiſe, as may

aſſure

assure them, they are greater gainers by what they Do, then they are, for how much soever, Blood or Titles may enrich them with, above other men. It cannot fall so well from any Pen as yours, who, being in all respects so near him, may best, without fearing to make his modestie blush, or suspect, presse his due upon him; in which, I pray, he may find the joy he gives to others, and of which (though I am furthest removed from any hope of particular advantage) I have, for the generall, so large a share, as makes me (who am otherwise weary of life) glad, that I have lived to see this proof of him, and to know aforehand, that if it please the Almighty God to continue to us this rare Pledge, of his Divine Majestie's not being yet weary of doing us good; your Majestie shall have the blessing, to be restored to what you have been, by such an Arm, as that it will be an honour, equall to the benefit it self, if you may receive that good by him, &c.

A kind Letter of one Friend to another, relating some Paſſages of a great Lady.

SIR,

I Am now in the heighth of *Dunkirk*. My Journey hath yielded nothing of my ſelf worth your knowing; but thus much of my companie, worth my Learning, Thrift, and Love of my ſelf. We have here choſen to hire a Ship at a dear rate, rather than to venture upon the change of the Wind, by expecting to do it at a cheaper. And beſides, our Bargain is ſomewhat mended by this, that we have gotten ſuch a Maſter as we deſired, who will be carried as well by us, as we by him. I viſited the great Lady at *Antwerp*, and preſented your ſervice to her; and I found, that you were much in her favour, though I could ſcarce get ſo much as to ſee her in her chamber; for that was ſo much darker than her little cloſe room at the *Spaw*, that I could not half diſcern how ſhe looked: which put me beſides the onely Complement, wherewith I came armed towards her, namely, that ſhe had the Sun-beams in her eyes. Her ſtay at *Antwerp*, I conceive, will be prolonged,

longed, till the weather may be intreated to grant her leave, to adventure the Seas for *England*. And they tell me, that, in the mean time, ſhe hath not ſo much fruition of the Town, as the moſt retired Nun hath of her Cloyſter. Fare you well, till the next week: and let this help to make you believe, that you ſhall never be able to live four hours out of my memorie, when I ſhall be awake, though you ſhould live four ſcore of years out of my ſight.

Doctor Dunne, *in kindneſſe to an abſent Friend.*

SIR,

I Am ſure, that neither my thanks, nor yet my excuſes, for not preſenting them ſooner, can be brought to you by a more acceptable hand, than his, by whoſe favour I am ſending them to you now. I wiſh I could as well have made him any way ſee my deſires, to ſerve both you and him: but I hope to have your ſelf an immediate witneſſe thereof, at the end of your Progreſſe; and that amongſt many good Fortunes, which God intends to this noble Friend of yours, and mine, one will be,

that he may transplant you out of the country, and fixe you fast in the Town; whither as soon as you be come, you shall (if this impertinencie of mine, may not look more like a menace, than a promise) meet with no man's affection, which will more faithfully be all your own, than mine.

Of the same to the same, upon the like occasion.

SIR,

YOur long silence, could never bring me to any doubt of having lost my Title to your friendship. It shall not be in your power, to be able, so to prescribe, even in your self, against me, but that still I will be making my continuall claim to your love. For Friendship hath so much of Soveraignty, yea and of Religion too, that no prescription can be admitted against it. And as for losing you by any forfeit, or demerit on my part, I have been very carefull, and shall be watchfull still, to blesse my self from such a curse, as that. And indeed, such care is all the merit, which can be hoped for, at the hands of a person, so useless as my self. And from this

this care now proceeds my haſte, to thank you for your laſt Letter; and to begge a preſervation of that love, which though, at firſt, it fell not directly, and immediately upon my ſelf, but by way of reflection or Briccole, through your other Friends (to uſe the Metaphor of a Game, wherein I congratulate that excellencie, to which my Lord *Clifford* tells me, you have arrived) yet now I dare conceive, that your love belongs to me, even as a kind of due; ſince I ſee, you now diſcern, that I am ſo much in earneſt, in loving you,

Sr. Walter Rauleigh *to King* James, *which ſeemes rather to acknowledge favours, than to deſire them.*

May it pleaſe your Maieſty,

MY ſad deſtiny hath been ſuch, that I could never preſent your Majeſty, but with a proſpect upon my Complaints and Miſeries, in ſtead of doing you Services, which might have been acceptable to you. I have not ſpared my labour, my poor eſtate, and the howerly hazard of my life; but God hath otherwiſe diſpoſed

of all ; and now end the dayes of my hope. I muſt nevertheleſſe, in this little time, which I am to live, acknowledge and admire your goodneſſe, and in all my thoughts and even with my laſt breath confeſſe, that you have beheld my affliction with compaſſion. And I am yet in nothing ſo miſerable, as in that I could never meet an occaſion, wherein to be torn in pieces, for your Majeſtie's ſervice ; I who am ſtill your, &c.

Sr. Walter Rawley *to a great Lord, whom he entreates to give him juſt aſſiſtance in his buſineſſe.*

May it pleaſe your Lordſhip,

I Humbly beſeech your Lordſhip, to give me leave, and pardon too (if I need it) for the anſwering of thoſe things, which you were lately pleaſed to object againſt me ; and that you will charitably alſo conſider, both of my demands, and of the reaſons, which embolden me to make them. Thoſe anſwers go here, in a Paper, which is incloſed, apart; and my Letter ſhall ſay but thus much, That the Gentleman, who is ſo greatly in favour, hath many faire

Fortunes

Fortunes before him ; and we, nothing to look for, but Misery ; and that he is better able to give us above the worth of the land, than we in condition, to abate any part thereof. And therefore, we humbly beseech your Lordship, that your compassion and care of honour, may be the Judge, between his prosperous navigation, and our shipwrack ; and that your charity for us, and your desire of satisfaction for him, may equal the Ballance between us. I hope so heartily to find all just favour at your hands, as I will venture, upon this, to assure you, that I will do all my uttermost, to make my Wife, and my Son forget their misery in themselves, and to be ever mindfull of their duty towards your Lordship ; to whom, I hope, they will be, as I am sure my self have been, and am, a most faithfull humble servant, &c:

Doctor Dunne, *with a kind of labour'd Complement, to a Friend of his.*

SIR,

THere is a dangerous Rule in Law, *Socius socii mei, non est socius meus.* If

it extend to Friendſhip, as well as to Familiaritie, I who can pretend no other title to your friendſhip, than that I am allowed ſome little intereſt in them, who have more in you, may well account my ſelf to be within the danger of it. But, as in Divine, ſo in Morall things, where the beginning is from others, the aſſiſtance, and cooperation, is in our ſelves. I therefore, who could do nothing towards the begetting, would fain do ſomewhat towards the breeding and cheriſhing of ſuch degrees of friendſhip, as formerly I had the honour to hold with you. If Letters be not able to do that office, they are yet able, at leaſt to teſtifie, that he, who ſends them, would be glad to do more, if he could. I have a great deſire, not without ſome hope, to ſee you this Summer there; and I have more hope and more deſire, to ſee you this next Winter here; and I have abundantly more of both, that, at leaſt, we ſhall meet in Heaven. That we differ in our wayes, I hope we pardon one another. Men go to *China*, both by the Straights, and by the *Cape*. I never miſ-interpreted your way; nor ſuffered it to be ſo, whereſoever I found it in diſcourſe. For I was ſure, you took not up your Religion upon truſt,

but

but payed ready money for it, and at a high Rate. And this taſte of mine towards you, makes me hope for, and claime the ſame diſpoſition in you towards me. I am ſure, this meſſenger beares ſo many Letters to you, as if this of mine (which is written upon the firſt day of my comming to Town) ſhould offer at any thing of the Times, it might perhaps ſhake your beliefe from ſomewhat, expreſſed in ſome of your other Letters, by my relating them diverſelie. For it is but earlie daies with me here; and I ſee not things ſo diſtinctlie yet, as to lay them under ſuch eyes as yours. This Letter doth therefore onely aſke your ſafe conduct, for thoſe others of mine, which are to follow, as the moſt conſtant teſtimonies of my love, &c.

A Letter of Sr. Francis Bacon, *to a ſervant of his, in expreſſion of great acknowledgment and kindneſſe.*

SIR,

I Have been too long a debtour to you for a Letter, and eſpecially for ſuch a Letter, the words whereof were delive-

red by your hand, as if it had been in old Gold. For it was not possible for intire affection, to be more generouslie and effectually expressed. I can but return thanks to you; or rather indeed, such an answer, as may better be of thoughts, than words. As for that, which may concern my self, I hope God hath ordained me some small time, whereby I may redeem the losse of much. Your companie was ever of contentment to me; and your absence of grief; but now it is of grief, upon grief. I beseech you therefore, make haste hither; where you shall meet with as good a welcome, as your own heart can wish.

A Letter of Civility, of one friend to another from abroad.

SIR,

YOU know so well both the art, how to oblige, and withall how to expresse your favours, that for my part, I know not how to proclaime my service to you, without being ashamed, of putting so honest a Creature, into so ill cloaths. Nor indeed shall I ever be able to satisfie my self therein, unlesse I could tell, with a safe conscience

ence, how to play the thief, and steal your own words, and actions, from your selfe. Let me now only adventure to tell you, that it is a kind of Tyrannie in you, to make me so much your servant by force, who was walking so fast, that way, upon the feet of mine own free-will.

Wee have here nothing worth your notice, but that we all live so fairelie in Friendship, as if Faction could be no part of this Train. As for my selfe, if I were any thing, the love I beare you, would multiply it; and the favour, which I receive by yours, would dignifie it; and howsoever, the honour of your Commands, if I may hope for them, will give me such a being, as without immodesty, I will bragge of, in the eyes of the World. In all which, no one Soul shall be found more faithfull to any service, than mine to yours, &c.

A Letter of Civility, in the ſame kind.

SIR,

YOU have a kind of juſt cauſe, not to put any limits upon your favour to me; ſince my affection, to your ſervice, ſhall never have any other, than the honour of your uttermoſt Commands. Beſides, all my other obligations, I ſhall never be able to give you thanks, which may be worthie of the leaſt of thoſe many teſtimonies of your goodneſſe, received by me, from your noble hand, in this laſt journie. And ſince the beſt of my words, will be unable to ſatisfie for this duty, I here make a preſent to you, of my life, and of all that, which may ever depend upon it; and I oblige my ſelf further by this Paper, that I will never diſengage my ſelf from this duty, but alwaies be honouring your merits, and aſpiring to get ſome for my ſelfe, by obeying your commands.

A

Another Letter of Civility of one Friend to another, from abroad.

SIR,

COurteſie is the inſeperable Companion of Vertue, and they both excell equally in you. I am therefore, in no purpoſe at all, to give you my humble thanks, for the care and love, wherewith you have been pleaſed to employ your ſelf, about that which I deſired. For, I know you to be ſo generous a Creditor, that you will never reſolve to caſt that upon my account, which you did both owe and pay to your own inclination and goodneſſe. Your Letter hath given me the beſt viſit, which it was poſſible for me to receive in this ſolitude. Whatſoever you ſaid therein, did not onely delight me, but oblige me. Nor can I hold from greedineſſe, in deſiring manie, and that they may be of your own hand; both, becauſe it is ſo ill a one, as that I receive guſt thereby, in finding, that there is ſomewhat, wherein I am like you; and beſides, for that it is the greateſt ſecuritie that I can have, of your good health, I therefore beg again, that you will not envie me ſo great a happineſſe, who yet aſpire

aſpire much more earneſtlie, to the honour of contributing ſomewhat to yours, &c.

A Letter from one dear Friend to another; with a very choiſe Judgment upon the King's Proceeding, in the Caſe of thoſe Delinquents who were Tryed at Wincheſter.

SIR,

I Thank you for making me partaker of your Newes. News, I call them; for, though I had before had a fuller aire of them than indeed I had; yet, your own obſervation and conceit would deſerve that name, or a better. As for the event it ſelf, he who would not be glad of the King's mercy, I would he might need it; namely, when it denies not the fruit of Juſtice, which, in this caſe, was already gathered, and laid up ſafe within doors. For, in point of Terrour, and for Example, the Judgment, the Confiſcation, the approach of the Execution of thoſe men, and the actuall Execution of their Complices, had fully ſatisfied all conſiderations of State, in perſons of no greater danger. And therefore, his Majeſtie hath received both honour of Juſtice,

Juſtice, and honour of Mercy; yea, and a third honour alſo, by the well-mingling of them. I thank you likewiſe for renewing your promiſe, of comming to my poor houſe; though I know not, whether your Letter will make me think the time longer or ſhorter, by reaſon of the contentment I took in reading it; which yet withall gave me a kind of an imaginary taſte, of how much more the like conference would be pleaſing to me, by word of mouth. Your buſineſſe, which, you ſay, is on foot, I wiſh were on horſeback. And as for that particular, which you lately commended to my care, I ſend you here incloſed, that which concerns it, that ſo you may ſee, your requeſt ſhall not be in vain with me; though yet, perhaps, when you read the Paper, you will find, that the ſuit was not ſo very well grounded.

A Letter of much kindneſs from one friend to another.

SIR,

I Wiſh this Letter no good, for I wiſh it loſt, and that I might ſee you here, before it do you that ſervice for which it was ordained. But, if it get to you, you may diſcern,

diſcern, by the ſhortneſſe of it, how ſhortly I am in hope to ſee you, and the hearty deſire alſo which I have thereof, by this, that I write upon no other argument, but onely of the ſame meer deſire, &c.

Another, of the ſame kind, between the ſame friends.

SIR,

I Am glad to find, that you are now about the Equinoctiall of your return to Town; for, I hold you to be a kind of Sun in my Hemiſphear. As for me, I have had a good day and a bad; and therefore now, me-thinks, I ſhould in order have again a good. But theſe things ſhall ſerve for a kind of entertainment, when we meet; and in the mean time, I have not forgotten, what you commended ſo earneſtly to my care, when we parted laſt. And though, as I conceived, you gave me cauſe to be a little angry with you then, I ſhall account, that you have made me a full amends, when you let me ſee you here again.

A Letter of a Lord, to the late Duke of Buckingham, *by occaſion of his Deſcent upon the Iſle of* Ree.

May it pleaſe your Grace,

NO humble ſervant of your Grace's hath heard your praiſes celebrated with a more greedy guſt, than I; nor ſhall, with a more ſharp appetite, expect the joyfull ſpeedy news, of your having put a fair Full-point upon your glorious Enterpriſe. In the mean time, my whole heart congratulates your Graces having begun it with ſo happie courage, and maintained it hitherto with ſo great conſtancy, and ſo approved your ſelf to have been the firſt Commander of ours, in the latter part of this Age; who, by your heroicall deſcent upon that Iſland, have been able to vindicate the honour of our Engliſh Arms; and this, upon that Nation, which needed a Leſſon no leſſe loud than that, to make them learn, that we know as well how to be their Betters, under *Charls* the Firſt, as we did under *Henry* the Fifth. I live in aſſured hope, that if our great Succours arrive there to ſecond you, in time, the Enemie

mie will be so discreet, as to submit himself quicklie to your Generositie, which will be sure not to erre, but by excesse. And then I shal infinitely long to see your Grace quickly here again, to receive the Acclamations of your faithfull servants and friends; and to find all such others burst with envie, as will needs take the Devill's office out of his hands, by being their own tormentors, whilst they rage and swell so much the more, as they have reason to do the expresse contrary. I pray God make you happy there, and keep you happy here, that I may long have the honour to kisse your victorious hand, &c.

A Letter of a Servant to a great Man, by way of Excuse, for his not attending him in his Journey to Scotland.

May it please your Lordship,

UPon the day of my last departure, I was to have waited upon your Lordship, who were then abroad; and that time of my Journey being precise, I was forciblie cast upon this way of complying with my Obligation. It was then, and it is now,

(after

(after laying my self first at your feet, for the great honour and favour, of your offering to be troubled with my ill companie, in so long a Journey) to excuse my self now wholly from it, as partlie I insinuated before. And this I doe, not so verie expresslie, by occasion of my contingent health, (though still, if I secure not that from some decaies this Spring, I may chance do it lesse happilie in the Fall) nor yet in respect, that the Company (consisting not onely of considerable, but of most eminent persons) is like to be so very full; and the same to be packed up, in so little room; that it will be hard, even for a very great Man (though withall he disdain not, to be my warmhearted friend) not to find himself incommodated too much, in the care, which his generosity will not be won, from vouchsafing to have, of his unworthie servant. But partly in regard, that your Lordship, hath not, me-thinks, toucht upon the Journey in this last month, either so very often, or in so cleer an aire, as you did before; whereby, (in my reverence of your Wisdome) I grew, me-thought, lesse certain, that it was fit for me, either to do that, which I had formerly meant, or so much as to make inquirie, whether it were so fit,

or no; and partly alſo, by reaſon, that ſince the death of the late great Lord, I could not, in all this companie, find out any one great man of my way, with whom I might offer, at ſo much confidence, as to begge of him any help of that kind; which as I may never renounce, ſo neither muſt I reſpite it, upon meer humour, or pleaſure, for ſo long a time. So as now, with your Lordſhip's favour, and good leave, the caſe is like to be altered with me, thus far, That, without your having me, as a continuall trouble in your eye, you ſhall not faile to find my exact obedience, waiting cloſe at the beck of your hand, either upon the leaſt ſignification of your pleaſure; or whenſoever I may be animated by any prophetical ſpirit of mine own. And ſo alſo, on the other ſide, when I may find my ſelf in need of any powerfull protection in any kind, I ſhall humbly hope to find, that, by my Letters, I may make you the Maſter of my Requeſts; whereof both the firſt, and laſt, is now, and is ſtill like to be, that in your heart you will be pleaſed to record the vows, which, in mine, I make, of continuing ſo long, as the very line of my whole life ſhall laſt,

Your Lordſhips, &c.

A

A Letter of recommendation of a Servant, by Sr. Albertus Morton; *to a friend of his.*

SIR,

BEfore I had the good fortune to thank you for a kindneſſe done to my brother; I am importuned by a kinſman of mine, to recommend this ſervant of his, to your favour. He hath a Suite, and, as he pretends, a very juſt one; which he hath for ſome time, (as he tells me) expreſly differred, out of a deſire, that it might paſſe through your hands. Sir, if I had any merit with you, I ſhould willingly ſpend ſome of it upon this Bearer; and reſerve the reſt, for the excuſe of mine own boldneſſe; which if you will pleaſe to interpret as a deſire I have to be commanded by you, you ſhall rightly judge of your, &c.

A Letter of Mr. Wingfeild *to a Court Friend of his, for a courteſie, which he deſired to obtain.*

SIR,

THere was an Age, when this Proverb was good; *A Friend in Court, is better than a penny in Purſe.* And why not this, for an Age? and why not you, for a Friend? *Experiare licet.* I am ſure, I ſhall not faile my ſelf; and if you faile me in that, I commended to you ſo earneſtly yeſterday; I ſhal conclude, that it is rather a Paradox, than a Principle, or Proverb; and, as ſuch, I will reſolve to diſpute againſt it. But as I cannot doubt of your power; ſo neither can I of your wil, to do me favour. And though I may not bragg of having anie way deſerved you; yet the World knows well enough, that I have done my beſt. And this beſt, ſhall be the worſt, which ever you ſhall expect and be ſure, to find, from me,

Your moſt, &c.

A Letter of a great Lady to a Servant, of whom she disdained not to take care.

SIR,

I Am to trouble you at this time, with two particulars. The one proceeds from my impatience, to know with as much speed, as you shall make, whether you suffered anie thing, or no, by the ill accident of yester-night. For I have a part in all your dangers; and I shall be glad, to make mine the greater, if they may make yours the lesse. The other, grows from my ambition, which inquires, whether (if your health be as perfect, as I wish it,) you may not lend my Lord, and me, your companie for some few daies, into the Countrie. To Morrow we shall be going that way; and we hope, this intelligence may perswade you, that the goodnesse of the aire, in those parts, will be as advantagious to you, as your companie is infinitely desired, in all places, by us.

A Letter of much kindneſſe, and care, from one Friend to another.

SIR,

MY deſire, not to denie you anie thing, (and eſpeciallie when it may be for your advantage) though it could not bend my will, to paſſe beyond my dutie, yet doth it help my witt, to find, how (without hurt to the ſame dutie) I may have meanes to accompliſh your deſire, whereof you ſhall know more, at meeting. As for the time, which you preſcribed, I was likelie to have failed therein, through the miſerable accident of fire, wherewith I was watched, tired, and afflicted; the rather, for your loſſe, which yet I hope, was not great. As ſoon as I heard of it, you came firſt to my mind, though it were then too late for help; but my affections are ever awake, when you are anie part of the buſineſſe.

A Letter of the late Countess of Pembrook, *to an humble Servant of hers by way of excuse for being so unable to make him happy.*

SIR,

THE first work I have to doe, is to repair an inexcusable errour; for, my former Letter to you, was no sooner out of my hands, than I was ashamed of my ill fortune, in that I might seem to have forgotten your Other-self. I say, that I might seem; for I have witnesses enow, that I committed not the sinne, indeed. And now that I have received those idle Papers, which you are pleased not to despise for my sake, you shall know, that it contents me nothing, that restitution is now made to me, by anie other hands, than wherein I left them. I doubt not, but you believe that I would have commanded them, to wait upon you e're this, if my desires and cares could have wrought as stronglie with others, as they are, and shall ever be of force enough in themselves, when you shall be anie way concerned. But how to spur on a rustie, dull, old, torn-

world, to anie expedition, though it be but for the dispatch of toies: how, I say, to find out a receipt for this, were worth the knowing; and if it were once known, it would be verie well worth the buying. It vexes me at the heart, that yet I can send you no account at all, of the other businesse. But ease me if you can, by being satisfied as well as you can, till I may give you cause to be better satisfied: yet now, as that vexes me, so is there somewhat else, which pleases me; and it is, that the two so worthie, and so well-paired Friends, can find anie thing in me, which may be worthie, to entertain anie of their most idle hours. And since you will needs be so good, you shall here have your reward. For now I will tell you somewhat, which I know, will please you; and it is this: That whereas you thought and told me, that the *Spaw* would do no bodie good; this last season, I owe too much, both to it, and you, to let you goe away with that errour. For if you saw me now, you would say, it had created a new creature. Therefore, let all Pictures now hide themselves; for, believe me, I am not now, as I was then. My Translation shall be verie shortlie with you; and you shall have better matter, for your thoughts

thoughts to work upon, if this mind of mine could fit it selfe with power enough for your service; but nothing shall take me from being a friend as perfect to you, as you can have anie, in the whole world.

A Letter of a most humble Servant to the Queen of Bohemia.

May it please your Majestie,

HEre comes a sinner of one Religion, paying his vows to a Saint of another. For, I approach to your Presence, with as profound reverence, as I know, how to carrie to a Creature. When your Majestie is pleased to pardon the presumption of your servants, you excel in goodnesse; but when withall, you descend so low, as to passe their account under your Royall hand, and in that manner, to admit of their poor desires, for reall services; you exceed your self.

I have little left to say; but my heart would easilie tell me of enough to doe, if my power fell not short of my will to serve. Yet howsoever, I shall be daylie praying, that you may be as happie, as the world acknowledges you to be worthie; and especiallie,

peciallie, that the expence of ſo ignorant a life, as mine, may one day ſerve for ſome ſtraw, or ſtick, towards the erecting of that Great Building. In the mean time, I lye proſtrate at your Princelie feet, in the Qualitie of,

A Letter of the ſame Servant to a Lady, who aſſiſted him to the ſame Queen of Bohemia.

Madam,

I Cannot but acknowledge with manie moſt humble thanks to your Ladiſhip, the great favour and care, where with you were pleaſed to apparrell my poore deſires, to do all homage, and ſervice, to your Queen, and mine; whereof I have found great effects. My firſt buſineſſe therefore with your Ladiſhip, will be, to put my ſelf thus upon the way, of paying my great debt to you; and my next, to beg, that you will honour me quicklie with manie commands, that ſo I may trie, if it be poſſible, to make you incurre ſome little debt in me, &c.

The late Countesse of Pembroke, *expresses great favour and goodnesse to the same humble Servant of hers.*

SIR,

I Had written before my receit of your last; but, I protest, I was so far out of all taste and temper, till I had laid about me against some who were near me, that nothing could digest with me, nor passe at all out of these hands. So I staid the former dispatch. And now I send you inclosed this Nothing, which yet is all that I have been able to get. Within a few daies, (and yet but a few daies) which indeed had yet been fewer, but that I have been sick, as I am yet not well) I shall be there, where, I hope, I may prove much more able to say somewhat of this new world to you. In the mean time, you are, and shall for ever be, sure of nothing more, than that, if (as you tell me) you be to be undone, by the infiniteneſse of good-will, and by such affection, as shall never do lesse, than aspire to your contentment, in the most effectuall manner, to which, by any possibility, I may arrive and reach, you are then likelie enough to be undone indeed. And now

let

let me turn my ſelf to give you more thanks, than I have words to uſe, for the Preſent of thoſe things which I received from you, for they are all moſt excellent. And though my deſires prove not yet ſo fruitfull, as I would they did; nor my ſelf ſo uſefull to you, as I wiſh I were: yet let me ſtill receive commands from you by your Letters, for they all are extreamly welcome to me. And if herein you harken to me, you have your will by doing that, which you are pleaſed to ſay, you ſo much deſire; for ſo you ſhall do me more favour, than by all I am worth I can merit. I ſend you herewith ſuch parts of what you aſked, as I have yet been able to procure; and though I cannot diſcreetly pray you to eſteem them, yet caſt your eyes kindly upon them, becauſe they have parted from me to none but your ſelf. And as this Copie is the firſt, ſo alſo is it to be the laſt. I am likely enough to ſee the *Spaw* again, though not with that grace which you give me to beſtow upon it, by that too-favourable judgment of yours, which makes me ſuch as I am, if that be any thing. But, in what I am to your very worthie ſelf, ſee you leſſen me not by your own conceit, ſince you cannot therewith exceed, what I am indeed

deed in my desires and purposes, to esteem highlie, and deserve perfectlie well of you. Think the best you can, and yet I will defie you for over-thinking; for I am your perfect friend beyond that, which even you have faith to believe.

The same Noble Countesse of Pembroke *shewes the impatience of her Desires, to do favour to the same humble Servant.*

SIR,

IT was but a Dream, and that as void of true effect, as the idlest of them all use to be. For otherwise, I should not speak thus loud, nor thus far off, nor make so long a reach to you still, by the Arms of my ill-written Lines. But I thought once, that you were both nearer hand, and comming to my little Lodge, to visit me; when, soon after, I found by one of yours, that you had frustrated that hope, and designed your self towards other ends. Which put me into such a brave choler, as some of them know, who are near me, and must have a part of that humour, whether they will or no. For I can do nothing, but in Earnest,

earneſt, though that Earneſt, God knows, proves commonly as true a Nothing, as if I were in Jeaſt. But, it is ſtrange, nay, monſtrous, that ſuch undertakers as there are in the world, ſhould be able to make nothing good, by the effects. For, to doubt of their will, were not onely to make them ſtrangely wicked, but almoſt even to allow my ſelf to be mad. For, they ſpeak as well as I would wiſh; and, I am ſure, that which they pretend to endeavour, muſt needs be advantagious to themſelves. I will know more, ſhortly; and then you ſhall know, what I can learn concerning our buſineſſe. And you ſhall never be the owner of any care, whereof I will not have a part, either by taking it, if you will give it; or elſe by ſtealing it, if you will needs be the firſt to offend Juſtice ſo far, as to hide it from me.

A Servant to a great Lord, who was then attending his Majeſty in Scotland.

SIR,

JUſt now, a ſervant of yours, and a friend of mine, brings me word of your perfect health, of your good looks, and of your gallant

gallant mind, to oblige all the world; which, though it be but your ordinarie, yet it gave me comfort to find, that a moſt eminent Perſon, and Patron of mine, was ſtill the ſame.

The firſt news of *London* ſhall be that, which alſo is the beſt; namely, A conſtant fame from beyond *Trent*, that the King is excellentlie well; and withall, that he accepts and deſcends with ſo extraordinarie ſweetneſſe and goodneſſe, towards the Acclamations of his People, as if he meant even to uſurp upon Himſelf. So that, as formerlie his Actions, and excellent Government, have obliged men in thoſe parts, as well as the reſt, to pay him all reverence and high reſpects; ſo, hath his Preſence now deprived them of all power, nor to render him alſo, all their trueſt and moſt tender love.

The Queen is, God be thanked, as perfectly in good health, as a breeding bodie, and a ſad mind for the King's abſence, can admit. And if it were poſſible for him to ſee, by the eyes of fleſh, as he may by thoſe of faith, the humble and inceſſant attendance, which is given her by all the great Ones here, it could not but content him much, to find his own Power ſo cordiallie adored in her Perſon.

To

To tell your Lordſhip this, is an expreſſion of my ſervice, and a communication of my joy. But now I come to put you in mind of thoſe ſuits, which I made to you in my laſt. For, in fine, whereſoever you are in the world, I know, a good Star hangs over you. And, for my part, I reſolve, that whatſoever become of me otherwiſe, I will never be forſaken by thoſe hands of yours, thoſe incarnate ſhowers of rain, which are wont to fall upon all ſuch, as have the happineſſe to come within their reach. And let all other happineſſe, as well as that, fail me, when I ſhall once think of cooling in my deſires, to do your Lordſhip all humble ſervice.

A Letter of a Servant to a great Lord, whoſe Lady lay then in Child-bed.

May it pleaſe your Lordſhip,

I Cannot ſtay longer from ſending you a bundle of my beſt wiſhes, wrapped up in words, for the felicitie of the Noble ſick Mother, and of the ſweet innocent Child. Ifthere be not health enough in the world for us all, I pray God give them both a liberall portion thereof, and that He let it be abated out of mine.

A

A Letter to a Lady, with ſome relation to the Queen of Bohemia.

Madam,

THough by your Letter to me, you performed but an act of obedience to the Queen, yet it was the inſtrument of giving me ſo ſtrong a comfort, that I muſt needs ask leave to kiſſe your hand for the favour. It was too great an humilitie for her Majeſtie, to ſtoop ſo low, as to raiſe and prefer thoſe poor Toyes, which were ſcarce fit to lie at her feet, ſo high, as to that Head, which is worthie to be the ſeat of Emperiall Crowns, whether blind Fortune will or no. And I ſhall deſire with my whole heart, that not onelie Flowers, as, you ſay, they ſhall; but Fruits alſo, may be, the Teſtimonies of her Triumphs. For, I make account, that when the Victories belong to her Friends, (which is the preſent caſe) they are but Flowers to her; but they ſhall then be Fruits, when they are her own. I beſeech you, preſent me in the moſt proſtrate manner to her Majeſtie, for her vouchſafing to ſend me thanks; which, upon the matter, is yet indeed but to celebrate her own praiſes. And be you alſo pleaſed,

to let her Majeſtie underſtand, that ſhe ſhal then make me even more happie, than now I am grown to be by her giſt, when I may aſpire with hope, to receive any commandment of doing her ſervice. This is ſo perfect a truth, that it will not fail to be believed, if it may be clad by ſuch an expreſſion as yours. And this is the ſecond favour which now I beg at your hands; for, already you have learnt the way to do me a former; and for them both, I ſhall ever reſt, &c.

One Friend to another, who ſhowes much trouble for the miſcarriage of a Letter.

SIR,

I Came but yeſterday hither out of the Countrie, and the firſt news I met was the worſt that I ever found in my whole life; namely, that the Packet from the Atturney, which I had left before Chriſtmas to be conveyed towards you, had been miſcarried. I proteſt to you, the ſenſe of it hath taken from me, not onely my ſleep and food, but even my very diſcourſe. In other chances, theſe rubs, which it uſed to meet, if it could not explain and ſmooth,

it

it would leap over, and ſo get to ſome end; but in this, all is at a ſtop, and I can find no iſſue. Whether the loſſe proceeded upon chance or malice, the ſucceſſe cannot almoſt, but prove alike prejudiciall to me. Believe, that I conſider my ſelf leaſt in this miſchance, and yet I never dealt more largely or more freely with you, both concerning ſome difficulties of my own private fortune, and ſome particulars concerning yours. The wiſdom of Mr. Attorney makes me ſecure, that he will not have ſaid any thing to you, whereof he needs be ſorrie to hear again; but yet there are certain circumſtances belonging to things, the failing or miſapplying whereof, may keep them from being as well underſtood, as they were meant; and a little rub doth often loſe the Caſt to him, who gave but the juſt aime. The fear of this doth much trouble me; and the ſenſe, which he cannot chuſe but have of it, may go far, towards the making him hate me; which yet he could not poſſiblie do in a worſe time for me, the malice of ſome men having caſt manie troubles upon me, which muſt either paſſe his hands, or elſe remain in them, to my hurt. I am infinitelie ſorrie alſo, for the miſcarriage of that gallant Ladie's Letter

to you, for now she will have lost, or lent, at least, upon long day, the reward of so much, both courtesie and wit, as she will have bestowed upon you. But especiallie, I am sorrie, in regard that her correspondence with you may thus come, perhaps, to the knowledge of, and consequentlie be disapproved by, some of her precise friends. In all, I suffer in my wit, in my honestie, and what else it shall please the ungentle Reader to lay upon me. But yet still, that which imports most, is, the losse of Mr. Attorney's long Letter to you, which it had cost me so manie journies to procure. And, I am sure, he had given you much satisfaction, as well of my care, as of your own condition.

To the Letter I received last from you, I will make you a particular Answer, as soon as I shall have gotten out of my Boots, and into my Wits. And, for the present, I know no news but this, which hath made me sick. Write not to me by way of comfort, till I have been able to look better into the bottom of it; for, if you touch me, you will but trouble the cure. Fare-well, which is more almost, than I can say or wish to my self.

A

A Letter of the ſame Perſon to the ſame, concerning the ſame Subject.

SIR,

BY my laſt I promiſed, that you ſhould hear from me againe verie ſpeedily, which now I come to perform; and together with this, you ſhall have the diſcharge, which I gave to Mr. Attornie of my ſelfe, touching the miſchance, and miſcarriage of his Letter. I thought beſt to give account to him of it by writing, that ſo the ſharpneſſe of his ſenſe thereof, might be a little over, before I preſented my ſelf to him; and thereby he might grow to allow me, both the better audience, and beliefe. It took the effect, which I deſired; and I found him when I came to him, very well ſatisfied with my honeſtie and care; and indeed he took my Letter, as an Argument of my particular reſpect to him. Touching the chance, it did not ſo greatlie trouble him, in regard of anie thing, which he had written, (though yet, he had been free with you, in the account of ſome buſineſſe) as for the conceipt which you might have of his neglect of you, through his ſo long ſilence, as you

might think him, to have uſed. He was withall, in ſome very little pain, by doubting, whether the Letter might have been loſt by practice, or by chance; and upon that reaſon, he aſked me many Queſtions; and concluded with manie profeſſions of his affection to you; and that he would ſhortlie tell you himſelfe by new Letters, how particularlie he was your friend. And thus much of this matter. In the next place, I would fain call to mind, what I ſaid to you in that of mine, which accompanied his. For I muſt tell you, I never dealt ſo freelie with you, in anie; and, (as that excellent Author Sr. *John Falſtaff* ſayes,) what for your buſineſſe, news, device, fooleric, and libertie, I never dealt better, ſince I was a man. But yet I ſhall hardlie be able to repeat any thing of it; and if I do, it muſt be hereafter, when I ſhall have more time, to ſtudie. For indeed, I have now a kind of memorie, which holds the Print of nothing faſt, but of my misfortunes; or rather, I have an imagination ſo ravenous, as that it ſucks in a thouſand images or formes, more than my memorie can diſpoſe of, and diſgeſt; which, as in the bodie, ſo in the mind, is an ill affection; whereby mine is ſo oppreſt, as that it is become

come almoſt, an unprofitable faculty of my Soul. This onlie, which I remember for the preſent, was my diſcourſe to you, in that Letter of Mr. Attorney himſelfe; That I conceived him very cordiallie to affect you, but that I held him not to be grown to that ſtrength, as that, alone, he could carrie on that compoſition between you, and the other great man, with whom there was Queſtion. That his favour with the King, was, in the opinion of the World, come alreadie to his Solſtitiall point; but yet without anie appearance at all of declination; more then that it is obſerved, that the favour of a Courtier, pretending to be a great perſon, hath this ſimilitude with a pretender to be a vertuous man, that, *Non progredi, eſt regredi.* This was that, which I ſaid of him; and now, by the loſſe of my Letter, it falls out, to be a great deal too much. For men, who are in the way of growing great, will not have ſo much as their fortunes underſtood, and much leſſe limited by others; and leaſt of all, cenſured by any: and this, for many reaſons; and eſpeciallie becauſe even wiſe men, are wont to be ſo fooliſh, as to put the making of their Fortunes, upon their own onlie account.

I here ſend you, for your paſtime, a

Letter Conſolatorie, which was written to the great Judge, upon his diſgrace ; nor is it an ill one, in my opinion, where the paſſion of zeal doth not ſway the writer ; but there, he is as abſurd, as any prentice would make a ſhift to be. I am carried from you inſtantlie, by an accident ; and therefore I can now, ſcarce ſo much as ſay, Farewell.

A Letter of one friend to another, by way of Comfort, upon the Death of an only Son.

SIR,

IT is in no power of mine, to give you any ſolid comfort, in this great loſſe of yours ; but the good God of Heaven, both can, and will compleatly do it, if like a Chriſtian, and a Cavallier, you will caſt your ſelfe headlong into his hands. For nothing, even of this poor World, wherein we live, happens by chance, but every thing (beſides ſinne) proceeds from his Counſel, and good pleaſure. Nor did any thing ever grow into his mind, upon a ſuddain ; but it was known by him, from all Eternitie, that things would happen juſt ſo, as we find them,

them. And if Sparrowes fall not to the ground, no nor even so much as one single hair from the head, but by his providence; how much lesse can Parents lose Children, but by his appointment? Consider then, how such an infinite Power, which is vested with such an infinite Wisdome, and such an infinite Goodnesse, can possibly let any thing arrive, to any such Creature as for whom he died which shall not in very deed be absolutely the best thing in the world for him; though yet we know not, without much grace from Heaven, how to get wit enough, wherewith to understand this truth. For Jesus sake, Sir, Be your self; or rather begge hard of him, that you may in so urgent an occasion, be even more, than yet you are. And give this true Servant of yours, leave to waite upon you; the sooner, the better; for I will strive to lessen your burden; and, at least, I will be sure, not to encrease it. God make, and keep you, ever happie; or rather, make you lesse miserable, than, I fear, your are now making your self.

A great Lord, to a great Lady, with great expreſſion of his deſires to ſerve her.

Madam,

WEe are all in Shew, and Ceremonie here; and I am proper to be aſſiſtant therein; ſince I can be nothing elſe, when I am abſented from you. For there is no real Being in my ſelf, when I derive not from your preſence, thoſe comforts, and joyes, which are no leſſe, than the very life of my life.

A great Lady, to an humble Servant, expreſſing her favour.

SIR,

I Have continued in an indiſpoſition, ever ſince I had the honour to ſee you; and am ſorry, that I cannot tell my ſelf from your Letter, when I may be in ſome hope of your companie; which is both equallie, and continuallie beloved, and deſired, by me.

A great Lady, to a great Queen, in desire to be excused for her absence.

Madam,

THough I never valued my self worthie, of excusing my attendance upon your Majestie; yet so much dignitie my condition gives me, in my relation to your Majesties service; and that nearnesse, hath made such impressions upon me, of the honour, and happinesse, which it brings; as that you will rather allow it to be a dutie in me, than a presumption to tell your Majestie, that it is a great encrease of my trouble, that my indisposition, which is of Bleeding, should be of a nature, in this hot season, to take danger from that, which, of all things, is the greatest to me: The omission of any expression; which so becomes the place, and dutie of,

Your Majestie's, &c.

Doctor

Doctor Dunne *writes Consolatorily to a Lady, upon the Death of her Husband.*

To the Hon: Lad: of Lady Kingsmell upon the Death of her Husband.

Donn: p: 7.

Madam,

THose things, which God dissolves at once, as he will do the Sun, and Moon, and those Bodies, at the last Conflagration, he never intends to re-unite again; but in those things, which he takes in pieces (as he doth Man and Wife, in these divorces by death; and single persons, in the divorce of Bodie, and Soul) God hath another purpose, to make them up, again. That peece, which he takes to himself, is cast into a mould, and in an instant, made fit for his use; For Heaven is not a place of proficiencie, but of present perfection; That peece, which he leaves behind in this World, by the death of a part thereof, growes fitter and fitter for him, by the good use of his corrections, and the intire conformity to his will. Nothing disproportions us, nor makes us so uncapable of being re-united to those, vvhom vve loved here, as murmuring, or not advancing the goodnesse of him, vvho hath removed them from hence. We vvould

would wonder to see a man, who, in a Wood, were left to his libertie, to fell what Trees he would, take onely the crooked, and leave the streightest Trees; but yet that man hath, perhaps, a Ship to build, and not a House, and so hath use of that kind of Timber: Let not us, who know, that in his House there are manie Mansions, but yet have no modell nor designe of that Building, wonder at his taking in his Materialls, why he takes the young, and leaves the old; or, why the sicklie over-live them who had better health. We are not bound to think, that Souls departed, have divested all affections towards them, whom they left here; but we are bound to think, that for all their love to us, they would not be here again. Then is the *will of God done in Earth as it is in Heaven*, when we neither pretermit his actions, nor resist them, nor yet passe them over in an inconsideration, as though God had no hand therein; nor go about to take them out of his hands, as though we could direct Him to do them better. To say, that our afflictions are greater than we can bear, is so near to dispairing, as that the same words expresse both. For, when we consider *Cain*'s words, in that Originall Tongue in which God

spoke,

ſpoke, we cannot tell whether the words be, *My puniſhment is greater than can be born*; or, *My ſin is greater then can be forgiven.* But, *Madam*, you, who willinglie ſacrificed your ſelf to God, in your obedience to him in your ſickneſſe, cannot be doubted to diſpute with him, about anie part of you, which he ſhall be pleaſed to require at your hands. The difference is great, in the loſſe of an Arm, or a Head; of a Child, or a Husband. But yet to them who are incorporated into Chriſt, their Head, there can be no beheading. Upon you, who are a Member of the Spouſe of Chriſt, the Church, there can fall no Widow-hood; nor Orphanage upon thoſe Children, to whom God is Father. I have not another Office by your Husband's death, for I was your Chaplain before, in my dailie Praiers; but I ſhall enlarge that *Office* with other *Collects* than before: That God will continne to you that peace, which you have ever had in him; and ſend you quiet and peaceable diſpoſitions in all them, with whom you ſhall have any thing to do in your temporall Eſtate, and matters of this world. *Amen.*

At my poor house at St Pauls
26. octob: 1624.

Yr. [illegible] very humble & thankful servt in Christ Jesus J: Donne

A great Lord to an humble Servant, by way of excuſing a Diſappointment.

SIR,

THe favour of your Letters is ever moſt welcome to me, although theſe laſt brought me no little trouble, out of my apprehenſion of the ignoble dealing of that Gentleman. But he will find ere long, that he miſtakes the man, and abuſes himſelf more than me, by making me ſuffer for the preſent in ſo ſenſible a part. I beſeech you, Sir, pardon the misfortune of this little delay, and do it noblie and freelie, as you know verie well how to do; and you ſhall quicklie ſee my care, in making you a moſt juſt reparation. To this end, I will haſten my return to *London*, before the King; and ſhall not be at quiet, till you have received as much ſatisfaction from me, as I ſhall ever acknowledge my ſelf to be in extream obligation to you.

A servant to a Lady, by occasion of her having left London.

Madam,

YOur going away hath made *London* a dead carcase: A Tearm, and a Court, do a little spice and embalm it, and keep it from putrefaction; but the Soul went away in you. And, I think, the onelie reason, why the Plague is somewhat slackned; is, because the Place is dead alreadie, and no bodie left in it worth the killing. Whereſoever you are, there is *London* enough; and it is a diminiſhing of you to ſay ſo, ſince you are more then the reſt of the world. When you have a deſire to work a miracle, you will return hither, and both raiſe the Place from the dead, and the dead alſo who are in it; of which, I were one, but that a hope, that I have a place in your favour, keeps me alive: Which you ſhall abundantlie confirm to me, if by one Letter you vouchſafe to tell me, that you have received my ſix. For now my Letters are grown to that bulk, that I may divide them like *Amadis de Gaules* Bookes, and tell you, that this is the firſt Letter of the ſecond Part of the firſt Book, &c.

A Lady to her Husband, who was parted upon misunderstanding between them.

SIR,

I Write not this out of any thoughts of returning. I have given over those hopes, together with that of all happinesse in this world. If I never, or not of late, shewed any love to you; yet now I have, in freeing you from a woman, whom you professe so much to hate. If you take any thing ill in the manner of it, you may pardon my fears, who durst not tarrie the being carried away, I know not whither; and where none of my friends should be suffered to come near me. And that, when you were in such a furie, and with so many threatnings, which, out of my former triall, I had good cause to believe. Onely I owed so much to the love that had been between us, as to have taken my last leave of you. But yet I durst not tempt my resolution so far, it having so often deceived me, to both our hurts. And had it not been to both, mine own had been ventured; though yet I could not rest satisfied without this, to do

it for me; neither desire I any Answer. This is alreadie too much trouble for you, save that it is the last, as this is of my suits; that since there is not onely, either hope or desire in you (for me, my hopes had left long since) of a good life between us, but fear of further mischief to us both; you will suffer me to leave you in peace, and be satisfied with the injuries I have already sustained; except which of yours, I have carried nothing with me. Add not to them this, to think, that I write now out of any plot. If I may not have your good word; if my discredit be necessarie for your defence; let me yet have your good thoughts, who never deserved any other of you. As for me, I have forgotten whatsoever ill in you, and with me, (the greatest of them hath left you, becaufe they were but to me) as well I may, there being enough of Good to preserve in my memorie, which I will ever do. Protesting before God, (who knows my heart) that I leave you not without extreamitie of grief; a grief, which makes me pay with interest, the joy I once had to meet with you. Fare-well, I will ever pray for your happinesse. And if the first of your good Fortunes may be my death, I shall onely then be happie too.

One

One great Lady, to another Greater; with expressions of extream Ceremony.

Madam,

WHen neither the Place, nor the Person, can make a worthie Oblation, that Devotion were better mannered, which should sacrifice to your memorie upon the altar of Silence. But yet, so much desire I, to live in yours, as that I rather choose to appear in this kind to your trouble, than to suffer any thing, like forgetfulnesse, to seem to entomb those affections of mine to your service; which want not life, howsoever they be deprived of lustre, wherewith to crown the estimation, which your worth hath begotten in my soul.

One Friend abroad, to another at home; with earnest desire of Letters from him.

SIR,

I Have received your last, and I answered it also by the last opportunitie, which was the first. And although I then forewarned you, and forbad the sending of any more of yours hither to me, yet I forgave

not the debt, which had been made before. And therefore I would have you know, that my quitting of this Countrie, doth not quit you of your debt; and that my Action will ſtill have force againſt you, whatſoever may become of my perſon. But, to confeſſe a truth, I have done I know not what, in forbidding, by my laſt, your writing to me anie more hither; for, I find my ſelf yet in no more forwardneſſe of getting hence, than I was in, at my laſt writing. And the ceaſing of your Letters (if my ſtay here ſhould prove long) would give me a relapſe into that melanchollie, which made me no man of mine own, when I came hither firſt. And though cuſtom and uſe are wont to be of much power with Mankind; yet reallie, I conceive, that the comfort of talking often to you, and hearing often from you, hath been the great means to deliver me, and hath enabled me to paſs with leſſe miſerie through ſo manie months. I look, and long to hear from you, touching the accidents of your life at *Genoa*; and how *Lezma*, that great Preacher, left you ſatisfied. For it is much more to conclude, than to begin, well; nay, it is ſo much the more hard, to make a plauſible concluſion, by how much the more pleaſing

the

the beginnings were. For, our expectation, when it is once high raiſed, is not willing to ſatisfie it ſelf even with that, which is excellent; unleſſe that excellencie chance to reach home to the mark, which we had formerly made in our own conceits. But, as I began upon no particular occaſion, ſo I muſt end without anie particular advertiſement, more, than that I am ſtill reſolved to be ſaying ſomewhat to you; for, whenſoever I am doing ſo, me-thinks I am ſafe.

A long kind Letter, of the ſelf-ſame Friend, to the ſame.

SIR,

I Come now onely to kiſſe your hands till *Eaſter*-Tearm; for, within theſe three daies I go into the Countrie, where, though I ſhall not be able to ſerve you, yet, I hope, you will not diſ-comfort me, by depriving me of your Letters, which, to me, are meat, and drink, and cloth; and not onelie Muſick, but Phyſick too; and, which is more, they are good companie; and indeed, ſo good, as that I account my ſelf alone, when I am loſing time upon any thing elſe.

Withall, let me entreat you, and in-

deed, you are bound to take knowledge, of that sweet Noble Ladie's Letter to you; from the miscarriage whereof, your wit can well enough take occasion to complie with her. And, I pray you, let it be, as having understood by me, how much you are likelie to have lost by it; namelie, the assurance of so noble an affection, and the fruit of so excellent a wit. And this I pray you do by the next, that so she may receive it in the Countrie, where any thing, which your professions may sow, will be the better able to take root, ere the Birds of the aire (for ere long, she will be going to Court) prove able to destroy it. Multitude of visits, and other vanities, like weeds, are wont to choak noble friendships, and discreet thoughts.

I perceive, that Letter, which you wrote last to your noble and great friend here, is likelie not to have been delivered in good opportunitie; for that Lord, as I am told, gave the man but a kind of shuffleing answer, of which, perhaps, you may have heard. But, for the keeping your mind in quiet, give me leave to bid you be assured, that his heart stands very streight towards you. And certainlie, if he seemed to receive the fellow but courslie, it must rather

rather have proceeded from anie other cauſe, than of unkindneſſe to you. As that, ſome buſineſſe preſſed him much at the ſame time; that the fellow, who is but new in Court, might fall upon him after an importunate manner; and the like. And thus much I have thought fit to let you know, upon this occaſion; to the end, that in others, which may hereafter occur, you put not your ſelf to over-much pain by ſuch accidents; as it is in no man's power, ſo much as to foreſee, and much leſſe to prevent. For, you cannot gueſſe, in what howers any of your Letters may be preſented, nor in what aſpects of Court-Conſtellations. And therefore it is fit, (ſince *Galileo*'s Proſpective will not ſerve the turn, for delivering you the ſtate of either Perſons or Times) that your ſervants ſhould have ſome good skill in Court-Aſtronomie, and eſpeciallie of that part, which treats of *Ortus Chronicus*, and *Eliacus*; and not onelie be fit to know ſomewhat, of the Setting and Riſing of the Great Stars, but of the Leſſer alſo; and indeed, be able to obſerve even the verie minutes of Time. I know you underſtand me, as well as I do my ſelf. And I am ſo wearie of the Alluſion, that I muſt needs ask you leave, to go to bed and ſleep.

But yet first, I will conjure you, that you suspect not your honest friend *A. B*, as having made anie fault; for indeed, he is very honest: and friendship can never suffer so much by any other kind of wrong, as by that, of a causeless suspition, &c.

The same Friend still to the Same, full of familiar Advertisements; together with some little Complaint of his misfortune.

SIR,

TO prevent you with my excuse, for omitting to Answer divers of yours, after so long a silence, were as unseasonable a ceremonie, in my conceit, as that which the Embassadors of *Troy* performed to *Tiberius*, when they condoled for the death of his son, ten years after it hapned; and might draw from your wit, I am perswaded, but an answer of like scorn; for, his was no other, (as the tale goes) but that he was also sorrie for the death of their famous Captain, *Hector*. I will therefore take hold of the free and generall pardon, which you have sent me, rather than labour by excuses, to seem to make my self worthie of

of it, and so to diminish the merit of your love, which I must acknowledge by this act, to have super-erogated, by having prevented my desiring it. Wherein you have imparted to me an extraordinarie kind of Indulgence, the Laws of Friendship, requiring to a compleat Absolution, no lesse than the Laws of Conscience do; namely, that Confession should precede. Which, hitherto, not having been actuallie performed on my part, it seems to have been enough for your love, to be confident, that I did it, *in voto*. Whereof I am glad, your nearer friends have satisfied you, as I hope also, my best Cousen hath done, who knows as much of me as anie body; and yet nothing more, than how much I still desire to hold the place, which I had formerly, both in your Affection, and in your Opinion. This then, (since I must now suppose, that all former accounts are set streight, without which, a broken Merchant will never be drawn to deal again) is to begin by way of new Commerce: Wherein, let me for ever lose my Credit, if there lie upon my hands anie one syllable of yours unanswered, beyond the first opportunitie of my being able to do it. Besides, I will also otherwise be sure to tell

tell you, whatsoever I conceive, you would be glad to know. I shall not promise to return you weight for weight, but measure for measure. And I must also tell you before-hand, that you are not to expect anie other stuff from me, than Fustian and Bumbast, and such Ware as that. For there is no venturing upon verie rich Commodities, and much lesse upon such as are forbidden. Neither, indeed, do we know, what is forbidden, and what not; for both the Restraint, and the Penaltie, are determined by the discretion of the Officers, and not by the letter of the Law. And there is a a certain Judge in the world, who, in the midst of his Popularitie, towards the meaner sort of men, would fain deprive the better sort of that happinesse, which was generallie done in that time, whereof *Tacitus* wrote, when he complained, that, *Memoriam ipsam cum voce perdidissemus, si in nostra potestate esset, tàm oblivisci, quàm tacere.*

We have here little publick news, more than that, which the late change in Court hath begotten, by the fall of the great Man there, whereof I doubt not, but you long since have heard, with the particulars depending thereupon. He is said hitherto, to have carried

carried his adversitie with more magnanimitie, than was expected, considering the greatnesse of his Fall, and his newnesse towards the supporting of ill Fortunes; and the little exercise of Vertue, to which he had formerly been trained, for the enduring of a blow, which might have shaken even *Seneca* himself. We have here discourses of more or or lesse passion, as men are interressed in this great businesse, which is in handling, more or lesse. And as for *Plebs, Numa, sequitur fortunam, ut semper, & odit Damnatos.*

Of my self, I can tell you little, though I owe you a verie particular account, for that which you gave me of your self, when you passed some months in that miserable *Canon's* house; where, amongst other things, I have not yet forgotten the sport his Chickens made you; some of them fetching such *salti mortali* for crums of bread, which, it seems, were not to be gotten, but by some so desperate an attempt, as to venture the dying in the place. The apprehension which I had upon your expression of it, you see, sticks by me yet.

As for my Health, it is such, as you have known it a long time, crazie enough, if not cracked. And as for my mind, it cannot be,

be, but much worſe; ſince into them, who are even of the beſt temper, ruſt will work, though they do not yield to blows. But mine hath proved enough of both; and therefore it hath need, as well to have a new edge put on it, and to be ſtrengthned, as to be ſcowred. I promiſe my ſelf ſo much leave from my buſineſſe, ere it be long, as to beſtow a few months upon you; and ſo I hope to recover ſome ſtrength to both. But I muſt tell you in the mean time, that I have lately been in a long conference with a neighbour, and old friend of mine, who was a companion to me in my firſt Studies; and now he will needs be giving me counſell. And touching the courſe to which he adviſes me, I am not onely of opinion, that it is the beſt; but I had long ſince, in mine own judgment, reſolved upon it. Elſe, what loſſe of time were there, in the preſent courſe I hold, wherein I cannot ſo much deceive my ſelf, as not to ſee, how little way I make. *Movere*, and not *promovere*, is the pace of a Mill-horſe. And to bring the four and twenty hours ſtill about, and do no more, is but an account of time that Clocks can give, which wear out themſelves in ſtriking.

Believe me, I do not caſt into the account of

of my years, these last five, which I have lived, otherwise, then as nights slept-out; which are indeed a part of time, which the body steales from the mind; rather than a part of life; which cannot live, but it must feel it self alive. God Almighty awake me. And in the mean time, I think, that even this sleep I am in, is but a troubled one. I have not forgotten, that in a Letter of yours, you asked me once, Whether we should be fine young Gentlemen still? In English, as I took it, Whether still Idlers, without aimes, or ends? My mark is chosen; which I would be infinitely glad, might be also yours; as I am yours.

A Lady, to a great Lady; by way of thanks for a favour.

Madam,

THe excesse of your Ladiship's goodnesse, hath raised me to a degree of happinesse, beyond even mine own power of wishing. And after such heighth of good Fortune, this onlie regret can take hold of me, that you did not impose something upon me, as disagreeable, as this was complying with the very uttermost of my ambitious

ambitious desires, that so I might thereby, have had the satisfaction, of giving your Ladiship an experience, that I shall ever have an infinite joy, in performing any action, which, by the difficultie thereof, may the better serve to expresse my obedience to all your commands, &c.

The same Lady to the same, about setting a certain time for a little Journey.

Madam,

I Give your Ladiship humble thanks; for now, I want nothing, but the knowledge of your hower, to waite upon you to morrow. In which honour, I should take extream delight, if it were not moderated, by the consideration of your Ladiship's trouble. This apprehension, had certainly overcome mine own desires of being happy, if something had not appeared therein, which might look, as if it had crossed your command; which, nothing must be ever able to do with me, &c.

A great Lady, to a most humble Servant; in compassion of his Care for a friend's Sickness.

SIR,

I Was too sensible of those troubles, which I left with you, not to inquire, Whether you be eased of part of them, or no. And therefore I beseech you, send me word, how the Noble sick Lady doth, whose health I infinitely wish, both for your sake, and mine own; besides, that even the world is concerned, that so excellent a Creature, who is so hardly found, may not be so quickly lost.

A Friend, to a Noble Friend; in thankfullnesse for a favour, which concerned the honour of a Saint.

SIR,

THE worthy Gentleman, whose hand will put this paper into yours, hath made me rather feel, than see, the extream addition, which you have been pleased to make of late, to all my former obligations.

And

And if now I also proceed not, to some fresh kind of offer of my affections, the Saint, whom we both serve, will be offended with me. I wish, I were as able to deserve the favour you know of, as I am sure, he will receive it from you, as a service. And in the other world, they are not so unkind to good deserts, and much lesse so unmindfull of those faithfull promises, which they may chance to have made, as perhaps some have been in this. But they who know you, even half well, will be far from lessening you in any kind, for the humour, or impunctuality of others. And the many gallant parts, wherewith you abound, will not fail a little sooner, or later, to exact in your behalf, the honour of such acknowledgments for all your merits, as shall be fit; I mean not those of words, but of deeds; and I pray, that they may not onely be deeds, but that they may also be of that kind, which may as well become the agent, as the Patient, in the way of all bravery, and bounty. All your friends, that is, all our world, are in as good health, and as happie, as your absence gives them leave to be. And though I hope much, that your presence will shortly refresh the memory of your person, in Court: yet for my part, I desire it much more;

more ; who ſhall eſteem it for a loſſe to this Kingdome, if you lend your ſelf to any other, over-long. It will be now at your election, whether you will affront me, or elſe oblige me, by commanding, or not commanding my ſervice, if you can think of any thing in my power, whereby the world may be taught to know, how much I eſteem, and love you.

A moſt humble Servant, to a moſt Noble Lady ; with thanks to her for ſome favours, and deſires of more.

Madam,

YOur Ladiſhip was the firſt, in making me know the inclination of the moſt Excellent Queen, to keep me, from periſhing in a Storm ; and therefore, (to paſſe over other reaſons) it is fit, that you alſo be the firſt, to ſee, under my hand, what kind of bloud, ſuch a bleſſing is breeding in my heart. I ſhall goe, paying her the homage of my whole life, with much fidelity. And becauſe you know, I hold with the uſe of Images, (though you doe not) I have reſolved, ſince I am not ſo happie as to ap-

proach the life, as often as I would, to perpetuate the Copy, as well as I can. I have therefore drawn this Picture of her, which your Ladiſhip ſees; and I conceive it, to be very like the Originall, though the hand be not ſo maſterlie, as the Perſon deſerves, and I with: Your Ladiſhip ows it the more Patronage, becauſe I have learnt, how curious the lines of the Life are, from your ſelfe. Howſoever, it is meant by me, as a true, and meer Picture of thoſe Perfections, which ſhe hath, and not a Panegyrick of ſuch Praiſes, as I could invent. I am ſorry, my poor ſtore, could afford no better Colours, wherewith to expreſſe it; but if ſuch a thought as yours, do not diſ-value it; and ſpecially if ſuch a hand as yours, will vouchſafe to hang it up, in ſight of the Sun, the ſame Colours will learn to grow freſher, and fairer. Madam, be you pleaſed to undertake, that I ſhall ever be lying at the Queen's feet, all the humilities, and affections of my poor heart, for her ſervice. Your Ladiſhip ſhall receive no diſhonour by it. For, if there were any falſe quarter in me, believe me, you ſhould be the Creature of the whole world, whom I would deceive laſt.

An

An humble Servant to a Noble Lady, by way of Suite for her favour to an Embaſſadour.

Madam,

THis laſt Night's reſt, with the honour of receiving a good Morrow, from your Ladiſhips favour, this Morning, hath reſtored me my head; and by my head, my hand; that ſo I may ſerve your Ladiſhip now, with them both. If there, you be as little pleaſed, as you ſay; I am leſſe happy here, then you can think. But I hope, that either you were not in earneſt, when you wrote; or elſe, that the Scene was ſoon changed; and that inſtantly, the Sun ſlipped from under the Cloud.

I have viſited the Embaſſadour; and conſidering, both what he is, and from whom he comes, I ſhall be glad, that he receive honour, and favour, from all your Servants, that is, from as many Subjects, as the King hath. He carries, at my ſuite, the two Pictures with him, whereof I wrote to my Lord. And, Madam, if I were not old, and ugly, and in ill equipage; I have a Heart, and a Horſe, which would quickly

carry me to your feet, that so I might both see you, see the Pictures, and stain them, by seeing them, &c.

A Lady to a friend, in answer of a Letter of familiar occurrents.

SIR,

TO obey your command, I shall now employ another's hand; but must conjure you, not to hold mine hereafter, from this, or any service, which may shew my respects to you, whensoever I shall have power to comply: For the present, I most thankfully acknowledge the multiplying of your favours to me; and I beseech you, present me, as a true servant, to that noble Lady, and her Lord, for their goodnesse towards a Creature, so undeserving. I shall covet the opportunity, for some better expression; and I will honour them in the mean time, with dear affection. It was a comfortable good Morrow you sent me, of the other noble Lord's proceeding so vvell into recoverie; and I shall not faile to pray for his perfect health. If my father had been at home, we would have set a day, for the putting of certaine Carps to death, that so

so we might have lived both the more quickly, and the more joyfully, in your presence, by the work of your hands. But it shall not be long, before a time be presented to your Election, which shall guide the resolution of this whole poor House, &c.

A friend, to another friend, by way of wish, that he would do honour to a third.

SIR,

THE Lady *L. F.* who is one of the worthiest Creatures, that I have ever known, lyes dying now. I am afflicted enough, for not having been able to serve her during her life: but I shall receive comfort in this great losse, if your Pen may allow her the honour of some few Lines, after her death. I therefore send you here a poor draught in little, of what kind of Creature she was, in a large Volume; whereof you may take, or leave, what you list. She had really a most noble, and large heart, though in a very limitted Fortune; a true tongue; a prudent mind; and an easie nature, in the way of Civility;

yet accompanied with moſt preciſe and ſtrict vertue; Great ſecrecie, and ſafety, with immaculate ſincerity in Friendſhip; Invincible patience, in her laſt ſickneſſe, which could not be ſo much as ſhaken, by extream torments. It was ever hard to ſay, whether ſhe were more unwilling to receive Services, and Courteſies; or more ambitious of Occaſions, for the doing of favours. She would ever take the part of all, who were afflicted, or ſo much as abſent. And if any man living can ſpeak truly, of any one important ill office, that ever ſhe did to any Creature, ſhe ſhall be guilty of all the ſinns of the whole World. This ſhe was; and thus I leave her wholly, to the univerſal Genius of Vertue, and Friendſhip; to ſee, whether or no, it will think fit to prompt you, to ſay ſomewhat of her, upon this accident. Sure I am, it will make you excuſe my preſumption, ſince I ſhould not, without uſing this diligence, pay all the homage, which I owe, to ſo excellent a perſon. And for me to do leſſe, than the uttermoſt of what I can, in an occaſion ſo very urgent as this, would paſſe, in my account, as too great a crime, for me to be ever able, to forgive my ſelfe, when I am alone, and in the dark, &c.

An

An Answer to the former Letter.

SIR,

IF I had been at home, when your kind Letter came, I should sooner have told you, how sensible I am of your favour, in chusing me, as one worthy to do honour, to so noble a friend of yours. The Instructions you give me, I look on, as the Historians of those times, did on *Cæsar's* Commentaries, which were so perfect, that they rather discouraged, then inclined them, to write his Story. She cannot be more worthy of those Lines, than they, to be placed in Marble; and I think, That would be her best Monument. As my desire to serve you, keeps me from denying; so the uncertainty of what I am able to doe, suffers me not to promise you; I being of as confined a power in Poetrie, as *Baalam* was in Prophecie; uttering onely, what offers it selfe, without constraint, or study. But, Sir, I hope, and heartily pray, that this excellent Lady may yet live, at once to acknowledg your care, to preserve her memory; and to blame you, for chusing no better a Pen, for that purpose, than this of mine, &c.

A Reply upon that Answer.

SIR,

I Humbly thank you for the favour of your Answer; though it make me see very well that I presumed too farre upon you, by my Letter. But with me, the civility, and speed of a deniall, is in the next place, to the liberality of a grant. The only suite, which I make to you now, is, that my other may stand for just nothing; which yet no commandment of yours, shall ever be able to do, with me, whensoever I may have power to obey. Nor did I present that other request to you, half so much in earnest, as I doe this. For it is but for me, to want Heaven, not to do all imaginable honour to a prime friend; but it is for such a nature as mine, no lesse than a kind of dropping down into Hell, to begge, yea, or so much, as to admit a favour, which meets me not with as much desire, as it was sought. Howsoever I shall never varie from the professions, which I have made, of being your most humble servant.

One

One great Lord to Another, concerning the attendance of his Son upon the King.

My very good Lord,

THe ſatisfaction which his Majeſty receives in the attendance of your Son, is ſo very great, as that he will not, at this time, allow it towards your ſelf. For he daily finds ſomewhat from him which entertains him; and they are not only experiments of pleaſure, but of very great uſe, and advantage: Inventions, worthy, not ſo much of being only ſeen, as to be held of extraordinary ſervice to a King, and State. When I have thus informed your Lordſhip, and that it is not my ſole opinion, but (which onely makes it conſiderable) his Majeſtie's; yea, and not barely ſo, but his direction alſo, that I ſhould thus repreſent it to your Lordſhip; You will, I am aſſured, be very well pleaſed with his abſence, ſince his attendance is ſo valued by his Majeſty, as that I cannot exceed, in the expreſſion of it; no more than you can, in your commands, of him, who will ever ſeek, to ſerve you in all things, &c.

A great Lord, expressing his fervent desires of doing service to a great Lady, whilst yet, he was imploy'd upon the Publique.

Madam,

I Should more punish my self in my Passion, than any offender here, in my Justice, if there were a forbearance of this duty, which I owe to my heart. For that, looks upon these occasions, but only as so many dull necessities which lye heavily, in the way of my Fortune, and can neither give contentment, nor yet be avoided. But though they do thus, now and then, take from me, some little part of my time; yet can they not of my thoughts. For these, move in an other Sphere, and are still carried up, towards you; upon whom, they must for ever attend, &c.

A Princeß to a great Lady, in the way of civility, and favour.

Madam,

I Owe to my friends, the knowledge of your vertues; and to my ſelfe, the acknowledgment of that goodneſſe, which you exerciſe by your remembrance of me. A perſon, who hath nothing, wherewith to make her conſiderable by you, but what your favourable opinion thinks fit to allow, And the cuſtom, whereby I am made over to misfortune forbids me the hopes of conceiving, that ever I can be uſefull, by any means to ſerve you; which yet is infinitely deſired, &c.

An humble Servant to a great Lady, in the meer way of profeſſions, and obligations. *Sr.* Francis Wenman.

Madam,

I Repoſe ſo much in your favour, as I aſſure my ſelf your Ladiſhip will be more gentle to this Letter, than I have been. You,

at

at leaſt, will not miſlike it, before you read it. But I have condemned it, before it hath a being, or before I can gueſſe what it will be.

The truth is, I foreſee it can be Nothing; for though I ſhould be able (which is not to be expected out of the Country) to give it all the grace and ornament, that Language is capable of; yet, ſince neither out of my ſelf, or from this place, I can raiſe any Subject worthy of you, my Letter would be but like the Webs which Spiders frame, which are curious for the workmanſhip, when the matter of them is no better than duſt.

Notwithſtanding all this, my reſolution to write to you hath prevailed. For, I find mine own reaſon overborn; and I acknowledge an apparent violence and conſtraint in my mind.

I cannot eaſilie tell, by what name to call this ſtrong Impreſſion. I am apt to believe, it is nothing but Ambition, to preſerve my ſelf in your Ladiſhip's memorie; and, if it be poſſible, to make ſome approaches upon your favour. If this Paper be not like to produce any ſuch effect, your Ladiſhip may the more eaſilie pardon me, ſince I am not the firſt whom that Paſſion hath blinded,

blinded, and forced upon waies, contrarie to their own deſignes.

Howſoever, Madam, I humbly beg, that I may receive that from your grace, which I cannot challenge from mine own merit. And be pleaſed to remember, that to overpay, and to oblige beyond deſert, as it is not contrary to Juſtice and Wiſdom, ſo it is moſt agreeable to Greatneſſe and Bounty. Which Vertue, you ſhall exerciſe upon me in a large proportion, as long as you ſhall continue me in the honour of &c.

A forrain Conſul in Merchants-affairs abroad, to a great Lady here at home.

Madam,

THe week before *Eaſter*, in a time of great trouble to me, (ſuch as my condition here expoſes me to, very often, through the inſolence of theſe People, and diſorders of our own) there arrived to me, like *Noah*'s Dove, the Meſſenger of life and ſafetie; and, as welcome as it, a Letter of your Ladiſhip's, of *Auguſt* laſt, with a gratious aſſurance of your favour, under your own moſt Noble hand; which, in the humbleſt poſture, I beg leave to kiſſe, for that

that great bounty: The joy whereof raiſed me above the ſenſe of trouble; and, in the worſt which can happen, will yield me matter of conſolation; out of my hopes, that your Ladiſhip will be pleaſed to look ſtill with an eye of favour upon me, and my poor fortunes; which, with my ſelf, ſuch as they be, I conſecrate to your ſervice. That I can lay no oblation of more worth, at the feet of the moſt noble Lady in the whole world, is my misfortune. Yet can I not totally deſpair, *Madam*, but that your greatneſſe and goodneſſe, may, one day, diſcover ſomewhat, not unworthie of your favour, in the uncorruptible fidelitie and truth of him, who muſt live and die,

Your Ladiſhip's, &c.

A long kind Letter of one Friend to another, full of familiar Occurrences; together with ſome Complaints of his own Misfortunes.

SIR,

THe laſt Letter you ſent me, hath one ſhrewd Clauſe in it, which was, to threaten, that you would leave writing, if I ſhould fail any more towards you. But,

I am resolved, not to put so gainfull a commerce to venture, as that will be to me. Your journey to *Genoa* hath put me in mind, of the troubles and dangers I passed in getting thither, at my first setting forth to *Spain*: Of which I will not recount to you the particulars, since you may have a good guesse at them by the conclusion; which was, That having gotten from *Livorn* to *Lerice*, in seven hours, I was nine daies in getting thence to *Genoa*. For, I was resolved, I would have my will of the Sea; which, by God's assistance, in the end I had, though I ran no little danger in the *contrasta*. Among other adventures, I remember, I was cast upon a little Town upon the Sea-side, called *Monterossa*, where I lay five daies; in which, had I been a *Jew*, I had been starved; for in all that time, I could get nothing to eat but Hogs-flesh. But, I make the more particular mention of this Town, for another fortune I ran in it, which was, That I had like to have fallen in love there, though I had scaped *Porto Venere* with as little temptation as you. I am glad, that *Padre Lerma* hath answered your expectation of him, and that your judgment hath approved my opinion of him. And truly, I find that to have

have befallen me, which, you say, is like to happen to you, by hearing him, to have lost all gust in Sermons, by being now become a hearer of them, rather to comply with the duty of a Christian, than out of that thirst and delight which formerly I had. And this, I will assure you, (for I will be bold to speak it, since you have given me leave to censure, by allowing my former judgment) is not a place, wherein you are so likely to recover your appetite to them again. For, I have not yet heard any Preacher here, either this *Lent*, or at any other time, equall to him, or some others, whom I have heard in *Italy*, much inferiour to *P. Lerma*. This hath too much, *del Censorio*; but I speak it to you. And now touching the work for the Timber, which, you say, you have brought with you to *Genoa*, I cannot so much as guesse what you mean by it. The holes in your Conscience, whatsoever you say, I am sure, are in the upper part of it; I mean, the Understanding; so as you may easily prevent that danger, by not seeking to fill it too full. The dangerous leaks are those of our Will, which cannot be helped by others, but by our selves. But herein I will go no further, because I am in the dark; your words giving me

me no light at all of your meaning. You will not deſpair, you ſay, but that we ſhall meet in *Spain*; or rather, I think, you are reſolved, we ſhall not do it, you linger ſo long in *Italy*. But, to put you out of fear, by God's grace, I will go hence in the beginning of *May*; and nothing hath kept me here this month, but the want of a hundred pound or two; for, without ſo much, I am not well able to ſtir. And though my poſſibility be as little, for any thing I yet ſee, to obtain it, in the month to come, as it hath been in the paſt; yet I have ſo ſtrong a faith, as I dare boldly ſay, that I will be out of *Spain* before the end of *May*. And therefore I will look for no more of your Letters here. I know not whether I ſhall go directly home, or make ſome two or three months ſtay in *Paris*. I will take no leave of you by this, meaning my laſt to you ſhall do it, which will be ſent, when I have my foot in the ſtirrop.

I have heard from *Sign. Roberto, pieno raguaglio* of *Florence*. He ſpeaks of the Duke, dead, like a good ſubject; for ſo he was, being become a Free Denizen, both of *Siena* and *Florence*. And truly it ſeems, the Duke hath had a particular felicity, in playing his laſt Scene. For, he tells me, he

hath made his *Exit* with ſuch an applauſe of them, who were ſorry to ſee him Enter, and would have cried him off the Stage, if they had durſt, in the midſt of his Part; as none of them, who had played the ſame Part before, hath had a greater. For my part, I find my ſelf ſorrie for his death too, though I know not why; unleſſe it be, becauſe it tells me, that there is no hope for me, nor anie of my poor friends, to ſcape, when ſo much Wiſdom, ſo much Wealth, and ſo much Greatneſſe, cannot protect a man againſt Death. I am of opinion, that *Italy* hath more reaſon to ſorrow for his loſſe, than *Florence*; which will quicklie ſhew it ſelf, if the matter of difference between the Pope and the Venetians ſhould go forward; and may give as good an occaſion to him, who ſhall write the ſucceſſes of it, to begin his Storie from *Ferdinandus* his death, as that which *Guicciardin* took from *Lorenzo*'s. The young Duke, he tells me, begins well; for with that *Timor Domini* which he ſhews, he gives the people hope, that there will follow *Principium ſapientiæ*. I cannot take away *Principium*, without maiming the Text; but I pray you let it be gentlie conſtrued. God ſend him a happie Reign, and to God's honour. Thoſe

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differences between the Pope and the Venetians, which you touch in your Letter, *Signior Roberto* tells me, are accommodated; but, me-thinks, by the manner of proceeding between them, it is but soder'd-ſtuff.

Now, to your little Letter, or rather the cover of your longer, where, me-thinks, you chide me, becauſe I am ſick; but, perhaps, you mean, becauſe I groan; and indeed, you have reaſon, be it what it will: for it was matter, which I might very well have left unwritten, having too much of the *Maudlin* humour in it, for one that would be thought a man, either in courage or diſcretion. But, I hope, you underſtand, that I did it not to draw pitty, but counſell from you; nor yet that neither, ſo much as to juſtifie my ſelf in that, of which, all the world, me-thinks, may accuſe me, my unprofitable ſpending of my time, which indeed is it, that makes me more accuſe and feel my fortune, than anie other miſerie it brings with it. For, what a miſerable; nay, what a ſhamefull thing, is Age without Knowledge; when a man can give no account of his life, but by his years? And he who can bear ſhame with patience, eſpeciallie the ſhame of ignorance, is gotten a

degree beyond the *Stoïcks* perfection, even to that of a direct Asse. But, I will fright you no longer, with letting you see so much of my self. I know you love me, and therefore you will have but a little way to go, before you pitty me, Farewell.

A Lady, by way of an extream Defiance, to a late Servant.

SIR,

YOu are the first, to my remembrance, that I ever hated, which now, at length, I thought good to let you know; because, indeed, you now deserve not, that I should dissemble it with you, any longer. Let it suffice, that I will be sure to do you all the mischief I can; but yet so, that still withall, I do you not too much honour, in thinking how, or wherein. And as for the felicitie which you think you have, in being able to make an unhappy answer; you may chuse, whether it shall be unmade, or unread.

A ſhort Letter of one friend to another, which ſhews the juſt reaſon for that ſhortneſs.

SIR,

THis will be a very ſhort Letter; for it will only tell you, that I am well; and that I hope you are ſo too. The pardon I aſke you is rather for this, than for that which I wrote very lately, which was a very long one. For the length of that, coſt you much leſſe paines to read, than me to write; beſides, that you will have had better leaſure for the one, than I in my then preſent crowd of buſineſſes, had for the other. Theſe long Letters, I think, will ſhorten my life; and therefore, if I write a little the ſeldomer, let it not be void of ſome excuſe; ſince, when I write, I cannot do it, but in the ſame humour, wherein I would fain be eternally talking to you; for, all my Songs in your company, are, Loath to depart. But yet, as loath as I am, I muſt now do it ſo neceſſarily, as that, if it be well done, I can pretend to no reward for it; and, and if it prove to be ill done, I cannot fear puniſhment from you; becauſe I am in no fault.

A Cavallier to a Lady, by way of having lent Money to her Son.

Madam,

THis Summer, a Son of your Ladiſhips being in our Armie, and in ſome wants, addreſſed himſelf to me. To have refuſed him any thing, wherein my credit, or ability, might ſerve him; would have anſwered but very ill, to the great value, which the world ſo juſtly gives you; and to my relation, of being borne a neighbour to him. But this, it ſeemes, his ill memory had forgotten; and indeed ſo ſhould mine have done too, rather than to have ventured at this importunity, unleſſe that Character, in which I ever conceived your Ladiſhip had made you appear too generous, to have pardoned a Silence; which might make you guilty of inconveniencing any man, for expreſſing himſelf, &c.

THE

The Lady's Answer to the former Letter.

SIR,

IT is one of the misfortunes, which are incident to the condition of Parents, that sometimes it shall goe for a kind of piety in strangers, to censure them, and even to proportion out their duties towards their Children; and so to conclude their Characters, to be either narrow, or large, by their own unjustifiable levells, and misunderstanding, and mis-charging the Parents. Under this condition, Sir, do I now stand with you, who shall hardly be able to hold a cleer way to a good fame, but by a kind of ransome; or else, at least, upon the composition, which I must be forced to make.

You were pleased, Sir, (as I understand, by your own Letter,) so farre to compassionate some distresse, wherein you found a Son of mine this Summer, as with much nobleness, to succour him. And now it should seem, that repenting your self thereof, you would either throw the obligation of him upon me; or else make me hear

you ſay, as now you do in your Letter, that I, forſooth, muſt ſtand guilty of inconveniencing a Gentleman, who hath done me ſervice.

I do not, Sir, deny, but that it is poſſible enough for my Son's indiſcretion, to have thrown him upon ſome great diſtreſſe, yea, and perhaps neer that, which you mention in your Letter to *A. B.* which beares the extreameſt name of want, even to Starving. In which caſe, I muſt confeſſe, you had done like a noble Gentleman, to lay out ſuch a neceſſary proportion of ſupply, as might have relieved him from that extreamity, till I could have been advertiſed thereof. And in that caſe, Sir, I ſhould have found my ſelfe much more obliged, than now I am, to have delivered you, with many thanks, from the trouble thereof. But ſuch a Summe as you mention your ſelfe, to have delivered him at once, with me ſeems rather, to have been ſquared out, by his wiſh, than his neceſſity; and therefore muſt fall out to be his obligation, and not mine. But yet I have written to him, and ſent you the Letter incloſed (which you may be pleaſed to addreſſe to him) that ſo you may the more eaſily ſee, how much it is againſt my liking, that he did not manage

nage your favour, as wel as find it. For my ſelf, I ſhall deſire, either to be preſerved in yours, or elſe to be forgotten, &c,

One dear friend to another. This Letter is long, and kind, and ſad, and full of familiar advertiſements, and opinions.

SIR,

I Have three of your Letters upon my hands, at this time, to anſwer.

Beyond this Line, I was not able for my heart, to get yeſter-night; though, I proteſt to you, I had been biting my pen, and ſcratching my head, above an hour. I have ſometimes ſuch fits of melancholy, and, to ſpeak truly, I have ſeldome any other thing, that, when they take me, I become, as if I had been bitten with the Torpedo; and my wits fall withall into ſuch reſtive tricks, as no ſpurring can get them on, to make one pace in the right way. I ſpeak not this by way of aggravation, but as it fares with me in very deed; and I do the more willingly let you know my infirmity, that, if at any time I ſhould chance, to fail in complying with you as duly as I ought, and as you have

a million of reaſons to expect, I might yet the more eaſily find ſome excuſe, if I may not be ſo happy, as to get your pardon.

I come this morning a little, and yet but a little, diſcharged of that weight, under which I went to bed laſt night; and ſtill I have almoſt as much indiſpoſition to write, upon other reaſons. For I have an extream paine in my neck, and withall an eye ſo newly and imperfectly recovered of a Catarrhe, that I pray God, I prove free from it, this Winter. For indeed, God Almighty ſeldome ſcourges me, though it be with the gentleſt of his Rods, but there uſeth to remain ſome ſhrewd mark behind, to keep me, as I underſtand it, the better in awe of him, who am apt enough of my ſelf to conſider him leſſe, than any body elſe. How I ſhould acquit my ſelf of all the debt I owe you, at this payment, I do not eaſily ſee, being in this caſe; and therefore I muſt crave day of you, for part; and deſire you withall, that you will be content, to take the other part in the ſame money, which you have ſent me; for here we have ſcarce any thing to exchange with you.

I am firſt to thank you, for the deſire you tell me you have of my company, which you

you ſay, you would be content to buy very dear, if your buſineſſe could give way. I am ſorrie, it is no better for you; for I know not, how you could find anie contentment in him, who findes none in himſelf. Do not underſtand this, as ſpoken by way of Figure; for I proteſt ſeriouſlie to you, *Factus ſum mihimet ipſi gravis.* I ſee nothing before me, but miſerie; and behind me, nothing but matter of pennance: and as for my preſent life, it is but a verie deaming away of my time; for I do nothing in it, like a man awake; and this is that, which of all other things, doth moſt afflict me. For, whereas it was not my hope onlie, but the ſcope and the verie end of my comming abroad, to have redeemed ſo manie loſt years, whereof Ordinaries, Play, and Prattle had robbed me, with the induſtrious expence of thoſe that are left; I now find my ſelfe ſometimes ſo full of indiſpoſitions, and ſometimes ſo ill uſed about my Eſtate, that I am forced to let the care of all that knowledge goe, which doth *verſari circa bene eſſe*, and to attend chieflie to that, which hath in conſideration, *eſſe ſimpliciter*; and, to ſpeak it in plain Engliſh, how to have health in my bodie, and monie in my purſe; which, upon the matter, is no more

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than to maintain a kind of ſcurvie life, whereof beaſts are more naturallie capable, than men can by art tell, how to make themſelves. And herein I cannot but labour with as much more ſollicitude, by how much leſſe abilitie I have to help my ſelfe, than the pooreſt plough-man living. For *anima mea* is not in *manibus meis*, as his is; and if my head were otherwiſe able to exerciſe it ſelfe in the office of a Cater, it cannot do it now, becauſe it is aking almoſt continuallie. But you will ſay, I live, and feel no ſuch ſtraitneſſe, as I am frighted with. It is true; but yet I feel, I am not well to day; and I know, that I may want ſomewhat to morow. And I remember, you tell me in the beginning of one of your laſt Letters, that it is *Montagne*'s opinion, and yours, that the fear of pain, is worſe, than the feeling it; and if that be true, imagine you then, in what caſe I live; fear being to the Soul, as the Strappado is to the bodie, a very diſ-joynting of all the powers, and parts thereof.

Now, here you may perhaps require more faith at my hands; and ſend me to the birds of the aire, and to the lillies of the field, or to yeſterday, and the laſt week, and I know not what; and ſo that I muſt learn

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to have more assurance in God's Providence for the future; or, at least, you may require in me so much discretion, against my indispositions, as to consider, how we are taught by God, that, Sufferance is the way to Ease; and, against my anxietie about plentie of means, that our Saviour Christ told *Martha*, that she must not be *sollicita circa plurima, quando unum est necessarium*. If you talk to me after this manner, I must answer, That against Scripture there is no replying; and therefore, that I had rather confesse my weakness, than defend it. Onely this, I think, I may not unlawfullie say, That these Doctrines are as difficult, as that which was delivered by *St. Paul*, *Qui potest capere, capiat*.

But, to get out of this discourse, into which I know not how I slipt, (but that it is proper to miserie to be ever complaining, and importune; and withall, very often absurd) I should have been infinitelie glad of your companie. And though mine be not such, as could any way entertain or delight you, I being even grown dead to all conceipt and mirth; yet that, I think, would little import. For, with the abundance of your own vertue, and choise wit, you are able to feast your self alwaies, into what

what poor or dull companie ſoever you come. And therefore, ſuch men as I am may expect, that in affording us your converſation, you will deal with us, as Princes are wont to do with the meaner ſort of their ſubjects; whom, when they honour with their preſence, themſelves uſe to ſpend upon their own proviſion.

But indeed, upon the matter, you have put me out of all hope of ſeeing you here, by telling me, that you cannot remove out of *Italy* before *Autumn*; which is ſo long a time taken, as if you would rather be ſure, I ſhould be gone hence before you come. I pray God diſpoſe of us ſo, as that our companie may lie in the right way to our ends, and that together we may travell through this vale of miſerie; and if this may not be, that yet we be not ſo put to ſhake hands, as men do, who part Eaſt and Weſt; but that our courſes may ſo lie within one quarter of the Compaſſe, that we may have hope of croſſing, and meeting one another upon contrarie winds at leaſt; for elſe, we are not to make account to arrive at the good Port, for which we are bound.

I thank you, for re-integrating me in the love of your friend there; for, ſo honeſt a man,

man, I ſhould have been loath to have loſt.

The reſervedneſſe, which you charge me to have uſed, in not acquainting you with my deſignes, was ſo far from anie unwillingneſſe, that they ſhould come to your knowledge, that I proteſt to you, I know no Oracle with which I would rather conſult, touching the probabilitie of their ſucceſſe; nor any friend alive, with whom I would communicate them, as a perſon, of whoſe heartieſt and beſt wiſhes I could be more aſſured, than I am of yours. Of which, to put you out of all doubt, you ſhall now underſtand as much as my ſelf did of them, which indeed is ſo verie little, that it was the onelie reaſon, why I wrote no more to you of them in my laſt.

The truth is, ſomething I aile: but I know not what I would have; and though I did, yet I find, that there goes more to the cure of a man's Fortune, than the knowledge, either of the cauſe of the weakneſſe, or of the remedie. For the Cripples that came to the *Probatica Piſcina*, to be made whole, found, that it imported them little to know, both where their infirmitie and their remedie lay, unleſſe they had either ſo much ſtrength, to be able of themſelves

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to get into it, when the opportunitie was offered them, or elſe brought ſome means with them, which might caſt them in. For, he that lay there, upon truſt of other men's charitie, in doing that office for him, did well, after eight and thirty years, to hope rather to be healed by Miracle, than by vertue of the Water. Till I can ſatisfie you better, as well of my ſucceſſes, as of my intentions, I pray you give me leave to talk with you thus in Parables; I mean, that the reſt ſhall be the ſubject of my laſt to you out of *Spain*, which, I think, will prove the ſecond, which you are likelie to receive after this; and with that alſo, ſhall go as much as I may have to ſay, of him, and his faſhion towards me, with whom you are ſo heartilie angrie for my ſake. And in the mean time, I cannot take it for any other, than a mightie argument of your love to me, that you are ſo very ſenſible of my diſguſts.

That I have not made any mention of the Dutcheſſe of *Feria*, in my former Letters, hath been, becauſe there was no former occaſion offered for my doing it. But, ſince I now find, it is a thing which you expected from me, you ſhall underſtand, that ſhe is a verie vertuous, noble, and moſt courte-

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ous Lady; and that also, (which you tell me you have heard reported of her) a most passionate favourer, and even Patroness, of her Country-men and ours. Towards my self, she hath shewed most particular goodness and grace; as well in the offers of mony, if I wanted any; as of her credit in this Court, if there were occasion wherein I thought it might be of use. I thank you, in good earnest, for putting me thus in mind, of publishing my obligation to her; for, he who conceals a benefit, is to be held but one degree from denying it.

Here will be little work for *George Rook*, whom the Embassadour is sending hither. For this Countrie is so thin sowed with such persons, as he comes to seek; that he will scarce know, where to find a corn to peck at. And thus an end to your first Letter, wherein I have taken liberty to replie to what I list; there being nothing in it, which necessarily required any particular answer; insomuch as even this, I am afraid, you could well have spared: for you can onelie discover, that it was written rather as a thankfull acknowledgment, than indeed as a full answer of any other kind. The want of publick occurrents puts me to this shift, of sending you your own back

again, all ragged, which came so handsomely clad from you: Yet better so, than that my silence should make you think, that your Letter, or, at least, your labour, was lost.

Your second Letter obliges me onely to thanks, for the contents of it, being nothing but a well-drawn prospective, of the Preparations for the Marriage at *Florence*, accompanied with the Picture of the Princesse, which now it seems, that in your last you had not formerly taken by so true a light, because you have now mended something of the first Copie.

I am sorrie for poor Captain *Gifford*'s so dangerous sickneſſe, and that he is like to be more beholding to Death, than to the Great Duke, for his libertie. God comfort him. You ask me, what Count *Sherley* doth here. For my part, I have not seen him above twice; and, whatsoever you do in *Italy*, we hear seldom of him here, there is such a noise of Coaches and Horses. Methinks, howsoever you say, he sells Plots good cheap, he makes this King pay dear for them. For, at his former being in this Court, he had eight thousand Crowns given him; and, by his Projects, hath gotten fifteen thousand more; which, being well

well bestowed, might have gotten him a Plot of Turkie-earth, of more worth, and more weight, than Turkie-aire.

God send our two dear friends in *England* good speed, in their wooing; yet, when they shall have sped, they will, perhaps, scarce thank us for our prayers. I beseech you tell me by the next, who is the Saint that the younger of them serves; as for the other, I know her a little. I am sorrie for the broken head, which, you tell me, you got, by falling down into a Cellar, to look upon your cold Melons there. And I am glad, that in so great a hazard, you met with so little harm. For, falls into Cellars use to be so dangerous to the head, that they often cost Dutch-men their wits; of which sort of people, if you had been, it is likelie, that you had been out of the protection of your Relicks; for they, I think, do rather co-operate, than work any great effect of themselves.

Your last hath been the cheapest Letter, that ever I paid Portage for, in my life; for, with the expence of a Riall, it hath made me partaker of that, which would have cost me many a Crown to have come and seen. I speak not of the pains, for that, your company would quickly have made

me forget. What ſhould I ſay? I have not the ſpirit you have, who, out of matter of vanitie, can draw means to contemplate Eternity. My thoughts, upon the reading of your Letter, make me ſtop in *Florence*, and go no further, than to conſider the happineſſe of them who live in that Town, where the people come ſo near to Angels in knowledge, that they can counterfeit Heaven well enough, to give their friends a taſte of it in this life. Out of which, I have well deſerved to be caſt into this half-Hell, wherein I am; for the wandring humour I have, to whom alwaies *optimum eſt quod quæritur*. For requitall of your deſcription, if I had leiſure, I would give you a view of this Town, now in winter; and requite you, as, I remember, the Paraſite *Spalla* did his Captain *Scarabombardone*, for the ſtorie of the fight he made. *Prigione d' Amore* is my Author, and there, if you have a mind to laugh, you may look it. I am ſorrie to hear, that ſuch a ſum of your monie is in danger; but it could not have fallen upon a fitter man than you, who have ſo many friends to take care of you; which, in ſuch a world as this, is ſomewhat, where there uſes to be ſo little difference between the abſent and the dead.

dead. I am glad, the new Ship there hath answered, or rather exceeded, the world's expectation. Truly the man, who made it, is much to be honoured for his abilities; and in that, wherein he may be doubted, we ought rather to exercise Charitie in pittying, then severity in condemning. And indeed the spirit of Charitie, as St. *Gregorie* saith, is *Spiritus compassionis*, and not *indignationis*. Farewell, my dear friend; continue me in your love; remember me in your Prayers; and, since Fortune holds you not in so streight and short a chaine, as it doth me, but that it gives you leave to walk, where you will; make me, in your way, to some place, that so we may meet, &c.

A Letter with humble respects of a great young Lady, to a greater.

Madam,

IF my passion had not over-ruled my reason, I would certainly have kept my Letters from becomming so mean an object, for your excellent eyes, till some commandment of your own had put them upon occasion, to give you attendance. But the care I have to preserve my self in the honour

of your memorie, and favour, will not suffer me to remain longer in silence. I therefore most humbly pray your Ladiship, to continue your self in assurance even from hence, that my devotions are still aspiring to your service; which yet I should halfe suspect to be lesse perfect, if my inclinations might not own as great a part of that ambition, as my obligations. But the one going in companie of the other, will establish and secure me ever, in an unchangeable resolution of being,

Your, &c.

The joy of one dear friend in another. This Letter Congratulates the arrivall of his friend, in forraign parts; advertises many familiar occurrences, and makes a kind of description, both of the Country and people of Spain: *but expresseth, now and then, the melancholy of the writer.*

SIR,

THe first news, that came hither, of your being come out of *Germany*, into *Italy*, was brought by one, who had the good luck,

luck, to find innocencie, a ſufficient protection for him, from the pretended imputation of Treaſon. But I underſtood firſt of your being at *Florence*, by a Letter of the wiſeſt man, that ever I have known in my whole life; who, before I go any further, I muſt tell you, doth ſo much love you, as, though it be your right, yet you are not without obligation to him for it. For thoſe things, which it is in a man's power to denie, though they be in juſtice due, are yet held courteſies, for him to grant; and therefore we ſee the Creditour thank his Debtour, when he payes him. But my meaning is, you ſhould know, that he hath failed in no part of love towards you, neither in ſorrowing for your misfortune, nor in extolling your courage, nor in praying your diſcretion, nor in joying for your conqueſt, nor in publiſhing your merits, everie way; thereby to draw other men, to give you, in like manner, your owne. And believe me, there is no man's love alive, within the narrow circle of my knowledge, which is more worthie to be cheriſhed than his, whether you reſpect his great Wiſdome, his incomparable zeal, or his ſingular vertue in all kinds.

I thank you for the good office with my

old Coſen, at whoſe houſe, you ſay, you were divers times; but becauſe he is not *medium proportionatum*, either errour, or nothing, will ſucceed of it. In the account, which you give me of the manner, how you were ſecured from what you feared moſt, there is much of inſtruction many wayes, and thus much of comfort too, that though Almightie God have not eaſilie a mind, to work an outright miracle for a man, yet he will make ſecond cauſes ſerve him, when he liſts, be they never ſo contrarie to the end. For who would have thought, that they, who deſired nothing more, than to ſee you miſerable, would not onlie have conſented, but even co-operated towards the making you ſo happie, as now we ſee, you are. I am heartilie glad to hear, that ſo many of your old Friends ſtuck ſo faſt to you. Wherein I know not, whether I ſhould ſpeak well of the times, or rather of your ſelfe, who have, in ſo ill times, ſo good fortunes. But that, which you tell me of your two old merry friends, and mine, I cannot but wonder at, till I may know ſome ground for it. The likelieſt that I can ſhew my ſelfe, is, that their Malice may have his root in Envie, that one man ſhould get more opinion and repu-

reputation, for ſuffering upon good reaſons, than they, in ſo many years doing of ill, have been able to compaſſe; and that one ſhould be able to find that, in ſo melanchollie a place as a Priſon, for which they have left, no Ordinarie, nor Playhouſe, nor Lord's table, nor Lady's lap, unſought. And, who knows, but that the devill may have put ſome ſuch ſpirit of pride into their hearts, as to make them hate others, becauſe they have given them a good example. For, pride had rather go out of the way, than come behind.

Your Letter here commands me to bid you welcome, where now you are, for the Fare-well which you gave your friends, before you came thither. This I do as heartily, as any friend you have there. And if you had caſt your ſelf in my way, you ſhould have found by my pulſe, whether my heart had any thing to do in the buſineſſe or no.

The meager Anſwer which you had from the man not far from you, was juſt ſuch another as he had ſent me before, at my comming thence, if it be not the juſt copy of it. I took three or four months to anſwer it, becauſe, as I told him, I thought, he was very buſie when he wrote it. The

meaning

meaning of ſuch as he is, is, to let us know, that they muſt not love whom they liſt, becauſe ſo much as their ſouls are not their own; which, if it were ever half-true in any other of his occupation, it will be true once and a half in him.

To your invitation of me to come to you, I have much adoe to know what to to ſay. If they were but difficulties, and not impoſſibilities, which I muſt overcome, for the enabling me to do it; I think, nay, I am ſure, that my extream deſire would carrie me quicklie through them all. And, believe me, all the glories together of that place, would not have ſo attractive a power over me, as the ſight onely of your ſelf. Had I but two months time more, I could ſay aſſuredly, I would come, for I have monie enough in my hand to bring me; and, I know, you would caſt your purſe into my pocket, to keep me, whilſt I could ſtay there with you. And yet, this matter of mony makes friends ſometimes look ſowerlie, even upon their friends; of which, I had a little experience, at my comming laſt from where you are; where a friend of yours and mine, even through the fear that I would have borrowed of him, did put himſelf to a ſtrange ward, to

keep

keep me off, though, I assure you, there was no hurt meant to him. And, without my speaking a word, he delivered himself over to certain looks, so strange and forc'd, as if he would have them tell me, that he knew me not. But, the remembrance of my former having been so kindly acquainted with him, kept me from resenting it much: and, I pray you, let him know, (for, I am sure, you cannot misse of the man) that, together with the assurance of my love to him, I desire, he will continue his to me, and that I will assure him, it shall cost him nothing.

I am most heartilie sorrie, that I have said any thing in my Letters to our fellow-Travellers there, which should discourage you from comming into this Countrie. It is true, that for delicacie and delight, *Spain* is not another *Italy*, nor *Madrid* another *Florence*; but yet, there are certain massie and solid Braveries belonging to it; and, to know it, will be of great use. And, commonly, we draw most profit out of things, which least abound with pleasure. Besides that, from Comparisons, as Philosophers say, ariseth the greatest part of our knowledge. And therefore, to be the better able to judge of other Countries, it will

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be neceſſarie that you ſee this. The Country you will find to be a great and goodly Body, able enough to maintain it ſelf; but ſtarved, through the nouriſhment which it gives to ſo many, and ſo great Limbs abroad. Beſides that, by this means, the want of men at home, makes the ground to be uncultivated, partly through the paucity, and partly through the pride, of the people, who breed themſelves up to bigger thoughts than they are born to, and ſcorn to be that, which we call Plowmen and Peaſants; when they have hope, either by the Sword or Gown, to be as great, as any fellow-ſubjects they have. The Government I hold to be happier, in the Juſtice and Fortitude of them that command, then in their Temperance or Prudence. The State, in generall, is like a great man's Palace; the Rooms near the Lord richly furniſhed, and kept with much cleanlineſſe and care; the reſt is bare walls, ſave that the common people is ſo ſluttiſh, as ſcarce to let them be bare. The Perſons, the greater they are, the more humble, and the more nobly do they carry themſelves; and they be ordinarily of moſt vertue, who have moſt knowledge. The common ſort of men is ignorant beyond

imagi-

imagination, and proud above measure; but yet, it is not a pride of insolencie, by way of any offence to others, like that of some other Nations; but of meer arrogancie, which consists not so much, in taking uncivilly from others, as in ridiculously assuming to themselves. And generally they are in nature compassionate of others, and chiefly of strangers; and the Women especially are so. And if you take men of that Nation, before they have spoiled themselves, either by getting some great Office at home, or else by walking much abroad, to seek some employment or fortune there, you shall find them, for the most part, to be of noble, and courteous, and quiet minds, in the very naturall constitution thereof. Whereas, if you shew them a new and sweeter way of life, either at home or abroad, it intoxicates them so with the vanities and vices of the world, that they are many of them quickly wont to suck the venome in, and become the very worst of men. So that naturallie I hold them good; and that, by accident and infection, they grow easily to be stark naught. Whereas some of their neighbours, are just as the back-side of this meddall; for they are, for the most part, in nature, naught, though in a more remisse de-

degree; and it is by education and reflection, that afterwards they grow good; and that also proves, in a degree, not so intense as those others. In the Church, you shall see more greatnesse than any where; but whether more goodnesse than in *Italy*, I cannot so easily tell; for those qualities are not ordinarilie so very compatible with one another. In the Cities, you shall find so little of the *Italian delicatie*, for the manner of their buildings, the cleannesse and sweetnesse of their streets, their way of living, their entertainments for recreation, by Villaes, Gardens, Walks, Fountains, Academies, Arts of Painting, Architecture, Musick, and the like; that you would rather suspect, that they did but live together for fear of Wolves. I will enlarge my self no further upon this Argument to you, who will see it shortly your self, and then will be able to teach me better, if I have erred. But, in a word, me-thinks, that not onely in their sports of *Cannas* and *Toros*, but even in some more solemn and serious things than those, they are not free from having still somewhat of the *Moor*; insomuch as men of delicate stomacks, will be apt now and then to wamble at them. This they have common with the Italian,

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They are of a grave and ſober carriage, and as far from inſolencie, as that uſually they are civill towards ſtrangers in courteſie; wherein the meaner ſort, both of the French, and our own Engliſh, are wont ſo much to fail. They have, in excellencie, Water, Silver, Women, Bread, Wine, Horſes, Mutton, Bacon, Kid, Hens, Onyons, and Reddiſh-roots. It is time that I make an end. I know, as I ſaid, you will ſee this Country; and I hope, and beg, that you will do it quickly, that ſo there may be but a very little time, in the matter of our ſeeing one another. Till then, you will pardon my pretending thus to pay you, with this rude Relation of *Spain*, for the excellent Deſcription, which you ſent me divers years ago of *France*. But, for God's ſake, let me beg two or three months, of what you had now reſolved to beſtow upon *Italy*; and, as ſoon as the marriage is ended, put your ſelf upon your Journy. Believe me, you cannot do it in a better month than *November*; but forſwear *February* and *March*, if you will follow my counſell. The hope of your company alone makes me not deſpair, but that I may live out this Winter here; for, though I have guſt in nothing, yet *Tuſi venies, & candida lilia ſem, Et*

ſapient

ſapient fontes, & dulcia vina bibentur.

You would know how I do, what I do, my hopes, my deſires. For the firſt, you ſhall underſtand, ſickiſh, and melancholly; as I am bound, me-thinks, to be, without you. To the ſecond, Nothing but think, and yet think of nothing; inſomuch as I am in danger to die of doing nothing: for I converſ with ſcarce any living creature, nor yet any dead, I mean, by their Books. I proteſt to you, I remember not, that in my life I have paſſed ſuch a time as here. One Scottiſh Cavalier is all the company I have; and therefore judge you in what caſe I am, though I find much courteſie in him; and, I conceive it, to be with more realitie than ordinary. You ſhall know, that I have had, ſince my comming, as great an exerciſe of my Humility here, as I had of my Patience, by a kind of Shipwrack at my Landing. More of this, when we meet. Touching my Hopes and Deſires, they are very contrarie to one another. My Hopes are, that Almighty God will one day give me a mind, ſuitable to my preſent fortune; and my Deſires are, to get, as ſoon as I come home, a fortune ſuitable to my preſent mind.

Thus, I truſt, you ſee, I have obeyed your

your command in the length of my Letter; for which you must pay me, even before you answer it, by taking the blots and blurs in good part, as also the idle words; remembring, that *in multiloquio non desunt peccata.* Besides, I write in haste; and that also must a little excuse me. Again, and again, I commend to you, my extream desire of seeing you here; wherein I pray you earnestly to satisfie me, as soon as you can. You shall carry me hence, whither, and when you will; and I will obey you in all things, as my Prince. In the mean time, continue to send me many Letters; and let them be as ill as you will, so they be as long as you can; for they are to be my food: And you shall tell me somewhat in them of our common friends in *England*, how, and what they do. Farewell. Keep me ever in your love, and remember me sometimes, in requitall of those very many times that I think of you. If you chance this year to go that progresse, which I made the last, see you be far from forgetting me in those good places. So, let Almighty God send you all your desires, and let me have but this one, Not to desire.

A Letter of Civility, and Duty, from a Noble Gentleman, to a great Lord, to whom he gives thanks for a favour.

The late L. of *Fawkland.*

May it please your Lordship,

IF your Lordship had not more considered the generall intention of obliging mankind, than the least merit in the person you were to oblige; and if his Majestie did not imitate Him, whom he represents, in shining both upon Just, and Unjust; and receiving desires in the place of abilities: neither would your Lordship so favourably have presented, nor his Majestie so graciouslie have accepted, so unconsiderable an Offer, as that of my Service. At least, if his Majestie could believe, that I were able to do him any, I am not so vain, as not to know, that I owe that honour to your Lordships favourable Character; and that Character, meerlie to your Lordships goodnesse.

After the receipt of so much honour, there is left no possibilitie of my being troubled at any thing, but that an industrious, and inviolable fidelitie to his Majestie, and

and extraordinarie gratitude to your Lordſhip, appear even to my ſelf ſo mean a return (as being all due before this was received,) and that I am not ſo happie as to have manie lives, that the Sacrifice of them all, might be the leſſe contemptible. I know, theſe times will not allow your Lordſhip the leaſure to read ſo long a Letter, as that ſenſe of your favours, of which I am full, would perſwade me to write. I will now therefore onlie ſay, that I muſt have had before, no ſpark of zeale to his Majeſtie's Service, if your Lordſhips Letter had not raiſed it into a flame; and that, (ſo great and natural an inclination of mine own leading me, and ſo manie and great obligations from your Lordſhip, carrying me to it) it is impoſſible, that I ſhould not be, &c.

A great Man, and a great Friend, to an humble Servant; to whom he offers much favour, though yet with ſome reſerve.

SIR,

YOUR Old Servant comming to me, and telling me, that he was going

to ſeek you out ; I was readie to take occaſion, ſtill to make you ſee, that there is a mightie difference, betweene being out of ſight, and out of mind. What I ſhould tell you, I know not ; as not knowing, what you take to concern you. And as for the publick things, the long time ere my Letters could arrive, would take order, to degrade them, from being news. And concerning anie opinion, which I might give thereof, I know, you be too wiſe, (as times, and perſons are,) to expect it now, at my hands. I am far from ſpeaking this, as if there were anie cooling in the truth of my affection towards you, which ſhall ſtill continue to runne, after the old manner, in our private Circle, howſoever the great Orbes chance to turne or goe. And whenſoever you will, about anie thing, employ your intereſt in me ; I will leave no room for belief, but your verie ſenſes ſhall be the Judges of my deeds.

This long Letter of one dear Friend to another, ſhewes how angry he is with himſelf, for being ſo inconſiderative of the next life.

SIR,

YOur Letter containes two requeſts, which I ſhall ever eſteem commands, when I have meanes, and power to obey. You conjure me to come to you ſhortlie; and in the mean time, if I ſhould faile, you command me now, to tell you particularlie what I am doing here. As for comming to your houſe, which is little leſſe than a kind of Court; it cannot be ſo verie ſoon; and therein I muſt fall ſhort. But as for the ſecond, of telling you, what I am doing; I will not onlie tell you that, but I am tempted alſo to let you know, what I am thinking; and therein I ſhall exceed, what you command.

You ſhall firſt therefore underſtand, that now I am returned home to *London* from abroad; if yet indeed I may not be thought to miſtake the names, and if I may not more diſcreetlie account my ſelfe to be ſtill abroad, when I am thus come home; and

esteem, that I was then best at home, when I was so abroad. For reallie, they may goe for a kind of mad-men, who, forgetting their own houses, where they use to be at ease, and carefullie accommodated and well treated, would yet think of no other place for themselves, then *Bedlam*, where they were to be whipped, and chained-up in the dark. And what other thing am I wont to be, all the year long, in this place, where the disorder of strong passion threatens me, with the distemper and danger of sinne; and where the violence of ill-governed humour, ties me up, from the exercise of vertue; and where an innumerable multitude of Objects, which are both busie enough, and yet verie idle, and vaine, are everlastinglie, as it were, treading upon the heels of one another; and all, with design to over-take, and trip me up, and so to put out mine eyes, or, at least, to hoodwinke me, and for the present, to make me no better than blind; much after the same manner, that a perpetuall importunitie of lowd and jangling noyse, is wont to make men deaf. Whereas, in the place of my late retreat, I was at libertie to live, to think, and to be, at least, my self. For not onlie had I there no impediments, but many helps

helps, towards the considering, and negotiating my great busineſſe; partlie by the nature of the place, which though it were not ſo verie melancholie, as to draw me with anie violence, from the Civil man; yet was it quiet and wholly exempted from confuſion and ſurprize; partlie, by the companie, which I found there; which, as, on the one ſide, it was ſociable, and ſweet; ſo, on the other, it was modeſt, and reſerved, and liked not, upon any tearms, to look upon this world, in ſuch ſort, as not to have an eye to the next. But chieflie, by the circumſtance of the time it ſelfe, becauſe it was ſo neer *Eaſter*, when men are even halfe aſhamed, not to be a little more recollected, than they were before.

But I confeſſe, that all theſe helps are few enow for me; who, I fear, will be hardlie drawn, to give good ear to ſo ſweet Muſick for my Soul, as this kind of cogitation is wont to make, till it be opened, for good, and all, by the Trumpet of the laſt day; or elſe at leaſt at the houre of my death, which is to be a laſt day for me. For the high obligations of gratitude, through infinite benefits, which lye cloſe upon the whole world, and more, upon me,

than any other, work little, and very little upon my heart, and make me not ſo much as keep them in mind, without a kind of artificiall memorie; and the uſe of thoſe mechanicall helps of times, and places, and perſons, whereby men are wont, now, and then, to win wagers in this World. God was content to become man, and the King of Glorie to depoſe himſelfe after a ſort; and, for the time, to paſſe as a kind of wandring begger for my ſake, and to defeat himſelfe, in all appearances, even of his own ſupream Wiſdome, and power; and to put himſelf, as it were, to his ſhifts, for the contriving, and packing up of pain, and ſhame enough, into a little room; that ſo he might be able to doe as ill, as choake himſelfe, with ſwallowing up the huge bit of the bread of ſorrow, with that hard cruſt. And all this, to no other end, but to deceive, as it were, and diſpoſſeſs ſuch a thing, as I am, of my ſelfe; being no better, than a rebellious ſlave. He hath ſought alſo to tranſplant me, by his own divine merits, and grace, out of the wilderneſſe of ſinne, and hell, that ſo, I might grow up, and ſprout, and that for ever, in the garden of his Cœleſtiall Paradiſe, together with himſelfe. And yet, I am ſtill ungratefull, and, moſt

moſt commonlie, even unmindfull of ſuch a grace; and ſtill am needing ſome loud Clock, and Larum, or other, which may howerlie be awaking, and calling up my Memorie, that it may ſollicite my depraved, and perverted will, to beſtow all my Love upon God. Who yet, ſets no other price upon himſelf, than onlie, that, for all his favours, and for all his ſorrowes, I be content to give him my Love. He forbears to exact my poor Life, in ſacrifice to him, as he was pleaſed to caſt away, his own moſt precious, and divine Life for me. He was content to ſuffer innumerable torments, and affronts in his own perſon, for the good, and glorie of his Slave; and only expects at my hands, that, without putting my ſelfe, either to much heat, or cold, I ſhould, but like a friend, remember, and often ruminate, of what he hath done, and ſuffered for me. And my ingratitude riſes to ſuch a heighth, as to be able to denie him even this. Nay, it goes for a kind of Pennance, and ſometimes for a torment with me, but to think, for one hour, or two, what thoſe torments were. His precious, and divine head, was pierced with ſharp, and cruell thornes for me; and yet I cannot get my ſelfe to be aſhamed of that indecencie,

cencie, whereof St. *Bernard* ſpeaks, to make my ſelf a delicate part of that Body, under ſuch a Head as that, which was tormented by a Crown of Thorns. Nor love I to impoſe anie little pain, upon this ſenſuall and moſt ſinfull fleſh of mine; either for the honour of imitating him, or the intereſt of ſatisfying for my ſelfe.

The Saviour of the World readd loudly, both in life and death, and extreamly to his own coſt, certain Leſſons, upon the Vertues of Humility, Charity, Purity, Patience, Poverty, Meekneſſe, Obedience, and Silence; and yet I find my ſelf ſtill to be not onely ſo abſent, but even ſo far diſtant, from exerciſing any one of theſe vertues well; or rather indeed, ſo in love with erring and tranſgreſſing, in ſome kind, againſt them all, that I ſeldome do ſo much as conſider them in their Originall, which is the holy Heart of Chriſt our Lord. And much leſſe do I examine the baſe copy of mine own prophane life by his, that ſo, at leaſt, I might grow humble, and even be confounded with ſhame; though ſtill I were reſolved to be good for nothing elſe.

Now theſe things would do ſtrangely ill, even in ſuch as are but of dull natures and capacities, and in, who ſcarce know their

their right hands from their left; and in those others also, who, though they understand enough, have yet so vulgar and flat affections, as to carry no very quick sense of benefits and favours, and who have no great knowledge, of what it is to be a friend, and are also extraordinary faulty in weighing the circumstances, of persons, or things, or times; and have no sharp spur at all of gratitude in their minds, which might give them a kind of unquiet and sad life, till they should meet with some little means of discharging their great debts, either by doing reall services, or, at least, by making hearty acknowledgments of their duty and love.

But now, if the like omissions would be criminall in such persons as these, How capitall will they prove to be in me, who not onely am able to understand, some little part of my great obligation to Almighty God, but am seized now and then, for some some short fits of time, by the sense thereof? Save that this seed falls into that stony ground of the Gospell, from whence the Birds first pick it up, and then flye fast enough away with it, and so it comes quickly to nothing. And who am endued with a kind of nature, which is far from being insensible

ſenſible of courteſies and benefits; and ſo hot-hearted in acknowledging them, and ſo impatient to let a minute paſſe, without deſerving them; and who underſtand and comprehend ſo well, what belongs to friendſhip, and what the rights thereof are, when the caſe concerns me towards Mankind. And yet I muſt confeſſe, with all this, that I find my ſelf ſo beſotted, or rather indeed ſo benummed, when there is queſtion of correſponding with Almighty God, that I ſcarce reflect at all upon the infinite which I owe to him: As if theſe ſolid truths were no better than prophane tales, or meer toyes; or, as if, at the very beſt, they were but to be laid up as a leſſon for the Memory, perhaps to keep ſafe; but not for the Underſtanding to conſider, and for the Will to imitate and love.

Yet all theſe things are both poſſible, yea, and they are all too very true in me, and therefore fit to be deplored with tears, or rather ſhowers, and even ſeas, of blood; as withall, they are moſt worthy to be revenged by the Juſtice of God, in the everlaſting flames of Hell. And ſo I may well fear they ſhall be, unleſſe ſome new miracle may now be wrought, and ſome new world created, by the Omnipotent hand

hand of God, in this dull and dark heart of mine. And unleſſe a new Heaven of Reaſon and a New Earth of Appetite, may be now erected in my Soul. For then, I will be in hope, that light ſhall alſo be infuſed there, whereby I may both diſcover all thoſe ſlippery waies, and precipices, upon which I have formerly walked, or rather where I have ſo dangerouſly ſtumbled, and ſo often fallen; and by the beams alſo, whereof thoſe ſafe and well beaten waies may be diſcerned, whereby I may hereafter run on apace, towards the accompliſhing of his holy will.

But now, ſince God is ſo rich, and man ſo poor, as that, firſt, I have no worlds to lay at his feet; and, if I had, it would amount but to be a reſtitution to him of his own, ſince he muſt ever be acknowledged for the ſole Creator, and God of all. What am I now to do, but to finiſh the giving all my life to him? For my Will is not yet wholly his, nor ever will it be ſo, unleſſe I give it to him; nor ſhall I be ever able to give it, unleſſe he firſt vouchſafe effectually to inſpire and enable me by his Spirit and Grace, to preſent and place it in his holy hand. This muſt therefore be my care, and everlaſting prayer and endeavour,

vour, that he will prepare, and poſſeſſe it once and for ever, and ſo make it wholly his. And that he will inſpire me at fit times, as that I may be apt to receive his impreſſions by means, which both may be ſo ſweet, and yet withall ſo ſtrong, as that my whole heart may perfectly delight in him, and love him. And ſince, through his naturall Omnipotency, he is not capable of any reall gift from me, I muſt beg, that by his means, and for his onely ſake, I may diſpoſe my ſelf to love all that, which he loved; and to hate all that, which he came hither to hate, yea, and that ſo far, as rather than not deſtroy it, he choſe to die.

He loved Mankind; and there is no part of that which I muſt not love, and pitty, and ſupport, and relieve, to my power. He loved to forgive injuries, and perſecutions; and there muſt be no offence againſt me, which I ſhall not abſolutely, and even, as it were, ambitiouſly, forgive. He loved Vertue, and abhorred Vice; and woe will be to me, if I follow not the footſteps of ſuch a Guide. He loved pain and ſhame, for my ſake, and I muſt alſo aſpire towards that perfection; and, at leaſt, it will be an infamie for me, to affect eſtimation and eaſe; and I muſt know my ſelf ſtrictly bound

bound, to examine my conſcience every day, and be carefull to avoid the occaſions of ſin, that ſo hereafter I may both more eaſily, and yet withall, more exactly, be able to caſt up my accounts, and lament my offences, and procure, now at laſt, to govern the ſtock of my Soul, after a more thrifty and carefull way, then I have formerly done. And ſince the God of Heaven was pleaſed to look down upon this ſlave, and to make himſelf ſo entirely and ſo laborioufly mine, the torments even of Hell will fall too far ſhort of my ſin, if I ſtudy not to make my ſelf moſt truly and moſt dearly his. Though I fear you will no longer let me be yours, for having thus vexed you, with the importunity of ſending you, inſtead of a Letter, a kind of Homille. But you may ſee, how diſcreet a man ought to be in commanding, ſince there may be ſo much errour committed by a punctuality of obeying. And ſince you may half-thank your ſelf for enjoyning me, to give you an account of my actions; I can but half-blame my ſelf for tranſgreſſing, by making you ſuch a proſpect upon my intentions and thoughts. But becauſe I may not be offended with my ſelf for conceiving them, I hope you will not decide it to be any kind

of

of unpardonable ſin, for my uttering them into the boſom of ſuch a friend, as your ſelf, whoſe I have been, and whoſe I am, and whoſe I will for ever be.

A Gentleman to a great Lady, from the Borders of Scotland.

Madam,

I Have, with much ado, out-Marcht the Spring, and am at length fallen into a part of the world, where nothing proſpers but Rebellion. Roſes, and ſuch fooliſh Emblems of a Summer, are things onely heard of here; and diſcourſes of a Spring-Garden, or Hide-park, have but the ſame faith and credit with the people of this Country, which the ſtories of *Catais* find with us. Nothing can be more prejudiciall, than the little under-hand Treaties now on foot, which prolong the beginning of the War, ſince a Bullet, though it ſent a man the wrong way, could not eaſily be able to put him into a much worſe place, than where we are. So that when I ſhall have the honour, to lay my ſelf next at your Ladiſhip's feet, I may ſafely play at Beſt and Worſt with the gallanteſt man of this Kingdom, and beat him too.

A

A Servant to a noble Lady, by way of Condoling with her for the death of a Sister.

Madam,

THe Ball is ſtill in your hand; for I toſſed it to you by my laſt Letter, when I wrote by your Footman, who went hence almoſt a month ago. Nor do I mean to blame you, for not ſtriking it back; by reaſon of the ſad accident which hapned to us both, ſince that time: Wherein, as I find my ſelf to have much cauſe of grief, through my having loſt a moſt noble friend, who was really a perſon of very eminent worth; ſo yet am I endued with this comfort) and indeed this onely comfort) that in the latter years of her life, her abſence from *London* was ſo great, and ſo was mine from the Country, where ſhe lived, that it might ſeem to be a kind of introduction, or, at leaſt, a preparation for death. Though yet ſtill, I have another trouble concerning her, which is, That I am full of fear, that we ſhall never meet again; and, in the mean time, that I am not able to pay thoſe rights to her memory, which my heart deſires. But now, at leaſt,

let us, who are left behind, conserve our selves the more carefully, that so we may be of use to one another: you, in doing me favour, by commanding me; and I in doing my self honour, by celebrating, by serving, and by loving you daily more and more. For my part, I shall acquit my self as I ought; and I hope for correspondence, on yours.

The Excuse of an humble Servant to a great Lady, for importuning her with a Present of certain Toyes.

Madam;

I Humbly beg your Ladiship's pardon of my errour, (if you will needs account it one) in presuming to lay this Toy in your way. But, whatsoever the poor thing be in it self, it goes to you as a signe of the homage, whereof my heart is full, and wherewith it shall ever be found to lie at your feet; though far beyond the power, either of my works to prove, or perhaps even of your faith to believe.

A Letter of great Civility, from a noble Lady to an humble Servant; by way of condoling for his absence.

SIR,

I Know not how to expresse the great want and trouble, which I find in this journey of yours, by the losse of your company, without giving you to believe, that I feel no joy for the favours and satisfactions, which you receive where you are; and that, were not to deliver my self truly to you. For, though the first seem to take away all the rest, yet it is but seeming. Since I never hear that you are well, and that you have much cause to be so, without delight; which partly supplies the want whereof I complain. The health, of which you enquire, I think, is made good by your doing it; so as I shall have that, with a thousand other reasons, to be ever, Your

A great Lady, to a most humble Servant; who abounds towards him in favour, by writing even when she was not well.

SIR,

THough I begin my Letter with so much indisposition, as to know, that you would not be displeased with receiving my excuse; yet that must, by no means, hinder me, though I consider'd but even my self. For, I ever find such a satisfaction, in all the respects which I pay you, as that I expect, if not an amendment, yet a contentment at least, from the honour which I give my self, of saying with much truth, that I am, &c.

One Friend in London, *to another, who was then upon the Confines of* Scotland.

SIR,

TO make good my engagement, and to tempt you to a correspondence, this kisses your hand. I have punctually obeyed your commands, and delivered that

that truth, which I found to be a great ſtranger here; and you will there find the effects of it, and that ſpeedily. Whether *York* and *Barwick* be in the *weſt-Indies* or no, I cannot tell; but it is as full of difficulty to hear from the one, as from the other. The Politicque ſhrug, and the ſaying, *It's dangerous to write news*, keeps us here in darkneſſe. The onely light which we have is from a certain merry man, who is reſident with you to that purpoſe; his Characters of you all are communicated to us here, in ſtrong lines; and his being there keeps us in hope, of knowing ſomewhat from time to time, if our capacities may be able to reach it. As for us, the Town is empty; the Uſurer and Creditor are good friends, the one reſolving not to pay, the other finding it to little purpoſe to ask for his mony.

Hide-Park is full of Widows, and the *Spring-Garden* of Maids; and it will hardlie reach ſo far, as to have one Gentleman-Uſher to ten Women. And as for the City, and our Sea-Towns, Trade ſlacks, and ſtands at a gaze; and ſo do your ſervants here, to underſtand, &c.

A great Person to a dear Friend, whom he vouchsafed to desire a Reconciliation.

SIR,

IT is no time now for friends to part. I pray you let us have the companie and comfort of one another, as we have had. You know well, and I better, that I had no meaning to offend you, but onely to save my self.

One great noble Sister to another, who had then been lately sick.

Madam,

IF I could expresse the joy which I receive from these last Letters, I am confident, that you would not be ill pleased with mine. For, you ever professe to love kindnesse; and I am very believing, that you cannot find more in the heart of any creature, than mine. You must be extreamly carefull, to preserve your self this Winter, for this season will not easily assist you towards a speedy recoverie; but, I hope, the prayers of all your friends will. And though you have no great opinion of mine,

yet

yet I want not the consolation, of believing that they must be of some use to you, whom I so infinitely love.

An humble Servant to a great Lord, who then was in action in Scotland.

My Lord,

YOur Lordship lives here so high, in the noblest heart, which can live, that, if alreadie I were not all your own, upon many obligations, this reason standing single, would make me more your Servant, than I can expresse. If the accidents of this time and that place, shall give your Lordship as good opportunitie to deserve glorie, as your own large heart can tell how to procure and deserve it, this solitude, which we here endure by your absence, will be soulag'd by that encrease of your happinesse. In the mean time, my turn will be served, if the power which you have to command there, may be exercised in any kind, upon me here; for then shall the obedience of my deeds be paid you in stead of the Sacrifice of my desires.

A Letter of important advertiſement, and admonition to a Great man; ſent to him, by a Servant, who would be un-named, and was not known.

My Lord,

AS you are Noble, and worthie: So are there many eyes upon you. And for your being ſo, your Lordſhip hath manie wiſhes, that you may find the reward of your vertue. This obliges me (though I look upon you, but at a diſtance, as ſcarce having anie knowledge of your Lordſhip, but by your reputation) to advertiſe you, that I moſt certainlie know there are great practiſes, to prejudice your Lordſhip. And they would ſo cunninglie, and malitiouſlie contrive them, as to make you find your pain, from your delight, and your danger from your ſecuritie. But your Lordſhip beſt knows your own meaſures, and may perhaps find ſuch a ſinceritie in their generoſitie, as that this advertiſement of mine, will fall out to be of no uſe, but onlie for having diſcharged the part of,

Your Lordſhips, &c.

An advertiſement from a great Lady, to a greater; from Paris, *to* London.

Madam,

SInce my Ladie hath been ſo well, as to give your Ladiſhip an account of it, from her own hand, I have not thought anie thing which I could write, fit to divert your Ladiſhip one minute, from the meaneſt of your entertainments. And this belief over-ruled thoſe inclinations, which I had, to preſent my Lines to your Ladiſhip, till I received the honour of your laſt Letter; and, in it, an aſſurance, that you would be content to ſuffer the impertinencies of mine, which will give your Ladiſhip much to pardon; I having not met with any thing to recompence my want of invention. We have yet ſeen verie few of this Nation; I believe by reaſon of my Ladies ſickneſſe, and becauſe moſt of the beſt companie, is out of Town. But now, they begin to ſend Complements, and promiſe Viſits, which I expect, with a hope to be furniſhed, with ſomething new, to accompanie, what I have ſo often, and muſt perpetuallie be ſaying, that I am, &c.

One

One Noble perſon to another, in the generall way of Civility, and Courteſie.

SIR,

THough my deſire, of being kept in your favour, may prove to be as importunate, as it is unjuſt, becauſe it is not deſerved by me, yet I cannot ſtrive to hinder an effect of that, whereof you warrant the cauſe, which is my admiration of your worth; beſides, that you have been pleaſed to promiſe me your friendſhip, and favour. My ſervice ſhall ever be ſure to attend your commands. And ſince this Letter is going towards you, by the hands of our friend *A. B.* it were rather an interruption, than an intelligence, for me to trouble you, with ſaying any thing from hence; he knowing ſo perfectly what hath paſſed here, and I, what a liberty his kindneſſe will make him expreſſe to you there, &c.

One Friend, or rather Acquaintance with another, in desire to obtaine a certaine reall courtesie at his hands.

SIR,

WHere I desire to be commanded, I freely begge the favours, which I would not aske, nor care to receive, from any body, whom I did not extreamly honour, and respect. I therefore send you this, to beseech you to trust me, &c. for two months, which time being expired, you shall certainly receive it again. Sir, you may wonder I can so confidently desire so much, where I have deserved so little; but my unwillingnesse to break my word with one hath forced me to engage it to another, and so to make this bold Suite; which if you grant, you will infinitely oblige me; and though you deny me, yet have I engagement enough otherwise, to be for ever, &c.

A meer familiar Letter, of one Friend to another.

SIR,

SInce even the King, if he will be juſt, cannot puniſh me for not writing to him, with mine own hand, you will not be ſo unmercifull, as not to allow me the uſe of my Man's. I have received the honour, and favour, both of your Proſe, and Verſe; and I have waited upon *A. B.* with your Preſent to her, which ſhe commands me to acknowledge to you with her humble Thanks. This Town (which hath nothing in it now, ſince you went, ſave that men have daily more hopes, and fears, according either to their paſſion, or reaſon) will eſteem it for a very good purchaſe, when, by loſing me for this Chriſtmaſs, by a Journie of mine into the Countrie, it ſhall have gained, by your return hither, before that time be expired. And I ſhall both hope, and haſten, to over-take you here in the beginning of the year; that ſo I may then renew, the aſſured offer of my affections, and devotions to your ſervice; whoſe perſon, and whoſe parts, I doe both equallie, and extreamlie eſteem, and love, &c.

A most humble Servant in the Country, to a great Noble Lady at Court; written at New-years-tide.

Madam,

WHen I left your Ladiſhip laſt, you were in ſo contingent a kind of health, that my patience might prove leſſe pardonable, than my preſumption, if I inquired not after your happineſſe in that kind. Whatſoever was leſſe perfect in that health of yours, I wiſh may paſſe away with the paſt-year; and that, whatſoever, is moſt excellent, in the way of glory, and beautie, may ſtill be preſent with you; not onely in the year which is preſent, but in thoſe others alſo, which ſhall ever come to be ſo; and that all the raggs of time, as *Dunne* calls them, may prove no worſe than fair Embroideries to you. For my part, Madam, (ſince your goodneſſe makes thoſe Servants of yours a part of your care, whom already you have exalted to your favour) I preſume to let you know, that I am much upon the mending hand, towards a leſſe illneſſe, ever ſince I looked back upon *London*. For now, by extending my ſelf frank-

lie

lie every night I can measure out my Grave, by mine own length; and my sleeps are as deep, and quiet, as death, and my wakenings as fresh as life; and I am rather almost half wanton, than not well. Which well, shall yet I hope prove better shortlie, when I may aspire to receive the honour of appearing in your presence. For then I shall misse nothing; but your power in working Miracles, by making me young again. But though I be old, and ugly, yet I am neither fot nor mad; but shall ever have wit enough, to make me love that, which is best. With all reverence I aske your Ladiship's leave to kiss your most noble hand.

The acknowledgement of a Noble Present, from a great person, and of the honour of a Letter, which was written by that person to another friend.

My Lord,

I Have received your Noble Present, and I have read your gallant Letter to our friend; and I cannot but kiss your hands, (though I cannot do it equallie) for them both: For, the Present puts me less out of my wits, because that large heart of yours,

yours, is everlastingly making a shift, to sprinkle it selfe, with that kind of favour, over the World; but your Letter, I confesse hath confounded me; since it exceeds not onlie in regard of me, but of your selfe. For my part I so understand your expressions, as to make them serve me rather, by way of advice, for what I should be, than of praise for what I am. And therefore, that they are no more to stand for an ornament to my Epitaph, when I shall dye, than for an instruction to my actions, whilst I shall live. I am, in the mean time, as sorrie as I ought to be, that I can but celebrate your praises for your merits; but if I may once be so happie, as to meet with anie of your commands, I will keep my self from being so unhappie, as not to answer them, with all obedience to your service.

A Princesse at the Haghe, *to a great Lady here in* London.

Madam,

THe continuance of your Civilities to me, gives you this importunitie, since this is the onlie meanes which I have, to make you know, how much I value them.

I

I wish they might be changed to one which I might pay you, after a more immediate manner in your own presence; where I should see many excellent parts represented to me in the Character of your Person; and might hope thereby to make my selfe the less unworthie of your favour, whilst I procured to grow like your selfe, &c.

A Noble Friend, to an humble Servant, with great sense of his kindnesse.

SIR,

I Find by your last Letter, that neither length of time nor distance of place, can estrange you from the thoughts of affection, and tenderneſſe towards me; for which if I should not answer you with true love, and friendship, I should demerit of my self. I sent for the Gentleman as you wished, and I find him both intelligent, and affectionate: So as you have enriched me, with a friend, though there be no great use of those endeavours for me at this time, for which you recommend him to my knowledge. But on the other side, I will not fail to do him all faithfull services upon this account, &c.

A

A noble Lady, to a most humble Servant, in acknowledgment of his respects to her daughter.

SIR,

THough mine own obligation to you, were a sufficient Subject, for more than a Letter; yet now it is enforced from me, by an humble, and earnest request of my Daughter in *Ireland*: who presses me to make her acknowledgments, in this kind, to you, for those many honours, and favours, which you were pleased to allow her lately, in that Countrie. For I must not refuse this office to a Daughter; though yet I may find it strange, that she, who is so much your servant, should dispose her self to trouble you so far, as to give you occasion to read such Letters as mine; for I am confident that it may serve for a kind of Pennance, in satisfaction of the greatest sin, which you have committed, since I saw you. But yet, since there is no remedie, I presume you will find patience to endure the trouble, as I will hope to find so great effects of your generositie, as that, by your commanding me, I may be in glory, &c.

One friend gives another many thanks, for the ſervice which he did him, with his Lord.

SIR,

YOUR Lines of the laſt month, though they ſhould not be the ſweeteſt that ever you wrote, yet I am ſure they are the ſweeteſt that ever I read. They comforted my friend your Servant extreamlie; and reallie Sr. he ſtood in need of it. For, he was not a little amazed to find himſelfe to have ſtumbled ſo groſſlie in the verie firſt entrance of his employment; beſides, that he was not ignorant and unconſidering, that thoſe impreſſions of men, which are firſt received, are commonlie hard enough to be removed. Though yet withall it be very true, that in all due conſideration, the beginnings of things, are to be allowed for the moſt difficult; as the Threſhold of a Houſe, is ever the uneveneſt ſtep: at which therefore it ſhould not be ſo omnious, and ruinous a fault to ſtumble; becauſe there is a naturall reaſon for it, eſpeciallie in a Croud, as there was of buſineſſe at that time. But be it how it will, my friend is nobly holpen up, by you, for which he thankfullie

fullie kisses your hand. He hath bren, if you will please to believe me, ever since my Lord's absence from hence, (which seemes in the eye of all his humble Servants here, to be no lesse, than the departure of a Soul from a bodie) very diligent to supplie his defects ; neither shall the Sun-shine, he saith, of undeserved favour fore-slow his industrie one jot, but inflame his zeal to the uttermost proportion, of all his little power ; professing earnestlie, that he will never claime part in the same favour, when once he shall find himself grow the worse by it, towards his Lords Service ; and that he also hath an invincible ambition, to do the same great Lord of his, one day, not onlie true, and hopefull, but, if he durst hope for so great a happiness, some memorable service ; at least he shall esteem it for glorie enough, if he may venture to lye and dye at his feet. Thus much, upon this occasion to make himselfe understood once for all, he desired me in his name, to expresse to you, as a third person, as fearing it to be a kind of saucinesse, to protest his Service, by way of words, to his own great Lord, and Master : It being his prime dutie to perform it still with silence, which he will observe for a rule.

My Lord here, hath been pleased to tell me, that you have recommended me earnestly to his favour; so that I am infinitely bound to you for my self, but yet more obligeingly for my friend, whom I account even to be my better-self; as I do you, for your good news, my better-Angell.

A great Lady, to an humble Servant of hers, concerning the sickness of a great Lord, who was also her Servant.

SIR,

SInce I must be so unhappy, as to hear so ill news of my Lord, I had rather receive it from you than any other; because, with all my sufferings, I have not the pain of doubting the truth, of what I am told. I beseech you therefore, continue this charitie to me. For, I am not easily satisfied when I send, but have a desire to know more, than any body else hath to deliver. I meant to morrow to have waited upon him my self, believing, that his Lordship would then be past the trouble, which company might bring him. But I will now onely expect, what I may hear from your favour, which I earnestly desire.

A great Lady to an humble Servant of hers, by way of thanks; for his preventing her being surprized and deceived by ill-news, which was not true.

SIR,

BY your favour, which is a great one, I have met with the good news before the ill; and now, am not in so much danger, of being made unhappy by misreports. Besides, that I am a little assisted, by the course which you wisht me to take, to judge of the persons, before I give any credit to their words. But, howsoever, that consideration might, perhaps, have been able to save me in this particular. Yet, that cannot diminish my obligation to you, for taking so much care to keep me, not onely from the certaintie of hurt, but even from the very danger of it. Here are now so many about me, and they talking all at once, that I can scarce write a word of sense; but yet my heart cannot be distracted from resolving, nor my hand from expressing, that I am, &c.

The same great Lady, to the same humble Servant of hers, concerning the sickness of the same great Lord.

SIR,

IF now I had not received your Letter, I should have believed my Lord to be much advanced towards his health. For all they whom I have heard, either yesterday, or this day, concerning him, gave me cause to be confirmed in that opinion. But though that, which you tell me, be not what I desire to hear; yet, I give you manie thanks, because I know that to be true which you say. For, it is not the being deceived which can make me happie upon this occasion. And therefore, I beseech you, continue your favour to me still, in telling me from time to time, whatsoever you shall know of my Lord's health; for it is verie much, both in my thoughts, and in my cares.

A Preſent, ſent by a great Perſon to a Prelate, who was in the way of being a Cardinall. It was addreſs'd by means of a private friend.

SIR,

YOu will oblige me to preſent two pieces of Cloth to *A. B.* I wiſh he may find them as worthie of his wearing, as we all believe him to be of the dignitie, which thoſe colours repreſent. And that alſo, as he removes from us, ſo he may reach his health, which oneſie can make us glad to loſe his preſence. And as I thus ſeek occaſions to be favoured by you, ſo I aſk ſuch others from you, as may employ my obedience to your commands.

The humble Thanks of a poor Servant to a great Lady, for an unexpected favour.

Madam,

OF all the Creatures in the whole world, you are the Lady, who will leaſt oblige your ſervants in the dark, in

ſome kinds; and of all the creatures in the world, you are the Lady who love beſt to do it, in ſome other kinds. For, it is with you, if my obſervation be well made, as if you were equally aſhamed, not to do them all great favours, and not to have them unknown. A pattern of this whole piece is lately come to my hands; for you commanded me to be remembred from *Penſhurſt*, when I was far from the preſumption of hoping, that I was thought upon at *Oatlands*. But, Madam, as you will ever be your ſelf in greatneſſe and goodneſſe; ſo, I truſt, I ſhall ever be my ſelf, in humbleneſſe and all obſervance. And, if I knew not, that I were to be unhappy in all things, I would daſh out into ſome little hopes, of not demeriting the high quality, of being and continuing ever, &c.

A Letter, by occaſion of the Writer's being praiſed for a former Letter, which, the Receiver ſaid, he meant to put into this Book of Printed Letters. It relates alſo to a good office, which the Receiver did to the Writer, with a very great Lord whom the Writer followed. SIR,

SIR,

I Perceive by the laſt, which you were pleaſed to ſend me, that you have an intention to expoſe a former Letter of mine to the view of the world, in Print, in company of many others, which you are ſetting forth; as alſo to my Lord's eye, in the Originall Paper. If it had art enough, for making it worthy of the Preſſe, it would have too much, in my opinion, for making it worthy of my Lord's eye, under which I would ever be glad to appear, in all the ſinceritie and ingenuitie of the world. So that about the expounding me to my Lord, I am abundantly ſatisfied and obliged, by what you delivered of me to his Lordſhip, in your way to *London*; which, if my actions ſhould make good, was enough; and if they do not, too much. And as for any praiſe to be hoped for, by the penning of the Letter, which you would make me believe to have been ſomewhat, I forgive it, and forget it with all my heart; and I would do ſo, though I thought I deſerved no leſſe, than all the approbation which you are pleaſed to give it. For Letters, of all other Writings, are apteſt to carry about them a kind of naturall baſhfulneſſe

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and ſhame, to appear in publique; becauſe, to them who underſtand not the particular perſons and paſſages, upon which they reflect, their beſt graces do often ſeem triviall, and ſometimes abſurd. Nor is it any Paradox at all, that hidden Beauties ſhould be open Deformities. And therefore, though I cannot think my ſelf too much in your favour, yet I deſire not to be alſo in your Books; which, if you will pleaſe to croſſe, I ſhall remain ſo much the more your debtor, though more I cannot be your moſt humble ſervant

A Letter of a Cavalier to a Friend, for the doing of an humble Office to a great Lady.

S. K. D. to *S. T. M.*

SIR,

IF I durſt preſume to ſend my thanks to my Lady *A. B.* for her favours to me here, I ſhould not trouble you with this Letter. But the eminencie of her condition, which makes her able to ſow bleſſings whereſoever ſhe paſſes, makes it unmanerlie for ſuch as I am, to acknowledge themſelvs immediately to her ſelf. I beſeech you therefore, Sir, let her Ladiſhip receive from

from your tongue, the fulleſt expreſſions it can make, of a deep ſenſe in me, of the very great obligations and honours ſhe was pleaſed to heap upon me, whilſt I had the happineſſe to wait upon her here. I muſt profeſſe, it is impoſſible, that her Ladiſhip ſhould ſettle greater upon any man; for ſuch are to be meaſured by the claim, which one might make to them. And I am ſure, that, in my behalf, there was nothing to tempt her to this exerciſe of her goodneſſe, but my abſolute want of all title to it. Whereby it became meerly an act of her own generoſitie, without any other motive, to ſhare in it. I ever honoured and eſteemed this noble creature beyond expreſſion. But, henceforwards, thoſe actions of reverence muſt go a ſtep further, and become a perfect Devotion in me, to do her all the ſervice in my power; for, ſuch ſweetneſſe and civilitie as ſhe is Miſtreſſe of, mingled with all other excellencies, I never yet met with in any. I make bold to chuſe your conveyance, rather than any others, to deliver my ſenſe to her Ladiſhip, becauſe I am ſure, it will gain moſt advantage by your means. And you have ſo much goodneſſe and friendſhip to me, as you will, I know, pardon my importuning

you

you in an occasion, wherein I am so justly earnest. And I am also confident enough, that it will not displease you, to carrie in a prize to a Lady, to whom you are so much a servant; and particularly, since it is a Heart, which had bidden a long Farewell, to the offering of all devotions at Ladie's altars. I kisse your hand, and rest.

Your, &c.

The return of a Complement, to a noble Friend.

SIR,

IF I had not been yours before, I must certainly be made so now, by the honour and favour of both your Letters, of the 24th. and 29th. of the last; which I should have answered, both more speedily and more certainly, than now I shall, if I had known how to addresse my Letters. Wherein yet, I now resolve to be rather a Merchant-Adventurer, than a Bankrupt; and rather to try, if I can go towards you alone, than by sitting still to fall; which, though it may look like a Bull, it is none, as my case stands. I have complied for you with *A. B.* as you commanded me; but I shall not do so with him, if I tell you not, that

that he is extreamly your ſervant; and would have been particularly glad, if you had accepted him for your companion. We have received a great deal of ill news out of thoſe parts, but, I fear, you will ſend us more; for, I confeſſe, I cannot foreſee, in this Conſtitution of things, (if I may not rather call it a Conſtellation) how we can meet here with any other object, than worſe and worſe, till we arrive at the worſt of all. But yet ſtill, me-thinks, we are capable of two comforts; the one, that our ſuſpence will not be long, for we are likely to be quickly at the loweſt; the other, that our calamity is likely to be common; and ſo though the weight prove very great, yet there will be many backs to bear it. With theſe two comforts, I conſider alſo two diſcomforts; the one, that perhaps the great Man will not think fit to apply himſelf, to flatter his inferiours; and the other, That at leaſt, he ſtaies ſo long before he do it, that when it comes, it will ſcarce ſerve the turn. A little time will ſhow us the way, of underſtanding more truth hereafter, than even our Guides have done heretofore. And though our miſeries be likely enough to prove great, yet it will be of ſome allay to them with me, if I may be com-

comforted with growing to know, how to ſerve my friends, which I eſteem to be a kind of ſecuring my ſelf.

A Favour of the Queen, vouchſafed to a great Lady, by an humble Servant.

Madam,

THe Queen commands me to let your Ladiſhip know, that ſhe is doubly ſorrie for your indiſpoſition, That you have the pain of it, and that ſhe is put to the wanting of your companie, which is moſt particularlie deſired by her. She hopes, it will not keep you long, without the liberty of following that, to which, you ſay, you are by your inclination invited; namely, to give her the pleaſure of your ſocietie. This I have in commiſſion to declare to you from the Queen: from mine own heart I have the vow, of aſſuring your Ladiſhip with all truth, that I am with infinite devotion, Madam,

Your, &c.

The

The Expoſtulation of an Omiſſion, which paſſed from a noble Lady, to an humble Servant of hers.

Madam,

I Have received your Ladiſhip's Letter, of the firſt of this Month, and therein a verie vulgar excuſe, for a verie un-vulgar omiſſion and diſfavour. For, pardon me, if I tell your Ladiſhip, that it was a verie vulgar excuſe for you to tell me, (at this time of the day) that I could never greatlie miſſe your Letters; and that you had forborn to write ſo long, for fear of doing me, forſooth, a dis-ſervice. For, your Ladiſhip knowes well enough, how highlie I eſteem all your favours. And, I confeſſe, that as ſoon as I read it, I thought it to be a more fit plea for ſilence, out of the mouth of anie one of thoſe hundred creatures, whom I have often ſeen waiting upon you; or of ſome others, whom I am not wont much to admire; than of your ſelf, whom I juſtlie eſteem, for one of the worthieſt and gallanteſt Women of the time. So that my hopes have been doublie diſappointed; firſt, by your letting me want anie Anſwer

at

at all, to three or four Letters of mine, for a month or six weeks together, (which the higheſt and greateſt Subject of this Kingdom (whether he or ſhe) would never have permitted me to do). And next, by ſending me ſuch a reaſon for it, as was incomparablie leſſe allowable than the omiſſion; and ſuch, as even your ſelf could no way think to be well grounded. But, Madam, if you meant by this proceeding, to diſanimate my intentions, of honouring and ſerving you ſtill, I am reſolved to make you loſe your jeaſt; though yet withall, I know not how to keep my ſelf ſo dull, as not to underſtand your inſtruction, for my not eaſilie giving you further trouble by my Letters. But, though your Ladiſhip, for your part, be pleaſed to annex the correſpondence of your favour and friendſhip, to your preſence; yet, for mine, I will ſerve you if I can, not onelie from one end of the world to the other, but from this verie day to the laſt of my life. And I will defie your diſpoſition to command, if it ſhall preſume to exceed my inclination and reſolution to obey, &c.

A noble Lady to an humble Servant, in acknowledgment of ſome reſpects which were paid her.

SIR,

THat you are pleaſed to think of me at ſuch a diſtance, is ſo great a favour from you, and ſo true a felicitie to me, that the world cannot court me with a greater. Though yet in this, you muſt let me hold you a little unkind, that you believe me to be in need of anie thing, whereby to preſerve you in my memorie. For, neither is my nature ſo ungratefull, nor my humour ſo unworthie, as to want helps, where I have ſuch obligations. This laſt of yours confirms the reſt. And though I be bound to thank you for your noble Preſent, yet am I alſo bound to aſſure you, that it is impoſſible, either by that, or anie thing elſe, to make me more your own, than I was before, &c.

A great Lord, acknowledging the ſervices of a poor friend, when that Lord was in adverſity; and promi-

sing much kindneß now, when he was grown to be in prosperity.

SIR,

I Easilie believe, that you are verie sensible of anie relaxation of troubles, which hath occurred to me; You, whom I ever found, in the verie depth of my adversities, so compassionate of my case, and so readie to call to mind those little services of mine, which (if ever there were anie such) your civilities and favours to me, had more then merited at my hands. And I beseech you, Sir, believe, that, what other part soever God will have me act now upon this stage of affairs, I will therein be found as faithfull a servant to you, as anie you have. It is true, there is such a poor House of mine in the world, as you are pleased to name; and if I were so happie, or rather, if my sins would permit God so to blesse me, as to make a retreat, either to that, or anie other place of mine; I would not be more desirous to harbour anie Pilgrim in the world, whose devotion might lead him that way, than him whom your Letter describes. But, I fear much, that my froward fate will not permit me, *aliter quàm occupatum, aut vivere aut mori.* And, in the mean

mean time, my condition, in this preſent, and publique occaſion, is a kind of little Looking-glaſſe, or repreſentation of my whole life. Which (in ſome reſemblance, to the Countrie wherein I was born) hath been hitherto, all Up-hill, or Down-hill; I not being conſtantlie able either to pleaſe this ſide, or that. But towards you my affections, are not onlie ſtrong, but ſhall be ever, eeven, and all of a piece, &c.

An humble Servant to a great Perſon with great Thanks, for the conſtancy of his favours.

My Lord,

YOur Lordſhip's many vertues, are not onely adorned, but crowned by conſtancie, which is the Cœment of them all. For ever, ſince I had the honour to be known to your Lordſhip, you have ſtill been pleaſed to look down upon me, with the ſame eyes of favour; and you have lately made this appear, by great effects. A part ſo much the more heroicall, becauſe we are faln into ſuch a corner of an iron-Age, as wherein, it is no wonder to ſee men, not onlie forget their Servants, but for-

ſake them. If, on the other ſide, I, for my part, ſhall not make your Lordſhip's glory, and Service my Study, you will juſtlie be able to condemn me, without further Proceſs; and I ſhall then, beginne to hate my ſelfe, as for my faults; whereas now, I owe my ſelf pittie, for my ill fortunes. Theſe laſt, are in your Lordſhip's power to mend, by inſpiring me with ſome occaſions to do your Service; that ſo my actions may take place of my words.

An humble Servant to a Noble perſon, doing him homage, for a great honour, which he had received.

SIR,

IF there be any thing in me, which doth not juſtlie call for blame, I think it is both my underſtanding; and my conſidering, the honour, which great perſons are pleaſed to doe me; and my weighing the circumſtances thereof, exactlie enough, which ſometimes are not leſſe valuable, than the ſubſtance. If you will believe this truth, I ſhall not need to uſurp now, upon your patience, by telling you in particular manner, what a lively Senſe I have

of

of your last great favour. Now, to beseech you, to allow me the happinesse of doing you service for it, were not so properlie to begge, as to brag. But if some miraculous accident should ever discover to me, any means of complying, both with my duties, and desires towards you; I would be sure to invite your pardon of my weak performances, with making my endeavours prevent the trouble, of your giving me the honour of your commands.

An humble Servant to a person of honour, by whose favour he was ashamed to be surprised.

SIR,

I Confesse my selfe to have been rather confounded, than comforted, by your noble, and kind Letter; which did so very gallantlie prevent, and surprize me. But there are more Tenses than one, in a Verb; and if the Preterperfect have, by omission, been vitious, the Future shall not faile, by a more watchfull kind of observance, to be meritorious. This is but a kind of Grammaticall consideration of Time; for as for the Political, or Moral, I dare not speak a word,

and I wish, I had not cause so much as to think of it. *A. B.* was wont to tell me still, (when I was alive,) that he prayed God to make me an honest man, but you must desire him now, to alter his Prayer; for I find my self alreadie, to be so honest, that I am the worse for it. And yet, (which perhaps, would grieve some other) I know not how to work my selfe, to turne over that leafe. God save all great Ones, from going lesse, in their large Orbes; for little ones, will be sure never to want the comfort, of not having much to lose. And believe you me, that I will never lose so much, as shall not still leave me rich; I say not, in meer desires, but in faithfull diligences also, to do you ever, most humble service. Sir, there are certain feet in the world, where I would fain desire you to lay me flat, if I durst. But because I dare not, I do not; nor shall you so much as presume, to guesse at what I mean. But I adventure to present my faithfull humble services to *G. L.* and you shall tell him, that I remember all his favours; not the lesse, because I cannot merit them, but the more. I most affectionately kisse your hands.

A Noble Lady to an humble Servant; to whom she professes respect, and favour.

SIR,

I Have obeyed your Last Command, in burning your Letter; and certainlie there was need of no lesse, for making me rob my self of a treasure, wherein I was so rich. But though I had kept it by me, it should never have given occasion, for that selfe-reproaching vice, to exercise it selfe, upon the envie of your favours to me; which though I cannot merit so well as I would, yet I will ever be sure to value as I ought.

I suffer more by your absence, than I can expresse; but I find my self still, to be my selfe; for I never enjoyed yet any happinesse, which served not afterward, to make me so much the more unfortunate, by loseing it. Yet I grudge not to pay, even so great a price, as this, for my former comforts; and should rejoyce entirelie, to repurchase them at any rate. I shall long to hear of your health, which will be sure to encrease mine.

One friend, who desires to use another in the dispatch of a great busineſſe.

SIR,

THere is a ſuddain occaſion falne out, which might inſtantlie aske my being at *Windſor*, whilſt yet an important buſineſs on the other ſide, confines me, with a kind of neceſſitie to *London*, unleſſe I would leave *certa pro incertis*. But your paſſing ſome daies at Court, is ſo far from being improper for you; that even, upon your own account, your time will not be loſt there; and your affection to my Perſon, and Fortune, and your diſcretion in the carriage of anie buſineſs, being known to me ſo well, as it is, I ſhould think it verie materiall for me, and not verie inconvenient for you, if I might ſupplie for my not being there, by your friendlie care, and pains. But that ſuppoſed, I muſt precedentlie conferr with you, and take your advice. Which, if it ſhall be poſſible, I deſire earneſtlie, may be to morrow in the morning; and therefore I have ſent this Bearer to you, both ſo ſoon, and ſo late, this Evening. This is no Jargon

gon or Cypher, but reallie a matter of much buſineſſe, and ſuch as will endure no delay: So as therefore I will preſume to expect you.

A Suite to a Friend for a couple of choiſe Spaniells.

SIR,

I Am caſt upon a verie untoward office, for I am neceſſarilie, to beg a favour of you, before I have had means to ſerve you. But I am preſſed, by a certain perſon of worth; and indeed there is yet another, whom I ſhould be extreamlie over-joyed, if I could oblige; for it is a Ladie, to whom I owe verie much, who puts her ſelfe alſo, into the buſineſs. The matter is; they dye for want of a couple, or two, of excellent Land-Spaniels; who might be able, by their good example, to inſtruct other ignorant ones, of their own; and it hath been told them, both that you are rich, in that commoditie, and that you are alſo pleaſed to eſteem me your Servant. Whereupon, I am earneſtlie urged, to obtain this favour for them, if I can. And Sir, the truth is this; I deſire ſo verie cordiallie to ſerve them, that

that if that, which is ſought by them, were mine own, a very great Bribe could not buy me, from preſenting it to them. And by that, you may judge, of the longing, which I have to obtain this favour, at your hands. Though yet, if that pleaſure, which ſuch Creatures as thoſe, can give you, ſit near your heart; and that, I ſhall wrench you out of your way, if I rob you in this kind, of what you love; I will rather chuſe to renounce mine owne wiſhes, with a very good will, than ſeeke to enrich one noble friend, by impoveriſhing another. Howſoever, I humblie pray you to vouchſafe me a preſent anſwer; for, ſpeed in ſuch caſes as theſe, I eſteem to be the very dreſſing and ſawce of the meat; which, how excellent ſoever it may be, in it ſelf, goes not yet down, with verie much guſt, if it be dry, &c.

A earneſt excuſe, of a long ſilence and preſent abſence.

SIR,

I Had deſigned part of this day, to the paying you thoſe manie humble thanks, which I muſt ever acknowledge my ſelfe to owe you for your great favours; and to give

give you alſo a more particular account, of your laſt commands; the like whereof, ſhall ever be moſt well-come to me. But Sir, it happens ſo, at this time, that being to goe juſt now, for ſome few daies, out of the Town in the midſt of many buſineſſes; I am ſubject to a world of diſtractions. And they tread ſo cloſe upon the heeles of one another, that they have not left me, juſt now, anie little remnant of time, for my enjoying of your ſo much loved, and much valued, converſation. But I am not, Sir, unſenſible, how great a misfortune it is for me, to be ſnatcht from you; in ſuch extream haſte, that I can onlie, now aſſure you that I have, in my verie heart, a deep ſenſe of my great obligations to you, and my little means to diſcharge them.

A Letter of Civility and Service to a great Lady, after a long ſilence.

Madam,

HAving looked, and halfe-looked my ſight out of ſight, with trying what I might be able to ſee, of your Ladiſhips comming to the *Spaw*, according to your own deſign,

deſigne, I grow to renounce mine eyes for this year, and again to become a man of my hands. But the truth is, that whole world of ours hath whirled about ſo oft, and ſo faſt, that it is not to be a wonder, if particular reſolutions have been alſo changed; I mean, foraſmuch as may concern ſome kind of actions, though none, I hope, foraſmuch as may concern inclinations. I am ſure, that mine are ſtill the ſame, in order to my ambition for your Ladiſhip's ſervice, and ſatisfaction in all things; and I am ſure, that they ſhall ever be ſo. And ſo alſo, on the other ſide, I make my ſelf ſo firm a promiſe, from your greatneſſe and goodneſſe, of your conſtant favours to me, as that nothing, but my demerit, which is to be impoſſible, ſhall ever be able to divert them, from their accuſtomed noble courſe.

For the Preſent, I have but this to ſay, That whatſoever may have moved your Ladiſhip (ſince I had the honour to live laſt in the Sun-ſhine, of your own moſt excellent eyes) to anie trouble, and apprehenſion of mind, will, I think, have moved me alſo, after the ſame rate. And whatſoever I alſo may conceive, to have given you anie new contentment in this

new

new world, I thinke I ſhall rejoyce in alſo, when I ſhall have the happineſſe to know it.

A Letter of Sir William Waller *to* Sir Ralph Hopton, Ann. Dom. 1643. *in the time of the Revolutions of* England.

SIR,

THe experience which I have had of your worth, and the happineſſe which I have enjoyed in your friendſhip, are wounding conſiderations to me, when I look upon this preſent diſtance between us: Certainly, Sir, my affections to you are ſo unchangable, that Hoſtilitie it ſelf cannot violate my friendſhip to your perſon; but I muſt be true to the Cauſe wherein I ſerve. The old limitation of, *Uſq; ad Aras*, holdeth ſtill; and where my Conſcience is intereſted, all other obligations are ſwallowed up. I ſhould wait on you, according to your deſire, but that I look on you as ingaged in that Partie, beyond the poſſibilitie of retreat, and, conſequentlie, uncapable of being wrought upon by anie perſwaſion. And, I know, the Conference could never be

be ſo cloſe betwixt us, but that it would take wind, and receive a conſtruction to my diſhonour. That Great God, who is the ſearcher of all hearts, knows, with what a ſad fear I go upon this ſervice, and with what a perfect hate I deteſt a War without an Enemie. But I look upon it as *Opus Domini*, which is enough to ſilence all paſſion in me. The God of Peace ſend us, in his good time, the bleſſing of Peace; and, in the mean time, fit us to receive it. We are both on the Stage, and muſt act thoſe Parts that are aſſigned to us in this Tragedy; but let us do it in the way of honour, and without perſonall animoſitie. Whatſoever the iſſue of it be, I ſhall never reſigne that dear title of,

Your moſt affectionate Friend, and faithfull Servant,

Bath, 16 Junii. WILL. WALLER.

A

A Letter from a Princesse to a poor Servant of hers, upon the Present which he made her of a Book; and a Promise which he also made her of his Attendance.

S. J. M.

IT was the desire, which I had, to know more of you, than generall approbation doth expresse; which made me ask to see that Work, and that Character also, which you found worthie to adorn with so good Language. To which, your civilitie adds the promise of a fuller satisfaction, than I might justlie expect. But it obliges me to assure you, that your Book is, and your Presence will ever be, most acceptable to your affectionate friend.

A Letter to a great Lady, in favour of two servants who were discharged. Count. of *Ar.*

Madam,

HEre are now two young men, who lately had the honour to serve your Ladi-

Ladiſhip; and (as the manner of moſt ſervants is, in this corrupt age) they took no care, it ſeems, to carrie themſelves ſo, as to continue in that happineſſe: But find now, what that loſſe is, by experience, which they had not wit or grace to find by foreſight, upon ſo manie reaſons, as might well occur to them in their caſe. And they ſeem to be extreamlie ſorrie for their faults, and no leſſe extreamlie deſirous to return to that condittion, which they have loſt.

To this purpoſe, they would needs take hold of me, for repreſenting their moſt humble ſuit to your Ladiſhip; which I could not, in charitie, refuſe. Not, yet, that I would ever move anie thing, which might not ſort, in likelihood, with your Ladiſhip's ſervice: And much leſſe, that I would be ſo vain, as to think, that I ſhould be able to obtain any thing in this caſe, but that which your own wiſdom may think convenient: But onely, to lay my poor opinion in your preſence, which is, That both theſe poor men are verie penitent for what is paſt, and full of purpoſe to mend for the future; and profeſſe, that they will think themſelves happier, to eat the bread of your moſt noble Houſe, than of any place in the whole world. This,

This, Madam, is the moſt humble ſuit which they make. And, for my part, I onelie ask leave to ſay, that, though ſtrict Reaſon, and exact Juſtice, cannot here, perhaps, take place; yet, Charitie, and the Compaſſion of your own moſt noble heart, may find cauſe to relent. And, by this time, (as I have handled the matter) methinks, I may as well deſire you Ladiſhip's pardon for my ſelf, as for them, &c.

A noble Lady to an humble Servant, to whom ſhe ſhowes great reſpects in his abſence.

SIR,

I Am ſo far from knowing how this Paper will come to your hands, that I cannot ſo much as tell, into whoſe I ſhall put it my ſelf. If you receive it, it will fail of ſaying much to you of that, which I would verie fain have you know. So that I ſhall eſteem it to be, not ſo properlie a Letter, as a Meſſage; and that ſent, by I know not whom. Though yet, if ever it arrive there, to remember you of me, I ſhall owe them hearty thanks, who will have carried it out of my hands into yours. Now, what I

have to say to you first, is, That still I am at my Countrie-house, where I suffer the stormie Times to passe over as well as I can, and as fast as they will. But, in the mean while, I know you cannot, and, I hope, you will not, think it, to be either negligence, or wilfull ignorance in me, that I know not well how to do so much, as direct my Letters to you. The next is, That, if you write into these parts, there is no creature who can more desire to hear of your health and happinesse, then I; and so, upon this reason, I hope, you will believe it due to me. And lastlie, that I have so high (which, withall, is so due) an esteem of you, as will, I hope, be able, at all distances, and in despight of all dysasters, to preserve me unchangeablie ever, as well in your belief, as, I am sure, it shall, on my part, continue me, towards your worthie self,

Your most faithfull friend, and humble Servant.

A

A Letter of a noble Lady to an humble Servant, by way of a kind expoſtulation for ſilence, and aſſurance of her favours. La. *Kins.*

SIR,

IT hath been with no ſmall labour, that I have kept my ſelf from writing to you, ſince we parted. I have meant you manie Letters, and been readie to call for Pen and Inck; but having, in divers places, met with your Letters, directed to ſuch as loved you not half ſo well as I, (and that you, as well as the Aſſemblie at *weſtminſter*, might know) I was an extream ſtubborn old woman, and would not write firſt to you, who had left me laſt of manie friends in *England* unremembred. But now, we are both friends again. This Letter of yours, dated the 20th of *April*, and received juſt now, hath made up all. And I wiſh, that I had thoſe Ladies here, who kept me down, to ſhew them, that I have ſomewhat now under your hand, as well as they; and that I did not place ſo much of my devotion and eſteem upon a man, who cared not for me at all. Me-thinks

now, I ſhould be complaining to you as I was wont to do, and ſeek eaſe out of your pittie. But, alas, the calamitie is now ſo generall, as that, I believe, you are tired with hearing ſuch ſtories; and yet, you have drawn the inconvenience upon your ſelf, by aſking me, Why I am where I am? I will not go ſo far back, as to the Time when you left us; for then, the ſtorm did but onelie threaten us with the loſſe of ſuch friends, as were thereby frighted out of our companies; which we might hope, with a little patience, might be blown over, and they return to us again.

But, I have been in ſuch a fierce and black kind of tempeſt, ever ſince, as I cannot poſſiblie deſcribe to you now, both becauſe my time is too ſhort, and my health, for the preſent, is ſhorter. But, I hope, I ſhall get leave of them both, within a few daies, to tire you out. For, I am reſolved, Sir, to make you ſee, what it is to give a woman authoritie to talk. Your way would therefore be, to do ſomething, and that quicklie too, to free your ſelf from ſuch importunities as mine. For, ſince you are ſo good as to ſay, You wiſh it; believe me, I ſhall take great delight, to put my ſelf often this way into your companie, ſince

since I cannot now, anie other. And, whilst I live, I shall heartilie wish, that it were anie way in my power to serve you, &c.

My daughters will needs believe, that you give them leave to present their humble service to you; and therefore they do it now, by me, with much affection, &c.

A Letter to a noble Friend, of much affection; accompanied with a kind of tacit Expostulation.

SIR,

I Am willing to make my self believe, by divers circumstances, and upon divers reasons, that a certain Message, which you desired your noble dear Cousin to deliver, in a Letter, which was written by you to him, upon the 29th of *April*, was meant for me; and, if it were, I most humblie thank you for it, notwithstanding all former omissions; and, I embrace you from head to foot as tenderlie, and as dearlie, as ever; and that, not for the extream need, wherein I may, peradventure, grow to be of your favour; but because, reallie, I do most entirelie love you, and dailie, and more than dailie, pray for you,

as faithfullie, and as constantlie, as for mine own soul. In the mean time, that whole soul of mine is most inwardlie glad, to understand, that you are growing to be no more a Noun Adjective, but a Noun Substantive now; which I pray God hold. For, whensoever the Oak is rotten, the Ivie, which pretends to be supported by it, hath but an ill bargain. I hope to see you now before I die; and, As, I know, you can shew me a strange prospect; So believe me, I can shew you somewhat, at which you will wonder; and I will turn out my verie heart into your hands. Dear, dear friend, I embrace you again and again, with all the very strings of that heart of

Your invariable, faithfull, true friend, and humble servant, &c.

From a Noble Lord, to an humble Servant, who was prevented, with strange kindness, by his great favour of this Letter.

SIR,

IF you will infer, from the care of my taking this occasion to salute you, and assure you,

you, of the continuance of my Service, that it growes from the same root of respect, which I have alwaies carried about me, for you; you will not deceive your selfe. And when I shall have told you this here, under my hand, and that the bearer is verie well instructed, in all that after which you can inquire, concerning the place wherin, and the persons with whom we are, at this time, since he will give you a cleer and particular account of all things; it will be unnecessarie for me to adde anie more now, to your trouble, than to repeat the assurance of my service. Wherein, if you will do me the favour, to render me usefull, by anie of your commands; you shall be able to find, and fetch such proofs thereof from thence, as may let you see at ease, that I am unfainedlie, and with most particular respect,

Paris, the fourth of January, 1645.

Your most faithfull, and most humble Servant.

From a Learned, and Vertuous man, in answer of a Letter to a Noble Friend, who had both desired the former, to employ his paines, about a certaine Subject, and withall, did much pitty the streightnesse of his Fortune.

SIR,

I Have received (to my shame I may say it) two of yours, with a Book, into the bargain ; one of the least, and greatest, I believe, that the world can shew. To which, that I have answered hitherto, by silence onlie, were so much the more unsufferable, & inexpiable a piece of incivilitie, if silence it self, were not sometimes, significant of somewhat, and so a kind of secret answer. Nor shall I need to comment much upon this proposition ; for the Mysterie, I make account, is alreadie untyed to my hands, by your own most quick and courteous understanding ; to whose charitie of interpretation, I presume to refer my selfe ; and to suppose, that the Noble candour of your own pure Soul, would by no means

means ſuffer you to ſuſpect ſo ill of mine, as the outſide, of this unſeemlie ſilence ſhewes, at firſt ſight: but that, all this while your ſelf conceived, that though I ſaid nothing, yet I was doing ſomething; and ſo, by anſwering your deſires, rather than your Letters, was even then, anſwering them too, more trulie, becauſe more reallie. And ſo, I heartilie wiſh, that I may prove as happie, as, I can aſſure you, I am a heartie Servant of your ſo juſt, and fair Commands; and that I may but exerciſe them, as ſucceſſefullie, as I undertake them cheerfullie. And, as for my wages, the wickedneſs of the Times, (whereof you complain too juſtlie) how great ſoever it be, ſhall not be able, to breed a falling out, or break anie ſquares, betwixt us, in this moſt righteous Covenant of my Services, and your Commands, in matters of this Nature. Neither am I minded, by anie meanes, to adde ſo much wickedneſſe of mine own, to that of the Times; as it would be, either to make anie doubt at all of your reall and cordiall integritie, in that your charitable Declaration, (I had ſaid Proteſtation, but for my care to avoid the worſt ſound) on your part; or on mine, to make any difficultie, or much delay, in my obedience.

But

But alaſs, how far more am I, from having ought to do, with thoſe happie Souls, whom our great Mother, in the beginning of her eleventh Chapter, defines to be, *Sievos de Amor*. A dear and happie Definition, and to which my Soul too, (as far as Deſires goe) would be a pretender, if I, and my pains, in works of this precious Nature, were to be bought, by none but worldlie rewards; as if our Maſter, Love, were ſo poor a Lord, that either he has not wherewithal to pay them, whom he ſets on work; or has it not at leaſt, of his own, but muſt be put to borrow abroad; Or we, if we were indeed, the true and hired Servants of Love, would not hold our ſelves well paid, by doing the verie Services themſelves; Services ſo ſweet, and Works ſo Noble, as never faile to pay their own wages, and ſo prevent all further Reckonings. And I, for mine own part, may the better, and more ſecurelie Philoſophiſe thus bravelie, as not being put yet, (Bleſſed be God) to taſt ſuch extreamities, as the proportion of my merits, and the mercileſſe Times, might well ſet out for me.

I, yet, want not bread, which I pray God, none of my betters doe; nor doth it come dry, but for the moſt part, is bathed with butter,

butter, or embalmed with milke, or ſome ſuch other ſweet and ſimple delicacies, as willing, and unwounded Nature reaches out, to her Children, with a readie hand.

Now this kind of Diet commends it ſelf, to my Diſh, by a double cheapneſſe; and not onely in the eaſier price, which they are wont to coſt, on our parts: but in the poor Creatures too, upon whoſe coſt more then ours (for the moſt part) they come. If the gentle Cow be well content daylie to ſwell her full bagge for me, and emptie it alſo ſo willinglie, into my Diſh; why ſhould my cruell Dinner, coſt her ſo much dearer, as it will do, if I betray her, to the Butcher's dreſſing; If my kind fellow-Creatures come with their hands full of free, and unbloudie Banquets, for my flowing Table; why ſhould the wantonneſſe of my Gluttonie flye in their faces for more, and tear out that Life, at once, with groanes, and wounds with ſo much regret, which they elſe would ſpend at leaſure, in a long-laſting Service, and liberal expenſe of themſelves for my ſupplie? Is nothing ſweet to us, but what is ſo bitter to them? Or cannot we keep our healths, and they their lives? Has Nature, the Common Mother,

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rated the nourishment of her Children, at a Reckoning so extreamlie unequall, partial, and disproportioned, that the one cannot be fat, unlesse he feed upon the Lives, and live upon the Deaths of the other? But this, for your Recreation; and for your pardon, if you will. Yet if you look in Prudentius, his Hymne for Grace before meat, has a passage, which will at least, make mine lesse criminall.

The welcome of a good Friend, into a forraign Country.

SIR,

I Have been told, that you had leave to passe the Sea, and that now you were, and would remain, at *Calais*. And therefore, as I cannot do more, for the present, Time and Place being considered, than salute you, after this manner, since my noble and dear friend *A. B.* intends to touch at your Garrison there, so neither did the love I bear you permit, that I should know, how to doe lesse. The War between the two Crowns of *France* and *Spain*, was never either so odious, or injurious to me as now, by with-holding me, from embracing you; besides.

Beſides that, I am grown old and ſicklie, and ſo leſſe able to make long journeys. What your intentions may be, concerning the diſpoſition of your perſon, I neither know, nor dare much enquire. But, I am ſure enough, that if your curioſitie would ſollicite you, to take a view of theſe Countries, (wherein you muſt give me leave to tell you, That, for my part, I have not in my whole life, ſeen a more agreeable Seiour than this; for it is both quick and quiet, and ſweet, and ſafe, and eaſie) I ſhould be extreamlie glad, of ſuch a dear and delightfull neighbourhood as yours; whereby we might once again be able to change thoughts with one another, and ſo look, as from a Port into a Storm. But, whether you will make me ſo happie or no, you ſhall not Sir, if it pleaſe you, deny, to do me the honour to love me ſtill, and to command me in all occaſions of your ſervice. As, on the other ſide, I can, and do aſſure you, in the word of truth, that I honour and love you ſtill entirely; and hope, that, howſoever the great world go, our litle one may ever paſſe, or rather ſtill remain, in the poſture of good relation to one another. But, dear Lord, how hath the True-Love's-Knot, which was wont to

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tie ſo manie noble and dear friends of yours and mine together, been broken now, or, at leaſt, diſſolved? Which gives me almoſt as ſad a meditation, as the *Quatuor Noviſſima*. But, in fine, the world we live in, is a poor one, and paſſing on away every minute. Or rather, this Beeing of ours, is not ſo properlie a Life, as a Play; and God onely is He, who can tell us, whether it ſhall prove a Tragedy or a Comedy, in the end, &c.

My deareſt Siſter,

LOng have I wiſhed for an opportunitie, to preſent you with my poor, yet cordiall and conſtant affections: but, not meeting with anie; the high eſteem I have of yours, obliges me to leave theſe lines to the mercie of thoſe miſcarriages, to which theſe miſerable times makes us ſubject. But, though my Pen hath been ſilent, yet, I have often enquired after you with care, which hath given ſome little ſatisfaction to my love. When I may hope to enjoy it fullie, I dare not aſk; for fear of giving you affliction. But yet, my dear Siſter, though place divide us, let us both be united in Him, who is as equally preſent in all places,

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to you, as me. It is in Him, where onelie is found that dear delightfull entertainment and commerce, which is worthie of a great and noble mind, which all these limited and transitorie objects cannot satisfie. And to his Omnipotent Providence do I remit my affections towards you, who are my second self. And since his infinite Mercies, have drawn the more unworthie part so near to Himself, in this solitude, this heaven; I am confident, he will bring the better also: for which, my poor prayers shall never fail to importune Him. But they are, my dear Sister, so truly poor, as that one of the manie Martyrdoms, which, I fear, you suffer, will oblige him, with a stronger kind of violence, to satisfie your desires. In the mean time, I now, as ever, will remain,

My dearest Sister,

February the 10th. 1648. *Your most affectionate Sister and Servant,* A. K.

A Letter of the ſame laſt Perſon to another friend, upon a very different occaſion.

SIR,

OUr beſt friend hath thought your abſence verie long; and it hath ſeemed a whole age to me. But becauſe I was the laſt with you, ſhe is afraid, that I may have ſaid or done ſomewhat, which might be leſſe pleaſing to you; for which, dear Sir, I ſhould be extreamlie ſorrie, you being a perſon, whom I have both ſuch reaſon, and ſuch deſire to pleaſe. But reallie, Sir, there are certain neceſſities in this life, which makes us uncapable, to complie as much as we could wiſh, with our friends. And my not being able to do it ſo with you, is the greateſt mortification I have, and wholie againſt my will, becauſe it is neither uſefull nor juſt. I hope, Sir, that the friendſhip of your noble heart, will not prove (as your *St. Auguſtine* ſaith) ſo unfriendlie, as to be a puniſhment to it ſelf. And I humbly pray you, Sir, for our Bleſſed Mother's ſake, let us here enjoy you quickly, who are ſo dear a friend and ſervant

vant of hers, and by whose means, the greatest desire which I have to become her true child, may be holpen on; and that so, we here may all be the abler, to expresse the gratefull sense we have, of your many favours, who hold the first place of Benefactours in our hearts. I have also many questions to ask you, my dear Sir, for mine own greater good; for I may well go to others for Ceremonie, but to you onely for Satisfaction, to whose service I consecrate my self for ever.

The 8th. *of July,*

A Letter of a noble Lady, to an humble Servant of hers. It is of meer courtesie and favour.

SIR,

IT is now a year and some months, since I received a Letter from you; and, upon that Letter, resolved, that you would expect no more from me. So that under your own hand, I had a fair discharge; if my good nature, and old affection to your service, would have been so content. Besides, our age gives us not likelihood, of many Epistles from either side. But, I find, you

could have been content, to leave off sooner then I can; for, (I speak it behind your back) I find, since I left you, scarce anie so worthie friends, or so good companie. The Scene's alter'd with me; I have been this eight months in *England*, the prettiest place for ill nature and uncivilitie, that can any where be found: the gallanter sort of people cut one another's throats; the wiser undermine, and so destroy; Fools and Women betray, detract, and so, at least, weaken, if not ruine one another. I desire verie much, that such as you, would come over; and, if not rectifie, make us asham'd of what we do. For, believe me, Sir, To be honest, friendlie, and good natur'd, would shew here like a miracle: And, I think, you would not find one of your acquaintance, but has changed their mind more than their face; and yet, Time is an ill layer up of Faces, as, certainlie, you find everie where. I had, in the Postscript of your Letter, the honour of a remembrance from the Countesse of *Arundel*, to whom, I beseech you, present my most humble service. I look everie evening, as I walk that way, upon *Tart-hall* with a sad eye; such is my prospect too, from manie other noble places, verie strangelie inhabited now. But I have

have gotten again into mine own old poor Neſt, which, in my abſence, had had the honour to receive, &c. But, had you ſeen it, you would have thought it had been inhabited with *Eſtriches*, of excellent ſtomack; for, they had not onely eaten up the things of lighter diſgeſtion, but Lead, Iron, Pumps, and Curtain-Rods, to the laſt Lock and Key about the Houſe, &c.

A Letter of the ſame Perſon to the ſame; which deſcribes another very afflicted Creature.

SIR,

I Muſt confeſſe, if I could have choſen, I neither would nor ought to have written to you now. Alas, Sir, all my Storie is Tragedie, and all my converſation but begging and importunitie. When I was at *Roan*, I thought, that if I could get me to *Paris*, I ſhould there put my ſelf into ſome ſuch chearfulneſſe of diſpoſition, as would have made a Letter of mine not unacceptable to you; but, God knows, how much I met to the contrarie. For, (to omit meaner things, which yet were troubleſome enough, and which I will relate to you

hereafter) my poor Daughter, whom you were wont to favour ſo much, was forced ſuddainly and ſtrangely away into another world, by a violent Feavour, at *Paris*; the grief of which ſad accident, hath ſwallowed up the memorie of a thouſand little miſeries, which elſe I ſhould have been ſure to have felt. And, I beſeech, you fail not to viſit me, if ever you come to *Paris* again. For now, you and I are grown to be in an age, wherein to promiſe our ſelves no certaintie, of making manie long journeys, or living in anie City built with hands. In the mean time, for the preſent, I muſt tell you a little ſtorie, and a ſtrange one; *N. N.* hath been here with me theſe four daies; he is a verie lamentable ſpectacle. Put all things out of your heart, that ever you were offended with him for, and give him your pittie; for, never poor Gentleman has been ſo horridly uſed; it is unexpreſſible, under what inventions he has ſuffered. He hath ſeen no body ſince he came to *Paris*, but us; and this day got a Paſſe to come to *Flaunders* to you, meerly to you; but, I will keep him with me as long as I can; for, indeed, it is not fit he ſhould be yet amongſt ſtrangers. He paid, &c. in one day, for his Ranſom; and that would

would ſhake a good Eſtate in theſe times. But, that is nothing; were not his whole frame of mind and body much broken. God, in Heaven, be his comfort. He is juſt now ridden abroad, and did not know, when he went out, that I ſhould have an opportunitie of writing to you at this time; otherwiſe, I am ſure, my Letter would have been companied with one of his. Sir, I beſeech you pardon all faults, and give it me under your hand; for reallie, Sir, I am from the verie bottom of my heart, your, &c.

A Letter of Excuſe, for Silence.

SIR,

SIlence, it ſeems, is not alwaies a vertue. Nay, it will be well, in my caſe, if it can come off with the imputation of but a modeſt vice; for, Ingratitude gives it ſuch an excellence of evill, that I could almoſt (in your own quarrell) find in my heart to chide you, for chiding me ſo gently as you do. I confeſſe, I am moſt unworthie, not onely of your pardon, but even of ſo ſweet a puniſhment, and ſo welcom a chaſtiſement, as a Letter from you; though you ſhould have laboured to put into it,

all the anger that you could have collected, both from your own justice, and my guiltinesse. And well may I be free in my confession, of a fault, which lies under so evident a conviction, as that silence it self can find a voice to accuse me with. But yet, though I cannot deny the accusation, nor pretend, that you should believe what I say, rather then what my silence saies; you must give me leave, so far to appeal from the voice of my silence, to the voice of my conscience, as to make this protestation; That, notwithstanding, whatsoever evidence is, by that first, brought in against me, this second voice will bear witnesse for me; that, inasmuch as concerns the faithfull and dutifull affection of my soul, to your dear memory, and the correspondence of my desires, to expresse it upon all occasions, as I parted from you with a heart, full charged with your favours and charities, and with a tender sense of them, on my part; so, wheresoever I have been, I have carried it with me, nor have let fall the beloved burthen all the way I came hither, by Sea or Land; nor laid it aside here in health or sickness. Of the truth of this protestation, besides God and mine own conscience, my povertie and unworthi-

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neſs allows me no witneſſe. And this old fooliſh fault, I have ever had, of a certain liſtleſneſſe to writing of Letters which puts me alſo in danger, of loſing the credit of their Teſtimonies too. But I have truſt in your much goodneſſe, that I ſhall find you as large and bountifull in allowing me your belief, as I have found you heretofore in the reſt of your favours, &c.

A Letter of meer Courteſie, from a noble Lady to a noble Friend, who was growing wiſe. 1651.

SIR,

IT is in my account, a very great while ſince I heard from you; and you may, and peradventure will, take this little ſignification of mine, for an argument of my kindneſſe, when you give your ſelf the pain to reflect, upon the reaſons I have to be better ſatisfied of late, than I have formerly been; ſince now I am come to finde, that ſome of the beſt of my friends, are freed from thoſe greateſt inconveniences and dangers wherein they were; becauſe you know, that the arrivall of new contentments, makes time ſeem ſhort. But yet,

now, to allay all the little pleaſures which happen to me, a neceſſity comes upon me, for going to that place, and to thoſe perſons, which, of all other in this whole World, is moſt juſtly miſliked by me ; beſides, that I muſt alſo leave all thoſe worthie perſons abroad (in whom I am moſt concerned) in a very poore and neceſſitous condition ; and really, nothing can be much worſe for me, than that ſenſe of trouble, and ſufferance, which I cannot chuſe but have, by ſeeing and hearing, that others, who are my dear friends, ſuffer too.

As for you, Sir, you may well make your ſelf very ſure, that your contemplations, put into Epiſtles, will both be welcome, and ſeaſonable to me ; and therefore I beſeech you omit not writing, for want either of newes or elſe of ſuch other things, as wherewith it is the faſhion for people to ſtuff their Letters, whereof, I well perceive, that you care not now, to make uſe. And in earneſt, if I hear not from you ſometimes, you will give me cauſe enough to complain ; ſince you will, by that means, render the poor life I lead, more uneaſie to me. And this, I am full of hope, your own generoſity, will make you carefull to forbear towards one, who is ſufficient-

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ly unfortunate alreadie; and is, besides, most sincerelie, your faithfull true friend, and humble Servant.

This Letter was written by Dame Mary Knatchbull, *Lady* Abbess *of the English Monastery at* Gant *to the Bishop of* Bollein, *by occasion of her Founding an English Monastery there.*

My Lord,

I Find it a great unhappinesse to appear faulty in a matter, wherein Honour, and Conscience, as well as my duty to your Greatnesse, obliged me to give a good account of my self. I understand by Monsieur *Chilew*, that your Lordship's permission for the admittance of those Religious Dames, I sent to *Bollein*, was not in fit manner sought, or obtained, before they came thither; which proves a just exception on your Lordship's part, both against them and me. I am grieved and confounded thereat, as if I had been no less faulty, then unfortunate in the matter; but considering your Lordship's great Nobleneſſe, and Piety, (the

(the fame whereof is not confined within *France*) I am moved to confide, you will pardon theſe exceſſes of frailtie, which my ignorance in experience, and want of language, to introduce my ſelfe, may have occaſioned. Yet withall, I beſeech your Lordſhip to take notice, that I ſent an Expreſſe from hence, to offer you my duty, and confer my deſires in this matter, with you; and finding that he had failed in his Commiſſion, I called a Noble Gentleman my Kinſman out of *England*, who might as well in the name of all our friends, as of my ſelf, and Community, beſeech your Lordſhip to honour with your protection, and favors, thoſe ten Religious, whom the fame of your Sanctity, had made me ambitious to eſtabliſh, under your paternall Government; ordering him withall, to aſſure your Lordſhip that they ſhould be ſo compleatly furniſhed with temporalls, as ſhould free you and the Town, from any burthen in that poynt. It ſeems he alſo omitted his dutie, yet aſſured me, Your Lordſhip would be found very concurring; which was no little comfort and incouragement to me. Sr. *Walter Haſtings* failed not to intimate your Lordſhip's pleaſure of having caution for an Annuall maintainance for thoſe Religious,

ligious, I should send thither, and I ever resolved to comply with my duty and your desire in this point, and the omission of signifying it, was rather to avoid importunity, than any will to prove faulty. I have now procured orders to *Mr. Tosi* of *Callais*, for the giving your Lordship the Caution which you desire; and that, even without those very Regular limits your Lordship proposeth, because I hold it probable, that their first two or three yeares may be more expensive to them; and if, in the compass of that time, I find not the aire, and other necessary circumstances, well concurring to their settlement, I shall desire your Lordship's leave to call them back again, if it do, (as through the favour of Almighty God, and his Blessed Mother, I no way doubt but that it will) your Lordship then shall have all desired contentment, for the compleat Founding of their Monastery, there in *Bollein*. I beseech your Lordship to look on this Design, as a businesse whereby Almighty God is to be highly glorified; and lend the hand of your power, and piety to the support of it, by receiving into the armes of your goodnesse, and fatherly protection those poor Religious Dames; giving them your benediction, and gratious favour, for

their

their enablement to prosper, and proceed in vertue, and the atchievment of that glorious end, to which their aimes are directed. Renown on earth, and high rewards in Heaven, will be sure to wait upon your Lordship, for these blessed indeavours; and so shall eternally, the Vowes and Prayers of, &c.

A Letter of Thanks from a Noble Lady, to an humble Servant.

Noble Sir,

SInce I know your Generous Nature, as it loves to doe all things nobly, and hates to be told it, and so will never have patience to give my Thanks the hearing, I am forced to use this way for the avoiding of your greater trouble, and yet do my heart so much Justice as to acknowledge with humble Gratitude your last Night's noble favour, which I received with a great deal of Confusion, as being not guilty of deserving it; and so also with no lesse resentment lest my Service should not be so happy, as I wish it. For the only recompence which my Labours can desire to have, is, your acceptance; which alone will render them valu-

vauable. And if you will make me worth a good opinion either with my ſelfe or other, it will be by acknowledging to the World, Noble Sir, your obliged, &c.

A Letter of much Kindneſſe and Compaſſion, of one dear Friend to another.

SIR,

THere is ſo great a Sympathie betwixt us, as, me-thinks, you cannot be ſick but I muſt needs be ſo too. The truth is that I have ſuffered a little in that kind, ſince I ſaw you laſt; but now I am much leſſe ill, which makes me hope, as I am very ſure I deſire, that you are well. And if not, me-thinks I could rather be content to be ſick again, than you ſhould want ſociety in your ſufferance. Laſt Night, I ſent you that which you commanded; and I moſt humbly begge your pardon, for needing a ſecond Summons to obey your commands, and am aſhamed, that my little indiſpoſition could make me omit, that is forget to ſerve the beſt friend I have. Believe me, I am not pleaſed with my ſelf for it; but ſince I know your will to pardon is greater, than mine was

to

to offend, I am encouraged to conceive and hope, that you are not angry with me; though yet I shall be heartily glad, to understand that truth by this Bearer; and withall, both how you do, and what service it may be possible for me to perform to one, whom I do so dearly and so justly love.

A Letter from the King of Morocco *to the King of* England, *requesting him to joyn with him in War against other Countries.*

WHen these our Letters shall happen to come to your Majestie's sight, I wish the Spirit of the righteous God may so direct the Powers of your mind, that you may joyfullie embrace the Messages I send, presenting unto you the means of exalting the Majestie of God, and your Name renowned amongst men. The Regall Power allotted to our charge, makes us common servants to our Creator, then of those whom we govern, (the People.) So that observing the duties we owe to our God, we deliver blessings to the world; in providing for the publique good of our States,

States, we magnifie the Honour of our God: like the Cœleſtiall Bodies, that though they have much veneration, yet ſerve each to yield benefit to the world. It is the excellencie of our Office to be Inſtruments, whereby great happineſſes are delivered to the Nations. Pardon me, this is not to inſtruct; for, I know, I ſpeak to one that is more clear and quicker of ſight, than my ſelf. But I ſpeak this, becauſe God hath pleaſed to grant me Victory, over ſome part of thoſe rebellious Pirats, that have ſo long moleſted the peacefull Trade of *Europe*. And hath preſented further occaſion, to rout and extirpate the generation of thoſe, that have been ſo pernicious to the good of our Nations: I mean, that ſince it hath pleaſed God to be ſo auſpicious to our beginning, in the Conqueſt of *Salley*, we might joyne and ſucceed, with hope of like ſucceſſe, in War againſt *Tunnis*, *Argier*, and other places; Dens and Receptacles, for the inhuman villanouſneſſe of thoſe, that abhor Rule and Government. Whom whilſt we extirpate, the corruption of malignant ſpirits of the Work, we ſhall glorifie the Great God, and perform a duty that will ſhine as glorious, as the Sun or Moon, which all the Earth

Earth may ſee and reverence. A work, which ſhall aſcend as ſweet, as the perfume of the moſt precious odours, in the noſtrills of the Lord. A work, gratefull and happie to men. A work, whoſe memorie ſhall be renown'd, as long as there ſhall be any that delight to read the actions of Heroick and magnanimous ſpirits. That ſhall laſt as long, as there be any remaining amongſt men, that love and honour the piety and vertue of noble minds.

This action I here willinglie preſent to you, whoſe pious vertues are equall to the dignitie of your power; that we, who are ſervants to the Great and Mighty God, may joyne hand in hand, in the glorie this Action preſents to us.

Now becauſe the Iſlands which you Govern, have been ever-famous for the unconquered ſtrength of their Shipping, I have ſent theſe my truſtie Servants and Ambaſſadours, to know, Whether in your Princelie Wiſdom, you ſhall think fit to aſſiſt me with ſuch Forces, as ſhall be anſwerable to thoſe I provide by Land: Which, if you pleaſe to grant, I doubt not, but the Lord of Hoſts will protect and aſſiſt thoſe, that fight in ſo glorious a Cauſe. Nor ought you to thinke this ſtrange, that

that I, much reverencing the peace and accord of Nations, ſhould firſt exhort to War: Your great Prophet, *Chriſt Jeſus*, was the Lion of the Tribe of *Judah*, as well as the Lord and Giver of Peace; which may ſignifie unto you, That he who is a maintainer of Peace, muſt alwaies appear with the terrour of his Sword; and, wading through the Seas of Blood, muſt arrive to Tranquillity. This made *James* your Father, of glorious Memorie, ſo happilie renown'd amongſt all Nations. 'Twas the noble fame of your Princely vertues, which reſounded even to the utmoſt corners of the earth, that perſwaded me to invite you to partake of that bleſſing, wherein I boaſt my ſelf moſt happie. I wiſh, God may heap the riches of his mercy on you, and encreaſe your happineſſe with the daies of your name, in all Ages.

A Letter from one Friend to another, being an excuſe for not returning, accordingly; with an acknowledgment of Courteſies receiv'd: As alſo a preſentation of ſervice to a third Perſon.

SIR,

YOu muſt needs excuſe me to Sir *F. W.* I found him not at *Cherſey* whom I went to ſeek; here I am within ſcent, but not within view of him yet, ſo as I cannot return as I purpoſed, till to morrow or next day: when I will better expreſſe my thankfull mind for ſo friendly an entertainment. Perplexity is not more painfull to anie man than to me, nor aſſurance of ill fortune leſſe painfull. The firſt of theſe conditions is mine, ſo as I promiſe my ſelf your prayer for my diſpatch; and much more your pardon of my laſt, both in the morning, and at this time. So I commend my ſervice to Sir *F. W.* and my love to you.

A Letter from one Friend to another, upon commendation of a third person.

SIR,

I Thank you for yours, from *Collein*; and you shall thank me for this, since, by it, I give you the knowledge and service of Mr. *Gage*, whom I know not to commend, either more highlie, or more trulie, than by saying, That he is worthie of your love. He knows already by me, how much he is obliged to you; and let me now assure you, that you are mightilie so to him, for the livelie inclination that he carries to you, and your service; besides the worthie estimation, that he makes of your parts. I believe you love him; and, be no niggard of your self to him, who hath that wit to understand your language; and who will, and shall ever, have that heart to serve you, with the fellow of that entire affection, which you shall be sure to find in

Your faithfull friend.

A Letter from one Friend to another.

This Letter first questioneth, whether the sender

of that Letter, to which this is an Answer, was at the same place he therein wrote himself to be. And then familiarly discourseth of severall matters.

SIR,

YOur Train takes not fire. I received a young Letter from you, dated as out of *England*; but I will not believe, but that you were as far as *Venice*, upon your way to *Florence*, when you wrote it: And that, after these heates, we shall have you here; Or if, indeed, you be in *England*, what wind, or water could drive you back so soon? I am not so glad of any thing I got to day (except my dinner,) as I am of having lost my place, this Parliament: and, next the not exercising of it my self, I am most glad, you had it not. It is an hard choice, when a man must either be undone or damn'd.

Your observation of *Sr. Francis* was wont to be true touching unsaleable War, but since I hear, he hath married a pretty Wench of sixteen years old. It seems the Clyents are as fortunate as the Advocate, since their Seditious-Pamphlets procured favour, whereas the Papists are punished for saying nothing.

Which

Which courſe hath procured the apprehenſion of *F. M.* who is laid up in the inquiſition, and ſo, they ſay, ſhall all they be, that come to *Rome*, not Catholiques.

Upon the removing of the Pillers of old St. *Peters*, were found very many medalls of Gold, with the image of *Conſtantine* the Founder.

Sr. Thomas Shirley is come to *Naples*, is gallant, but came not thither So ; *Sr. Anthony* is in *Barbary*, as brave as the Sun, and I think as hot as the Sun can make him. We think that the *Venetians* buſineſs will accommodate a friend of yours and mine, they ſay, hath been an enemy to his own reputation, in changing his occupation to be a blower of coals.

Since you have made your ſelf my debter, I look you ſhould diſcharge your ſelfe, to every payment you ſhall receive my acquittance; and I would promiſe to love you for that favour, if you had not as much of that already as you can have.

A Letter from a Friend to a Friend, acknowledging a favour conferred upon him by the Commendation of a friend of his to an Embaſſadour; and, for recompence of that favour, deſires his friend to lay his Commands upon him.

SIR,

EVer ſince I knew you, I did much eſteem your perſon, for that admiration, I had of your parts; but I confeſſe, that all this is tranſlated into a Cordiall and tender love, but of a latter date. Herein I am much confirmed by the faithfull profeſſion, which you were pleaſed to make of yours to me, at our laſt parting, which I pray God may not prove to have been our laſt. And partlie alſo by the honourable teſtimony, which I perceived by my Lord Embaſſadour, that you had given, in his hearing, of my friend Mr. *Gage*.

It was worthie of his excellent parts, and vertues; and moſt worthie of your excellent judgment. For that which concerned

cerned him you have your thanks alreadie from the conſcience of having exerciſed a Juſt and Noble Act. But for that which concerns me, you have them here, moſt affectionatelie preſented; and accompanied by my earneſt deſires, that you will command me in ſomewhat of your ſervice, upon which I ſhall flie with much appetite, ſo much as that I had rather doe than ſay.

Caſt me I beſeech you if you pleaſe at the feete of that Excellent Noble man my Lord Embaſſadour. I accuſe my heart, for not being able to honour him, as much as it ought; but it ſhall never be able to accuſe me, for not doing it as much as I can,

Your moſt humble, &c.

A Letter from the ſame friend to another, concerning the long ſilence of his, in not anſwering a Letter to him ſent, together with a cordiall proteſtation of friendſhip, and an earneſt deſire of his ſociety.

SIR,

I Am now paſt my account of months, and grown into that of years, ſince I find my ſelf in your debt, for a very kind Letter ſent by my old Servant *Nicolas*. But the-not-knowing where to finde the Creditour, is a ſufficient excuſe for the Debtor, even at the Common Law; and much more in the Court of Friendſhip, which is yet more favourable than the Chancery. Sir, I beſeech you believe that though my body rowle up and down, my mind in the affection I bear you, is ſtill where it was, and there (ſince it is already at the full grouth) it ſhall ever remain. In the mean time, I am glad more than I can ſay, that you are come ſo neer as *A.* for if you be but Iron, *Paris* I hope will quickly have enough of the Adamant, to draw you to it. Then I will

will tell you, if I can, how much you are esteemed and loved by your, &c.

A Letter from one friend to another, largely discoursing of the arraignment and charge of a third person and so concludes with other matters of busineß.

SIR,

SInce I am promised a welcome to *Purford* without condition, I will leave nothing untold upon that design, but upon the abundance of busineſſe, and the want of time, between late at night, and early in the morning, which is all the allowance that your man will make me. Upon the seventeenth Sr. *Walter Rawleigh* was arraigned by the former commiſſion, wherein he behaved himself so worthylie, so wisely, so temperatelie, that in half a day, the mind of all the company was changed, from the extreameſt Fate, to the greateſt Pittie.

The points wherewith he was charged. Sedition in *Scotland*, Invasion here, the setting up of *Arabella's* Title, the procuring of

of 600000 Crowns to be distributed upon discontented persons, the deliverie to *Cobham* of a book against the King's Title, that *Cobham* should procure *Arabella*, to write for assistance to the King of *Spain*, and to promise, first a peace; Secondlie, a toleration of Religion; Thirdlie, a resolution to be Governed by them in her marriage, a purpose to destroy the King, and his issue; and that all was done by the instigation of *Rawleigh*.

Touching the setting up of *Arabella*, nothing at all was proved, nor touching the Invasion here, or Sedition in *Scotland*, or the destruction of the King, &c.

It was confessed by *Rawleigh*, that *Cobham* offered him eight, or ten thousand Crowns, from the Arch-duke, to make him a favourer of the peace; which he yet accepted not, but referred him to another time. Such a book as was spoken of, he denied not to have had, but denied that he sent it to *Cobham*.

The proof against *Rawleigh* did rest onely upon *Cobhams* accusation, and some presumptions, whereof that onlie was the ground.

Rawleigh spent the time in disabling that accusation, as being onlie uttered in furie, by

by reaſon, that, by a device, *Cobham* was brought to think, that *Rawleigh* had firſt accuſed him.

The Truth was this;

You muſt know, that *Rawleigh* being Queſtioned, before *Cobham* was ſpoken of, and having in opinion diſcharged himſelf, wrote (out of what ſtrange humour the God of Heaven knows) to the Lord *Cicill*, and adviſed him, in that Letter, that one *Rhenſey*, who was imployed here in the Arch-duke's matters, and moſt ſtreightly acquainted and much uſed by *Cobham*, ſhould be called upon; for that, if any practice were that way, he were likelieſt to be at one end of it.

This part of that Letter was ſhewed by the Lords to *Cobham*, who imagining himſelfe, thereby to be accuſed of all that *Rawleigh* knew, burſt out into bitter exclamations againſt *Rawleigh*. Oh! Traitor *Rawleigh*, O wretch, twentie times over, I will utter all, ſeeing it is you, that hath procured me to all this villany, &c.

Rawleigh's defence was, that this accuſation, proceeded out of paſſionate revenge, and therefore was in it ſelfe, diſabled to touch a mans life; beſides, that he had relented it, and repented it; and although afterwards,

terwards, by practice, he did affirm it, yet would he never be brought to set his hand, to the examination, all which was cleer. His labour was to prove out of Divinity, Civill Law, Statute Law, Common Law, and Conscience, (in every of which, he had been plentifullie read,) these two points, first, that there ought to be produced against him two witnesses; secondly, that his accuser might be brought to accuse him face to face.

But the Judges resolved that this latter request, did not stand with the use of Law, and to the former was answered, that a witnesse accusing another, together with himselfe, was *instar multorum*. Many excellent reasons he used in disproof of these opinions, but to little purpose, as it proved: for the Jury, without pause, delilivered up their verdict, that he was guiltie.

Some circumstances there were to give presumption, but no proof at all, But that which weighed most with me was, that so soon as *Rawleigh* had been questioned the first time at large, when *Cobham* was not so much as named, he speedily dispatched a Letter to *Cobham* to this effect, [I have

have been examined of divers points touching you, before the Lords of the Councell, but I have cleered you in all. Be firme and know that one witneſſe cannot hurt you.] Which Letter ſeemed to have been written by *Rawleigh* rather to Arme *Cobham*, for that which might be to come, than to inſtruct him for that which was paſſed; ſince there was in truth no ground for ſuch a ſpeed. Again, it was urged, that, a month before *Cobham's* accuſation, *Brooke* had delivered it, as out of *Cobham's* mouth, that [*Cobham* and *Rawleigh* were upon the Maine, and that it would never be well, till the King and his Subjects, were made away.]

To this was anſwered: *Brook* was his known Enemy, and therefore cared not what he uttered to indanger *Rawleigh*; and beſides, that *Cobham* had never confeſſed that under his hand. To the other point of *Rawleighs* Letter, the weakneſſe of his anſwer made it ſtrong, for he denied it improbably. But howſoever, the main evidence being *Cobham's* accuſation, which (all things conſidered) was no more to be weighed than the barking of a dog. I would not, for much, to have been of the Jurie, to have found him guilty.

For

For, a little before the Jury was going forth, after that *Rawleigh* had put himself upon this, that *Cobham* had never throughly departed from his relentation, and that if he would *viva voce*, accuse him of any part, he would confesse the whole indictment.

The Atturney read a Letter from *Cobham* to the Lords, bearing date the 16th of this month, wherein he did again generally accuse *Rawleigh* as before, and particularly, that he had promised to become a Pensioner to the King of *Spain*, for fifteen hundred pounds by the year, for which he would discover to him all the secrets he could come by: and withall confessed that *Rawleigh* had procured him, eight or ten dayes before, to justifie him by Letter, which though he had done by importunity, yet this last Letter to the Lords, he protested was true. To which, *Rawleigh* answered, confessing that *Cobham* had offered him such a Pension, but that he not onely accepted it not, (though *Cobham* told him of divers great Councellours, as namely the Lord *Cecill* Lord of *Mase*, should have been offered the like, for the furtherance of the peace) but so disswaded *Cobham* from thinking of the like, as that he beleeved never

never to hear more of it. And as for the Letter, which *Cobham* confeſſed to have written in *Rawleighs* juſtification, it was true, and there it was; deſiring the Lord *Cecill* to read it, (which he did) and praying the Jury to mark how much more proteſtingly, and particularly, that was written to acquit him, than the other to condemn him.

For mine own part, I never heard any thing ſo religiouſlie accour'd as thus, Leſt he ſhould be guilty of the blood of an innocent, which he did continually hear crying to God for vengeance, therefore he had ſaid thus much for the innocency of *Rawleigh*, which upon the hope that he had of Salvation, in the word of a Chriſtian, (and I know not how many of the moſt ſerious proteſtations) was true, ſo that he might conclude now with Daniel, *Purus ſum à Sanguine hujus.*

The arraignment of the Lords, is put off till Friday, it is doubtfull, who ſhall dye, and who not, but moſt doubtfull of *Rawleigh.* The Lord *Cecill* carried himſelfe favourably towards him that day; the Atturney moſt inſolently.

Notwithſtanding there were many occaſions given, *Rawleigh* took no hold to purge

purge himſelfe, from the imputations that lye upon him by reaſon of his carriage towards my Lord of *Eſſex*, nor yet from Atheiſm, which the Chief Juſtice and the Atturney, did extream bitterly remember him of. On the other-ſide, the Councell learned, urged not the leaſt word againſt him, by occaſion of the guilty blow, he gave himſelf in the Tower.

mſ. Will you laugh? Serjeant *Heale*, opening that part of the evidence, wherein it was ſaid to have advanced *Arabella* Stewart; &c. opened his mouth and ſaid, [One that hath no more Title to the Crown, than I have, which before you all I utterly renounce.] And after, Lord Admirall ſaid, that *Arabella* being there, had deſired him, to ſay ſomewhat in her defence, and that ſhe deſired of God to be damned, if ever ſhe conſented, &c.

Letters muſt be counted long, or ſhort, according to the occaſion that begets them; and therefore, in reſpect of the matter, I ſhould excuſe a long Letter; though in reſpect of my laſt, and want of time, my memory is ſo much confounded, that you will think it ſhort enough.

When

When I ſee you next, you cannot ſhake me off in a ſenight. Tell *S. F. W.* I will ſcarce thank him for his entertainment of me then, when I ſhall bring the particulars with me: which I do not forbear to deliver now, out of any reaſon I have yet alleadged, *ſed quia literæ ſunt loquaces*, and may loſe their way.

My Bedfellow, Mr. *John's* bids me ſay thus much to you, he hath been long in hand, with Sr. *Eſkins*, for Oaking Parke, wherein he finds it a great impediment, that *S. F. W.* is about it, whereby the price is already grown much higher. If *S. F. W.* his mind be not much bent upon it, and that out of his courteſie and deſire of a good neighbour, or by the meanes of your motion he will give away to this deſire, you ſhall make him moſt beholding to you both.

I hear that *F. B.* is gotten with Child either by *Fra. C.* or by her brother *George Brooke*, which is rather thought. *Sir Thomas Jermyn* hath obtained the reverſion of *Jerſey*. *Philip Herbert*, and *James Hayes*, joyned in a Suit for Tranſportation, of I know not how many cloaths, and have obtained it, to the value of 10000l. No certaine ſpeech of any remove; they talk of *Chiche-*

ſter; and even now your man talks of *Purford*, and will needs be telling me, how far it is from hence. But I have gotten leave of him, to bid you both farewell.

A Letter from a Courtier to a friend of of his, inviting him to the Court; and afterwards, familiarly and pleaſantly diſcourſing of Court-affairs.

SIR,

YOur friends are ſorry, that you make your ſelf ſo great a ſtranger; but, you beſt know your own occaſions. Howbeit, if you have any deſigne towards the Court, it were good you did prevent the loſſe of any more time. For, Experience and Reaſon are at odds in this, that the places of Attendance, ſuch as may deſerve you, grow dailie dearer, and ſo are like to do. Notwithſtanding that, the King's hand is neither ſo full, nor ſo open, as it hath been. You have not a poor friend, that would be gladder of your good fortunes; and out of that conſcience, I challenge to my ſelf this liberty. My ſuit hath paſſed the greateſt part of the Pikes, the Signet and Privy Seal; *ſi non caſtè, tamen cautè*; and if I had any

any faith in worldly matters, I ſhould not ſo much as ſuſpect it at the Great Seal; neither do I greatly. The Lord Treaſurer, and Lord *Harry*, ſhall be made Earls. There is a ſpeech of my good Lord *Cecill*. And a whiſpering of your Lord chancellor; but that is yet *in nubibus*. The report of creating ſo many Barons is laid abed, and, I think, aſleep. There will be good plenty of Knights at an eaſie rate. The King goes to the *Tower* on *Munday*; from whence, before that time, the Lords, priſoners, and *Rawleigh*, and *Copleigh*, &c. ſhall be removed to other Priſons. Lord *Cecill* hath preferred his man *Martury* to be a groom of the Privy-Chamber. It is reſolved, they ſay, that the Prince ſhall not have the Title of Prince of *Wales*, but of *England*; he ſhall be created Earl of *Cheſter*. Sir *Henry Goodyere* is well, but no better then when you ſaw him. When I was at *Purford*, I left behind me Mr. *Bacon*'s Diſcourſe of matters Eccleſiaſticall; I pray you return it by this Bearer. It cannot be, but we ſhall ſee you ſhortly. Commend my beſt ſervice to Sir *Francis Wolley*, and my beſt wiſhes to your ſelf, together with the aſſurance, that I remain,

Your, &c.

A Letter from the same Person, to the same Friend, upon the same Subject; but a great deal larger.

SIR,

IT is long since you were in *London*, and long since I was at *Purford*; but not so long. I did once adventure to perswade, that we might see you, though you had begun with good fellowship, you might, perhaps have proceeded with businesse. But, since perswasions will not serve the turn, I threaten you with my comming to *Purford* within a fortnight, except, before that time, you come and tell me, that I shall have no welcome. In the mean time, I trust, it shall be no offence to interrupt your melancholly, in which soever of the fair walks it shall possesse you, with this remembrance, of my good wishes; and more than so, saving that I cannot shew more. I know not what intelligence you have here, or what spies you are in fee withall. I could be content to write till I were weary, and it would be long first. If I were not afraid in your behalf, of that verse, *Occidit miseros crambe repetita Magistros*; rather

ther than kill you, I would punish your absence with silence; silence after a sort; for somewhat I will say, for my part. And if *Sir Goodyere* shall discharge himself upon any promise of mine, he wrongs me, and he deceives you. The Speaker behaves himself not very insufficiently, but very insolently; but, with all his faults, he guides the House verie much, a fault, that manie would not bear with in him, but that he makes amends most daies, by being ridiculous. If the Bill of Generall Pardon were passed, I would tell you, that Sir *Herbert* mistakes all Messages, to, and from the Lords, even to the corruption of the matter. Sir *Roger Aston*, the other day, delivered to us from the King, that *in verbum principium*, he would do that which we desired. The vild Speakers are, *Hoskins*, *Fuller*, with an *&c cætera* of an hundred men. And surely, saving that Sir *George Moor* is your father in Sir John Bonns. Law, and not in conscience, he speaks as ill as ever he did, saving that he speaks not so much. Forgetfulnesse makes me bring the Captain of this Company into the Rearward, Sir *Doctor Paddy*. The choise and usuall Speakers are, *Bacon*, *Sir Edwin Sands*, *Yelverton*, *Martin*, with some few more. I am content to tell you, that Sir *Maurice Barkley*

hath done exceeding well, and, ſo that you believe me, you ſhall have good leave to wonder at it with me. The Bill againſt Purveyors is ready to be Engroſſed, but, I think, nothing will come of it. The Bill for Reformation of Abuſes in the Exchequer, is long ſince paſſed us, and ſo is the Bill againſt Tranſportation of Ordnance. The matter of Privileedge concerning Sir *Goodwin*, and now concerning Sir *Sherley*, together with the Conſiderations upon the Union, have been the impediments of all other worthy matters. The Warden of the *Fleet* is committed to the *Tower*, to a place called *Little-Eaſe*, for refuſing to bring in the body of Sir *Sherley*; but how we ſhall obtain our deſire therby, I foreſee not. Touching the Union, divers projects have been ſent to the Houſe, and one Letter: Send me word, which of them you have, that I may ſend or bring you them you want. The matter ſtands thus.

The name of *Brittanie* was abſolutely refuſed, upon thoſe reaſons, whereof, I think, you have long ſince ſeen ſome copy. And now it is onely required, that Commiſſioners may be authoriſed, by act of Parliament, to treat with like Commiſſioners from *Scotland*, of matters concerning both Kingdoms.

Kingdoms. But, the meaning is, whatſoever the pretence be, that the points of differences may be accommodated, for an Union to follow after. Sir *William Cornwally* hath taken upon him to anſwer the Objections againſt the Union, but they are done ſo lamely; and, although it ſeem ſcarce poſſible, ſo much worſe than his Book, as (if he were not a kind friend of yours) I would expreſſe that wonder which I have in my heart, how he keeps himſelf from the Coat with the long ſleevs It is incredible to think, if it were not true, that ſuch ſimplicity of conceit could not be joyned in him, with ſo impudent utterance. There is now no ſpeech of compoſition for Wardſhips, or extinguiſhment of Monopolies. The Houſe is ſtrong in Puritans, the weaker for that ſtrength; ſo as to morrow they will confer, as by authoritie of the Houſe, with the Biſhops, touching the Religion and Diſcipline now eſtabliſhed. Whatſoever you ſhall hear of *Oſtend*, believe, that it will hold out a month or more, notwithſtanding that the Enemie is long ſince lodged upon the Rampart, and hath prevailed further ſince. The Eſtates Army, as is ſuppoſed, is ſtill in *Capand*, and having taken in *Iſendike*, *Ardenborough*, it is conceived,

ceived, that they will offer at the Siege of *Sluce*: But there is a rumour come, that they have also taken in *Blackenborough*, a strong place, within ten miles of *Ostend*; and they that believe that, they think of raising *Ostend* Siege. It is said again, that the Mutineers have made a composition with the Arch-Duke. The Ambassadour from *Spain*, being a Senatour of *Milane*, had audience yesterday, and this day Count *Aremberg*, *Richard*, and *Vere*, came from the Arch-Duke. The Carriages of the Constable of *Castile*, are many of them come, and he will follow, they say, but not, I believe, till these questions between the Armies have received some resolution. The Duke of *Florence* hath sent a great Present to the King, two Horses, with Furniture, four Mules, two Litters, fourteen Tun of Wine: And the Dutchess to the Queen, great store of Sweet-meats for the next Christning. If your wife had been delivered a little sooner, you might here have been provided at an easie rate. I forget my promise of making an end quickly; I am better than my word; and so as you will pardon my error of overdoing, I will be worse than my word hereafter, in writing, peradventure, but never in the protestation

ſtation that I make, eternally to reſpect and love you,

Yours, &c.

A Letter from a Lord to a Friend of his, in anſwer to a Letter wherein he was requeſted to do a courteſie for him.

SIR,

IF I be right remembred all it pleaſed you to command me for your ſervice, in this buſineſſe, was, that after I had breathed your name to his Majeſtie's eares, That then I would ſerve for a remembrancer. Know then Sir, that the remembrance of your vertue, is ſo reſtleſſe and ſo remaining with me, for the remembring of your buſineſſe, That I can neither forget the one, nor the other. Therefore thought I good to remember you with theſe lines, which becauſe they are unworthy of your eyes muſt be ſhort. But you ſhall ever find my affection, which is tyed upon the knots of your worth, equall in length with my life.

Your humble, &c.

A Letter from one, to the Queen of Bohemia; *upon presentation of a Book of Meditations to her.*

YOur Majesty hath had the patience heretofore to hear me deliver the messages of God to your self. In the hearing of me deliver my messages to God, I can hope for the continuance of your Majestie's patience. He is a very diffident man, that can doubt of that vertue in your Majestie; for of your great measure of that vertue, the World hath had more proofe than it needed. But I consider alwayes, that it had been in me a disloyall thing (I afford no milder a word to that fault) to have any way conjured to the exercising of your Majestie's patience; Therefore I have forborn, to thrust into your Majestie's presence my name, or any thing which hath proceeded from me, though alwayes the dignity of the subject, and sometimes the expresse commandment, sometimes the gracious alarum of your most royall Father, might have gon far in my excuse, in such a boldnesse to your Majestie. Now (for since I am doing

doing a bold action, I may ſpeak words that ſound of boldneſſe too) I ſurpriſe your Majeſtie, I take you at an advantage, I lay an obligation upon you, becauſe that which your Brother's Highneſſe hath received, your Majeſtie cannot refuſe. By your own example you can ſuffer, by his example you may be pleaſed to accept this teſtimony of the zeal of your, &c.

A Letter from the Queen of Bohemia, *in anſwer to the former.*

Good Doctor.

NOne ſhould have cauſe to pitty me, nor my ſelfe to complain, had I met with no other exerciſe of my patience, than the hearing of you deliver (as you call them) the meſſages of God, unto me : which truly I never did, but with delight, and I hope ſome meaſure of edification. No doubt then but I ſhall read yours to him with pleaſure, and I truſt by his aſſiſtance, to whom they are directed, not without profit. For what I have already read, I give you hearty thanks; and if my better fortunes make progreſſion with my reading (whereof I now begin to have good hope)

hope) I will not faile upon any good occasion to acknowledge this courteſie at your hands ; and in the mean time I remaine yours, &c.

A Letter from the ſame Perſon to the Queen of Bohemia, *upon preſenting of a Sermon to her.*

THough your Majeſty have a large patience, yet I humbly beſeech you, to remember, that I have not exerciſed it, ſince the boldneſſe of preſenting to your Majeſty, that Sermon, which was the firſt that was preached to the KING, almoſt a year ſince. We read of ſome, that have had anniverſary agues, one fit a year, and no more. If my zeal to appear in your Majeſtie's preſence, puſh me to an anniverſary importunity, and to ſhew my ſelf thus before you once a year, and no more ; your Royall goodneſſe, will be pleaſed to call it a modeſt boldneſs, and to ſay to your ſelf, in my behalf, Surely this poor Soul, who comes to me every year, in theſe his meditations for the publique, takes me with him every morning, in his private Prayers, and Devotions, to Almightie God. And when

when I am defective in that sacrifice, let me lose all the effect of all my other sacrifices, which I make for the happiness of your Majesties, &c.

A Letter from the same Queen, in Answer to the last Letter.

Good Doctor D.

YOu lay a double Obligation upon me: First in Praying for me, then in teaching me to Pray for my self, by presenting to me your labours: The benefit likewise I hope will be double, both of your Prayers, and my own; and of them both, to both of us; and as I am assured hereof, (though it hath pleased God to tryе me by some affliction;) so I desire of you, to be of my thankfulness unto you, and that I will remain readie upon anie good occasion to expresse as much as lies in the power of,

Your, &c.

A Letter from one to the Duke of Buckingham, *upon preſenting his Meditations to him.*

My moſt honoured Lord,

ONce I adventured to ſay to the Prince's Highneſs, that I was ſure he would receive a book from me the more graciouſlie, becauſe it was dedicated to your Grace. I proceed juſtlie upon the ſame confidence, that your Grace wil accept of this, becauſe that it is his by the ſame title. If I had not overcome that reluctation, which I had in my ſelf, of preſenting Devotions and Mortifications, to a young and active Prince, I ſhould not have ſent them unto your preſence, who have done ſo much, and have ſo much to do in this world, as that it might ſeem enough to think ſeriouſly of it. No man, in the body of Story, is a full preſident to you; nor any of future may promiſe himſelf, an adequation to his preſident, if he make You his. Kings have diſcerned the ſeed of high Vertue in many men, & upon that Gold they have ſet their ſtamp, their favour upon thoſe perſons; but then theſe Perſons have laboured under the Je-

Jelouſie of the future heir, & ſome few have had the love of King and Prince, but not of the Kingdome; and ſome of that too, but not of the Church. God hath raiſed your Grace ſo to them all, that as you have received obligations from the King and Prince, ſo you have laid obligations upon the State, and Church. They above, love you out of their judgment, becauſe they have loved you; and we below, love you out of our fulneſſe, becauſe you have loved us; and God ever loved them, whom good men loved. God's privie Seal, is the Teſtimony of a good Conſcience; and his broad Seal, is the outward Bleſſing of this world. But ſince the Pillar of Fire was ſeconded with a Pillar of Cloud, and all his temporall bleſſings have ſome partiall Eclipſes, and the pureſt Conſcience ſome remorſe: ſo, though he hath made your way to Glory, glory; and brought you in the arms and boſome of his Vice-gerent, into his own arms and boſome; yet then muſt we priſe a minute of true light, in a naturall death. And as the reading of the actions of Great men, may affect you for great actions; ſo for this our neceſſarie defect of dying (which I hope ſhall be the onely ſtep that ever you ſhall paſſe to that, and by that

Lake)

lake) you may receive some remembrances from the meditations, and devotions of your Graces devoted servant, &c.

A Letter from the same Person to a Lord, upon presenting of some of his work to him.

My Lord,

TO make my self believe that our life is something, I use in my thoughts to compare it to something, if it be like any thing that is something. It is like a Sentence, so much as may be uttered in a breathing: and such a difference as is in Styles, is in our lives, contracted and dilated. And as in some Styles, there are open Parentheses, Sentences within Sentences; so there are lives, within our lives. I am in such a Parenthesis now, in a convalescence, when I thought my self verie near my period. God brought me into a low valley, and from thence shewed me high *Jerusalem*, upon so high a hill, as that he thought it fit to bid me stay, and gather more breath. This I do, by meditating, by expostulating, by praying; for, since I am barred of my ordinarie diet, which

which is Reading, I make these my exercises, which is another part of Physick. And these meditations, and expostulations, and prayers, I am bold to send to your Lordship; that, as this which I live now is a kind of a second life, I may deliver my self over to your Lordship in this life, with the same affection and devotion, as made me yours in all my former life; and as long as any image of this world sticks in my soul, shall ever remain in your Lordships, &c.

A Letter from the Lord of Carlile *to* J. D. *therein signifying the King's pleasure, in having a Sermon Printed, which was formerly presented to his Majesty in writing.*

My deareſt Dean,

BY his Majestie's commandment, I return your Sermon with his own word, That it was a piece of such perfection, as could admit neither addition nor diminution. He longs to see it in Print, as concerning highly his service; and the sooner it be dispatcht, it will be the onely employment it needs. Your other businesse was moved by my noble Lord of *Buckingham*, in my

hearing, which had a better answer than was desired or expected, whereof you shall have an account at our meeting. If you prefer an Epistle, in my opinion, it shall be fittest to my Lord of *Buckingham*. So I rest.

Your faithfull humble servant.

A Letter from J. D. *to the Queen of* Bohemia, *with the presenting of the same Sermon to her.*

May it please your Majesty,

THat Hand, which Almighty God sees, at many midnights, lifted up to him in your Majestie's behalf, your Majesty hath, before this time, vouchsafed to see, in this manner, offered to your own eyes. I never come to this boldnesse, but when I have tried before, how your Royall Father, and Royall Brother, have accepted these things, which I adventure to present to your Majestie's hand. In this Sermon, I have more than the acceptation of my service in Printing it, for I have a commandment from his Majestie to make it publick. And, in all things, that have any influence upon the Publique, the second thoughts of every man belongs to your Majestie;

jeſtie; much more in me, who have taſted of your eaſineſſe, to pardon the raſhneſs and boldneſſe, of your Majeſtie's moſt humble and devoted, &c.

A Letter from J. D. *to* Sr. Robert Carre *Knight, when he was in* Spain; *about ſeverall matters.*

SIR,

YOur way into *Spain* was Eaſtward, and that is the way to the land of Perfumes and Spices; their way hither is Weſtward, and that is the way to the land of Gold, and of Mynes. The Wiſe men, who ſought Chriſt, laid down both their Perfumes, and their Gold, at the feet of Chriſt, the Prince of Peace. If All confer all to his glory, and to the peace of his Church, *Amen.* But now I conſider in Coſmography better; they and we differ not in Eaſt and Weſt: we are much alike Eaſterlie. But yet, *Oriens nomen ejus*, the Eaſt is one of Chriſt's names, in one Prophet; And, *Filius Orientis eſt Lucifer*, the Eaſt is one of the Devill's names, in another: and theſe two differ diametrically. And ſo in things belonging to the worſhip of

God, I think we ſhall, *Amen.* But the difference of our ſcituation is in North and South; and you know, that though the labour of any ordinary Artificer in that Trade, will bring Eaſt and Weſt together, (for if a flat Map be but paſted upon a round Globe, the fartheſt Eaſt, and the fartheſt Weſt meet, and are all one) yet all this brings not North and South a ſcruple of a degree the nearer. There are things in which we may, and in that wherein we ſhould not, my hope is in God, and in Him, in whom God doth ſo evidently work, we ſhall not meet, *Amen.* They have hotter daies in *Spain* than we have here, but our daies are longer; and yet we are hotter in our buſineſſe here, and they longer about it there. God is ſometimes called a Gyant, running a race; and ſometimes is ſo ſlow-paced, as that a thouſand years make but a day with God; and yet ſtill the ſame God. He hath his purpoſes upon our noble and vehement affections, and upon their warie and ſober diſcretions; and will uſe both to his glory. *Amen.*

Sir, I took up this Paper to write a Letter; but my imaginations were full of a Sermon before, for I write but a few hours before I am to Preach, and ſo inſtead of a Letter,

Letter I ſend you a Homily. Let it have thus much of a Letter, That I am confident in your love, and deliver my ſelf over to your ſervice. And thus much of a Homily, That you and I ſhall accompanie one another to the poſſeſſion of Heaven, in the ſame way wherein God put us at firſt, *Amen.* *Your very humble and very thankfull ſervant in Chriſt, &c.*

A Letter from the aforeſaid J. D. *to the aforeſaid* Sir Robert Carre, *Earl of* A. *ſetting forth his ſervant love towards him.*

SIR,

YOur man ſurpriſed me, as I came into my houſe; and loth to ſtay him, or defraud my ſelf of reading your Letter, I read it in his ſight, and ſaid, though not ſo much as I would have written, yet, perchance, more then he hath thought neceſſary to remember. I had bin long in my chamber, and practiſed how to put out breath, almoſt to my laſt gaſp; and now I had been abroad to take in aire, and as a man that hath received mony, but not yet received it; ſo, I had taken in breath, but not arti-

culated it, nor, perchance, ſaid enough, to let you know, that I ſhall loſe the honour of waiting upon you at your time: which I feel the more, becauſe I deſired much to have been in my Lord Chancellor's ſight. For, as when I ſit ſtill, and reckon all my old Maſter's Royall favours to me, I return evermore to that, that he firſt inclined me to be a Miniſter: So, when I reckon all the favours that I have received from my Lord Chancellor, I return to that, that he was the firſt man that ever preſented my name to my Lord *Carlile*, and entred me into his ſervice. When I ſay Grace, and bleſſe my own dinner, I ſhall mean yours alſo, and be your Chaplain, though abſent. This I have gained by my going abroad to day, (for I went to viſit your ſervants at *Chelſey*) that if I muſt deſpair of an ability to come to your houſe, where you are now; yet I hear there, you are comming to another houſe, where I have a preſcription, and have not us'd to be kept out. And I hear alſo, that your noble Lady is in that caſe, that a double meaſure of prayers is due to her, which I ſhall faithfully pay, becauſe therein I ſhall do a ſervice to one of yours, before he come into the world. As truly as all my Soul is

in

in every part of me, so hath every part of your family all the love and devotions of

Your humblest and thankfullest servant.

A Letter from J. D. *to my Lord's Grace of* Canterbury, *concerning a third Person.*

May it please your Grace,

UPon the 28th. of this month, I received this Pacquet, thus directed to your Grace, by one of those Merchants that trade at *Frankford.* By that Letter, by which they were accompanied, and recommended to me, by the Author, I find them to have been consigned into that Merchants hands, *Septemb.* 21. But the Books are now brought hither, by so great a circuit, as, comming with them, I imagine, this Pacquet to your Grace hath suffered no other diversion, than the rest. If the Author be formerly known to your Grace, it may ill become me to add any thing; If he be not, your Grace may be pleased to receive this testimonie of him from me, That in those parts where I have had some conversation with him, he hath the approbation of a learned and painfull man in

his Miniſtry, and is otherwiſe, in the affairs of the world, an intelligent perſon. Sometimes I receive Letters from him, and return ſome. And if your Grace be pleaſed to uſe my ſervice, by which any thing may be ſaid to uſe him hereafter, I moſt humbly offer to your Grace in this, and all wherein your Grace ſhall be pleaſed to command it, the ſervice of

Your Grace's humbleſt and thankfulleſt ſervant.

The Anſwer to the ſame.

Good Mr. Dean,

WHen I write this unto you, I have received your Letters, and thoſe from Monſieur *Tournemain*; but Book there is none come to my hands, either by the fault of my ſervant ſending, or by the errour of the *Canterbury*-man bringing. But, I doubt not, but I ſhall receive all things ſafe. I have acquaintance with many learned men beyond the ſeas, but with this perſon I have none. When I ſee and hear further, I ſhall addreſſe ſomething more unto you. In the mean time, I leave you to the Almighty, and remain,

Your ever loving friend.

A Letter from J. D. *to the* Earl *of* Somerſet, *thankfully acknowledgeing the* Earls *kindneſs to him in his ſickneſs, as alſo with a ſtrong proteſtation of ſervice.*

My moſt honoured Lord,

SInce your Lordſhip will not let me dye, but have by your favour of ſending to me, ſo much prevaled againſt a vehement feaver, that I am now in good degrees of convaleſcence. I was deſirous that my firſt ſacrifice, to any perſon in this World for my beginning of health, ſhould be to your Lordſhip, That I might acknowledge, that, as ever ſince I had the happineſſe to be in your Lordſhip's ſight, I have lived upon your bread; ſo I owe unto your Lordſhip now all the means of my recoverie, and my health it ſelf: So muſt all the reſt of my life, and means be a debt to your Lordſhip, from whom, ſince I received a commandment, ſo much to aſſiſt my ſelfe, as to preſent to your Lordſhip whatſoever to appear to me likelie to advantage me, and eaſe your Lordſhip. I am now bold, in obedience

obedience of that commandment, to tell your Lordſhip, that that is told me, That Sir *P. C.* is likelie to be removed, from you to the States. If your Lordſhip have no particular determination upon that place, nor upon me, I humbly beſeech your Lordſhip to pardon me the boldneſs, of aſking you, Whether I may not be ſent thither; All the ſubſtance, and all the circumſtances of this, I moſt humbly ſubmit to your Lordſhip, with a proteſtation as true, as if I had made it ſix daies ſince, when I thought my ſelf verie near an end, That I had rather be any thing which ariſes out of your Lordſhip, then any propoſition of mine; and that I have been in poſſeſſion of my fartheſt Ambitions, ever ſince I had the dignitie of being your moſt, &c.

A Letter from the ſame Perſon, to a worthie Knight. It conſists of much kindneſs and friendſhip.

SIR,

I Amend to no purpoſe, nor have any uſe of this inchoation of health, which I find, except I preſerve my room, and ſtation in you. I begin to be paſt hope of dying, and

I

I fear that a little rag of *morti major* which I read last time I had the honour to be in your Chamber, hath wrought propheticallie upon me, that death came so fast towards me, that the over-joy of it recovered me; Sir I measure not my health by my appetite, but onlie my abilitie to come to kisse your hands; which since I cannot hope in the compass of a few daies, I beseech you, pardon me both these intrusions, of this Letter, and of that within it. And though School-men dispute, whether a married man dying, and he by miracle raised again, must be re-married; yet let your friendship, (which is a nobler learning) be content to admit me, after this resurrection, to be still that which I was before, and shall ever continue,

Your, &c.

A Letter from the Lord of Doncaster, *when he was in* France, *to* Doctor Donne. *It consists of much kindness and friendship.*

SIR,

I Received for my great comfort, two of your Letters full of Love and freedome,

at

at the instant of my greatest extreamitie, which were to me cordialls. If you had pleased to continue I should have been more happie, but my conjecture of your silence, I remit to the relation, of the bearer, as I do all the news of this Kingdome; and my selfe to the continuance of your Love as your most faithfull friend, and most humble servant.

A Letter from J. D. *to the Lord of* Somerset.

IT is now somewhat more than a year, since I took the boldnesse, to make my purpose of professing Divinitie known to your Lordship, as to a person, whom God had made so great an instrument of his providence in this Kingdome, as that nothing in it should be done without your knowledge, your Lordship exercised upon me then many of your vertues, for besides, that by your bounty I have lived ever since, it hath been through your Lordships advice, and inspiration of new hopes into me, that I have lived cheerfulNe. By this time, perchance, your Lordship may have discerned, that the malignity of my ill fortune,

tune, may infect your good, And that by ſome impreſſions in your Lordſhip, I may be incapable of the favours, which your Lordſhip had purpoſed to me. I had rather periſh, then be ſuch a rubbe in your fortune, or that through me, your Hiſtory ſhould have one example of having miſſed, what you deſired; I humbly therefore beg of your Lordſhip, that after you ſhall have been pleaſed, to admit into your memorie, that I am now a year older, broken with ſome ſickneſſe, and in the ſame degrees of honeſtie as I was, your Lordſhip will afford me one commandement, and bid me eitheir hope for this buſineſſe in your Lordſhip's hand, or elſe purſue my firſt purpoſe, or abandon all, for as I cannot live without your favour, ſo I cannot die without your leave; becauſe even by dying, I ſhould ſteal from you one, who is by his own devotions and your purchaſe, your Lordſhips moſt humble and thankfull ſervant.

A Letter from J. D. to the Lord of Rocheſter. *It conſiſts of ſeverall matters, with much kindeneſſe.*

My moſt honoured Lord,

I Proſper too faſt in your Lordſhip's favour, that I am alreadie come to the honour of ſuffering ſomewhat for it; For this abſtinence from putting my ſelfe into your Lordſhip's preſence (which I make account that I do in obedience of your purpoſes) is ſo much more than a puniſhment to me, that it hath ſome degrees of a civill martyrdome: But as God himſelf, ſo they whom he hath made Stewards of his benefits upon Earth, diſpences and conferres them, as well by providence, as by preſence. So that with as much confidence, as humility, I do reſt my ſelfe upon your gracious inclinations towards me, and think my ſelfe much ſafer in that, then in the poſſeſſion of any place. For when by poſſeſſion, I muſt come to exerciſe mine own poor abilities, I ſhall not be upon ſo good ground, as now, when I ſubſiſt onely by your Grace, yet I preſume your Lordſhip

ſhip will allow me to tell you, that I underſtand that *S. H. w.* hath ſome deſign upon one of theſe places, whereof your Lordſhip did me that favour to ſpeak for a nephew of his *M. M.* But as they are now ſupplied, I dare be ſure that there is room for none, but one of your making; This day and not before I came to the ſight of the book, which your Lordſhip mentioned to me; but becauſe I know that the Jeſuites at *Lovaine* are in hand with an anſwer expreſſie to my whole book, I forbear yet to take knowledge of this. Which I am bold to teſſ your Lordſhip, leaſt in ſuch place, ſuch miſ-conceiving, might diſadvantage me much. I ſhould be thought to forſake, either mine own poor reputation, or the ſafeſt cauſe in the World. But leaſt, I ſhould ſpend all your Lordſhip's favour in pardons, I will take no more of your time, neither from your ſelf, nor the publique with theſe impertinencies of,

Your Lordſhip's, &c.

The

The ſame perſon to the Lord of Rocheſter. *It conſiſts of high Complements, and much kindneſs.*

My honoured good Lord,

AFter I was grown to be your Lordſhip's, by all the Titles that I could think upon, it hath pleaſed your Lordſhip to make an other Title to me, by buying me. You may have many better bargaines in your purchaſes, but never better Title, nor any thing which you may call yours more abſolutelie, and intirelie than me. If therefore, I appear before your Lordſhip, ſometimes in theſe Letters of Thankfulneſſe, it may be an excuſeable boldneſſe, becauſe they are your evidences, by which you hold me. I know there may be degrees of importunitie, even in thankfulneſſe, but your Lordſhip is got above the danger of ſuffering that from me, or my Letters, both becauſe my thankfulneſſe cannot reach to the benefits alreadie received, and becauſe the favour of receiving my Letters, is a new benefit. Since good Divines have made this argument againſt deniers of the Reſurrection, that it is eaſier for God, to re-unite the Principles and Elements

ments of our bodies, howſoever they be ſcattered, than it was at firſt to create them of nothing. I cannot doubt, but that any diſtractions, or diverſions, in the waies of my hopes, will be eaſier to your Lordſhip to re-unite, than it will to create them; eſpeciallie, ſince you are ſo near perfecting them, that, if it agree'd with your Lordſhip's purpoſe, I ſhould never wiſh other ſtation, than ſuch as might make me ſtill and onely, your Lorſhip's moſt humble and devoted ſervant. J. Donne. / p. 291.

A Letter from Doctor Donne, *to the ſame Lord of* Rocheſter, *of the ſame kind.*

My Lord,

I May juſtly fear, that your Lordſhip hath never heard of the name, which lies at the bottom of this Letter: nor could I come to the boldneſſe of preſenting it now, without another boldneſſe, of putting his Lordſhip, who now delivers it, to that office. Yet I have (or flatter my ſelf to have) juſt excuſes of this, and juſt ground of that ambition. For, having obeyed at laſt, after much debatement within me, the Inſpira-

tions (as I hope) of the Spirit of God, and resolved to make my Profession Divinitie: I make account, that I do but tell your Lordship, what God hath told me, which is, That it is in this course, if in any, that my service may be of use to this Church and State. Since then your Lordship's vertues have made you so near the head in the one, and so religious a Member of the other, I came to this courage, of thrusting my self thus into your Lordship's presence, both in respect that I was an independent, and disobliged man, towards any other person in this State; and delivered over now, (in my resolution) to be a household-servant of God. I humbly beseech your Lordship, that since these my purposes are likelie, to meet quicklie a false and unprofitable dignitie, which is, the envie of others, you will vouchsafe to undertake, or prevent, or disable that, by affording then the true dignitie of your just interpretations, and favourable assistance. And to receive into your knowledge so much of the History, and into your protection so much of the endeavours, of your Lordships most humble and devoted servant.

A Letter from Doctor Donne, *to the Lord* Hay.

My Lord,

I Have told your Lordſhip often, that I have no vertue but modeſty; and I begin to fear, that I loſe that, in ſaying ſo often, that I have it: At leaſt, if I were full freighted with it before, I find, that at this time, I make a deſperate ſhipwrack of it. Either the boldneſſe of putting my ſelf by this way of Letter into my Lord of *Rocheſter's* preſence, or the boldneſſe of begging from your Lordſhip the favour of preſenting it, would ſpend more of that vertue than I have. But ſince I can ſtronglie hope, out of the generall teſtimonies of his Lordſhip's true nobleneſſe, that he will allow me this interpretation, that I reſerved my ſelf till now, when a reſolution of a new courſe of life, and new profeſſion, makes me a little more worthie of his knowledge; and that as ſoon as I had delivered my ſelf over to God, I deliver my ſelf to him, I cannot doubt of your Lordſhip's pardon for my boldneſſe, in uſing your mediation; I did it not, my Lord, without ſome

disputation. But I thought it verie unworthie, to have sent a first Letter to his Lordship, by a servant of my own, and to have made it the businesse of anie friend of mine, who hath the honour of accesses to him. I thought my self tied by that, to have communicated my purposes with him, that person, and so to have fore-acquainted another with that, which I desire his Lordship should first know. For, I make account, that it is in one instant, that I tell his and your Lordship, that I have brought all my distractions together, and find them in a resolution, of making Divinity my Profession, that I may try, whether my poor Studies, which have profited me nothing, may profit others in that course; in which also a fortune may either be better made, or, at least, better missed, than in anie other. One good fruit of it will be, that my prayers for your Lordship's happinesse shall be, in that station, more effectuall with God; and that, therein, I shall best shew my self, to be your Lordship's most humble and thankfull servant.

A Letter of the Lord of Doncaſter, *from* Bourdeux, *to Doctor* Donne: *wiſhing him to reſerve ſome Wine for his Entertainment.*

My dear Dean,

I Muſt now live upon the crums of my German Devotions; which, if I had carefullie gathered up, had been an eternall Feaſt. Love me ſtill, and reſerve in the Ship which parts from hence, a Tun of excellent Wine, againſt your Michaelmas-Hoſpitalitie, where I mean to be

In haſte, from *Bourdeux* this 19th. *May*.

Your domeſtick humble Servant.

Doctor Donne, *to his Mother: comforting her after the death of her Daughter.*

My moſt dear Mother,

WHen I conſider ſo much of your life, as can fall within my memo-

rie and obſervation, I find it to have been a Sea, under a continuall Tempeſt, where one wave hath ever overtaken another. Our moſt wiſe and bleſſed Saviour chuſeth what way it pleaſeth him, to conduct thoſe which he loves, to his Haven, and eternall Reſt. The way which he hath choſen for you, is ſtrait, ſtormie, obſcure, and full of ſad apparitions of death, and wants, and ſundry diſcomforts; and it hath pleaſed him, that one diſcomfort ſhould ſtill ſucceed, and touch another, that he might leave you no leaſure, by anie pleaſure or abundance, to ſtay or ſtep out of that way, or almoſt to take breath in that way, by which he hath determined to bring you home, which is his glorious Kingdom. One of the moſt certain marks and aſſurances, that all theſe are his works, and to that good end, is your inward feeling and apprehenſion of them, and patience in them. As long as the Spirit of God diſtills and dews his cheerfulneſſe upon your heart; as long as he inſtructs your underſtanding, to interpret his mercies and his judgments aright; ſo long your comfort muſt needs be as much greater than others, as your afflictions are greater than theirs. The happi-

neſſe

neſſe which God afforded to your firſt young time, which was the love and care of my moſt dear and provident Father, whoſe ſoul, I hope, hath long ſince enjoyed the ſight of our bleſſed Saviour, and had compaſſion of all our miſeries in this world, God removed from you quickly. And hath ſince taken from you all the comfort, that that Marriage produced. All thoſe children (for whoſe maintenance his induſtrie provided, and for whoſe education, you were ſo carefullie and ſo chargeablie diligent) he hath now taken from you. All that worth which he left, God hath ſuffered to be gone from us all. So that God hath ſeemed to repent, that he allowed any part of your life any earthly happineſſe, that he might keep your Soul in continuall exerciſe, and longing, and aſſurance, of comming immediately to him. I hope therefore, my moſt dear Mother, that your experience of the calamities of this life, your continuall acquaintance with the viſitations of the holy Ghoſt, which gives better inward comforts, than the world can outward diſcomforts. Your wiſdom, to diſtinguiſh the value of this world from the next, and your religious fear of offending our

mercifull God, by repining at any thing which he doth, will preserve you from any inordinate and dangerous sorrow, for this losse of my most beloved Sister. For my part, which am onely left now, to do the office of a child; though the poornesse of my fortune, and the greatnesse of my charge, hath not suffered me to expresse my duty towards you, as became me; yet, I protest to you before Almighty God, and his Angells and Saints in Heaven, that I do, and ever shall, esteem my self, to be as stronglie bound to look to you, and provide for your relief, as for my own poor wife and children. For, whatsoever I shall be able to do, I acknowledge to be a debt to you, from whom I had that education, which must make my fortune. This I speak not, as though I feared my father *Rainsford*'s care of you, or his means to provide for you; for he hath been with me, and, as I perceive in him, a loving and industrious care to give you contentment; so, I see in his businesse, a happie and considerable forwardnesse. In the mean time, good Mother, take heed, that no sorrow nor dejection in your heart, interrupt or disappoint God's purpose in you; his purpose is, to remove out of your heart,

all

all ſuch love of this world's happineſſe, as might put Him out of poſſeſſion of it. He will have you entirelie. And, as God is comfort enough, ſo Hee is inheritance enough. Joyne with God, and make his viſitations and afflictions, as he intended them, mercies and comforts. And, for God's ſake, pardon thoſe negligences, which I have heretofore uſed towards you; and aſſiſt me, with your bleſſing to me, and all mine; and with your prayers to our bleſſed Saviour, that thereby both my mind and fortune, may be apt to do all my duties, eſpecially thoſe that belong to you.

God, whoſe omnipotent ſtrength can change the nature of any thing, by his raiſing-Spirit of comfort, make your Povertie Riches, your Afflictions Pleaſure, and all the Gall and Wormwood of your life, Hony and Manna to your taſte, which he hath wrought, whenſoever you are willing to have it ſo. Which, becauſe I cannot doubt in you, I will forbear more lines at this time, and moſt humblie deliver my ſelf over to your devotions, and good opinion of me, which I deſire no longer to live, than I may have.

A Letter from Ben. Johnſon *to Doctor* Donne, *in clearing himſelf upon a former accuſation.*

SIR,

YOu cannot but believe, how dear and reverend your friendſhip is to me, (though all teſtimony on my part, hath been too ſhort to expreſſe me) and therefore would I meet it with all obedience. My mind is not yet ſo deafned by injuries, but it hath an ear for counſell. Yet, in this point, that you preſently diſſwade, I wonder how I am miſunderſtood; or that you ſhould call that an imaginarie right, which is the proper juſtice, that every clear man owes to his innocency. Exaſperations I intend none, for Truth cannot be ſharp but to ill natures, or ſuch weak ones, whom the ill ſpirit's ſuſpition or credulity ſtill poſſeſſe. My Lady may believe whiſperings, receive tales, ſuſpect and condemn my honeſtie; and I may not anſwer, on the pain of loſing her; as if ſhe, who had this prejudice of me, were not already loſt. O no, ſhe will do me no hurt, ſhe will think

think and ſpeak well of any faculties. She cannot there judge me; or if ſhe could, I would exchange all glory, (if I had all mens abilities) which could come that way for honeſt ſimplicitie. But, there is a greater penaltie threatned, the loſſe of you my true friend; for others I reckon not, who were never had, you have ſo ſubſcribed your ſelf. Alas, how eaſie is a man accuſed, that is forſaken of defence! Well, my modeſty ſhall ſit down, and (let the world call it guilt, or what it will) I will yet thank you, that counſell me to a ſilence in theſe oppreſſures, when confidence in my right, and friends may abandon me. And, leſt your ſelf may undergo ſome hazard, for my queſtioned reputation, and draw jealouſies or hatred upon you, I deſire to be left to mine own innocence, which ſhall acquit me, or Heaven ſhall be guilty.

Your ever true Lover.

A Letter from Doctor Donne *to the Lord* Hay, *acknowledging former courteſies, and cleering himſelf from an accuſation.*

Nobleſt Lord,

THe ſame Conſcience of mine own unworthineſſe, which kept me ſo long from daring to put my ſelf into your Lordſhip's ſight, provokes me to write now, we are ever juſtlie moſt tender and jealous of thoſe things, to which, we have weakeſt Title; And therefore finding how little pretence, I have to your Lordſhip's favour, I am not onlie diligent, but curious, not to forfeit it. I have been told, that when your Lordſhip did me that extream favour, of preſenting my name, his Majeſtie remembred me, by the worſt part of my hiſtorie, which was my diſorderlie proceedings, ſeaven years ſince, in my nonage. As your Lordſhips earneſtneſſe, and alacritie in doing good, and almoſt unthriftineſs, in multiplying and heaping your favours, gave me ſcarce leiſure to conſider how great your firſt favour of promiſing was, becauſe you overtook it preſentlie with a greater,

greater, which was the performing it ; ſo I humblie beſeech your Lordſhip to adde another to theſe, not to be too apprehenſive of any ſuſpition, that there lies upon me anie diſhonourable ſtaine, or can make my King have anie prejudice againſt me, for that intemperate and haſtie act of mine: for the Lord Chancellor and his brother in law, *Sr. G. M.* whoſe daughter I married, would both be likelie, and will be readie to declare it, for his Majeſtie's ſatisfaction, or your Lordſhips, that their diſpleaſure, commenced ſo long ſince, ſhould be thought to continue ſtill, or interrupt any of my fortunes. This I ſay, leſt I might have ſeemed to have betraied your Lordſhip, and leſt my ill fortune, by having got manie victories upon my ſelfe, ſhould dare to reach at your Lordſhip, and think to work upon your conſtancie, and perſeverance in doing good, by making you repent your own act in favouring me. I am, my Lord, ſomewhat more worthie of your favour than I was at firſt ; becauſe everie degree of your Lordſhip's favour is a great dignitie. I am therefore in much confidence, that your Lordſhip, which diſdained me not then, will at leaſt allow your own work in me, and as you have laid a foun-

foundation : so you will by preferring me still, in your good opinion, build me up to such a capacitie, and worthinesse, as may be fit for your Lordship to dwell in ; To which I only bring an honest and intire devotion to do your Lordship service, all the rest is your Lordship's work, whose hand I humblie kisse, and beg a pardon for saluting your Lordship herein, by so bold a way as writing.

The same Person, to the Lord Hay.

Noblest Lord,

EVer to good ends the way and passage is fair and delightfull, of which no man can have had a better experience then I, who for my best end, pretending to his Majestie's service, have by the way the honour to be received into your care ; And though my fortune, and my poor reputation importune me still, not to forsake my selfe, but endeavour to be something, yet this descent of your Lordship, and your taking knowledge of so unusefull a servant as I am, gives me contentment, and satisfaction enough, and so I may be sure to hold that room which your Lordship affords me in your self, I care not to be any thing

else,

elſe, it ſhall be my care that no fault make me unworthie of your Lordſhip's favour, ſince I feel alreadie that it is your Lordſhip's care, to remove me from this darkneſſe, in which my affection to do your Lordſhip ſervice, can no way appear. I perceive not yet any purpoſe, to make any ſucceſſor in that place in *Ireland*, if any be made, and not I, this would be the worſt degree of the ill-fortune in that faile, that as I fear I ſhould loſe my hold in your Lordſhip for it was but your affection that admitted me into you, but then your judgment would examine me, and conclude me to be very unfit for you, If I be not fit for *Ireland*. Now your Lordſhip knows all my hopes and fears, and it is in your power to make my deſtinie, ſince to live in your memorie is advancement enough, and I ſhall by your Lordſhip's favour be bold to refreſh by my often Letters, not as diffident ſolicitous from me, but as your Lordſhips auditors, to bring you in, the poor tribute of my thankfulneſſe, who am, &c.

A kind Letter from the Lord Hay, *to* Doctor Donne.

SIR,

I Think my perſwaſion firſt begat in you the purpoſe to employ your extraordinarie excellent parts in the affairs of another world, ſince this hath thought it ſelf unworthie of [illegible] ſervice. At leaſt, I was helping, among others, to bring you well abed of that reſolution, whereof I hope you ſhall never have cauſe to repent you. If on this day I preſent you with a veſture of that profeſſion, and a token from my office, Take it as an argument of my faithfull well-wiſhing all the year long, of your more ſubſtantiall good fortune, To the which I ſhall ever contribute my beſt ſervice, as

Your faithfull friend,
and ſervant,

JAMES HAY:

Doctor

Doctor Donne *to the same* Lord, *requesting a Courtesie.*

THough I had much desire to seek your Lordship, yet I abstained when I knew, upon how just reason your Lordship had retired your self. But since your Lordship hath given so able a triall of your excellencie that you can suspend your Servant's grief, and make it yeeld to publique joy, and triumph, I dare appear before your Lordship in this Letter, and repeat that suite, which I made to your Lordship last year. I humblie therefore beseech your Lordship, to take some time to move his Majestie before he go out of Town, that I may be his servant: which request, though I hope you shall not find difficult, nor unseasonable, yet I preferre it to your Lordship, without any restraint of time or place, or other circumstance; and having told your Lordship my desire, leave all the rest to your leisure and knowledge: for my fortune is no where so safe as in your Lordships hands, which I humblie kisse, and dedeliver over into them the faith and services of

Your most humble Servant.

A Letter of much kindneſſe from Doctor Donne, *to Sir* Toby Mathew, *from* Colleyn.

SIR,

AT *Ratiſbone* I had your Letter from *Bruſſel's*; and, in it, you. For, my former knowledge of your ingenuitie, and mine own conſcience of having demerited in nothing toward you, are aſſurances to me, that your profeſſions are in earneſt. I dare put my ſelfe upon the teſtimony of very many very good Companies in *England*, where your Perſon, and your Hiſtorie, have been the diſcourſe, that I have never forſaken your honour and reputation. And you may be pleaſed to make this ſome argument of my diſpoſition toward you, that when I have been told, that you have not been ſo carefull of me abroad, I have not been eaſie in beleeving it; and when at ſometimes, the authoritie of the reporter, hath brought me to a half-belief of it, I have found other excuſes in your behalfe, than a meer diſ-affection to me: and now I am ſafelie returned to my firſt ſtation again, not to beleeve it. If it could be poſ-

ſible

ſible that any occaſion of doing you a reall ſervice, might be preſented me, you ſhould ſee, that that Tree which was rooted in love, and alwaies bore leaves, readie to ſhadow and defend from others malice, would bear fruit alſo. You know, we ſay in the Schools, that Grace deſtroys not Nature: we may ſay too, that forms of Religion deſtroy not moralitie, nor civill offices. That which I add, I am farre from applying to you, but it is true, That we are fallen into ſo ſlack and negligent times, that I have been ſometimes glad to hear, that ſome of my friends have differed from me in Religion. It is ſome degree of an union to be united in a ſerious meditation of God, and to make any Religion the rule of our actions. Our ſweet and bleſſed Saviour bring us by his way, to his end! And be you pleaſed to be aſſured, that no man deſires to renew, or continue, or encreaſe a friendſhip with you more than

Doctor Donne *to Mrs.* Cockaine of Ashburne, *occasioned by the report of his death.*

My noble Sister,

THough my Man, at *London*, might have made such a return to your Man's Letter, from himself, as might have given satisfaction enough; yet, because there were so many hours, between his receipt of that Letter, and the return of the Carrier, as might admit that delay, he thought best to acquaint me with it. I am not sorrie he did so; for, I have found this rumour of my death to have made so deep impressions, and to have been so peremptorilie believed, that from very remote parts, I have been entreated to signifie under my hand, that I am yet alive. If you have believed the report, and mourned for me, I pray let that that is done alreadie, serve at the time that it shall be true. To mourn a second time, were to suspect, that I were fallen into the second death, from which, I have abundant

dant assurance, in the application of the superabundant Merits of my Saviour. What gave the occasion of this rumour, I can make no conjecture. And yet the hour of my death, and the day of my buriall, were related in the highest place of this Kingdom. I had at that time no kind of sickness, nor was otherwise, than I had been ever since my seavour, and am yet; that is, too weak at this time of the year to go forth, especiallie to *London*, where the sickness is near my house, and where I must necessarilie open my self to more business, than my present state would bear. Yet, next tearm, by God's grace, I will be there; at which time, I have understood from my Lord *Carlile*'s house, that the Dean of *Exceter* will be there: which hath made me forbear to write, because I know how faintlie and lamelie businesses go on by Letters, in respect of Conferences. In the mean time, my prayers for your happiness shall fill all the time of

Your true Friend, and Brother, and Servant.

A Letter of much kindneſſe from Doctor Donne, *to the ſame friend.*

My nobleſt Sifter,

IN your Letter from *Bath*, you told me ſo particularly how I might return an Anſwer, that I preſume you intended it for a commandment, that I ſhould do ſo. Therefore I write, though not therefore onelie; for though my Obedience be a good reaſon, yet I have another of higher value, that is, my Love; of which love of mine to you, one principall act having alwaies been my prayers for you. At this time, I knew not how to expreſſe that love that way, becauſe not knowing what ſeaſons of weather are beſt for your uſe of the *Bath*, I know not what weather to pray for. I determine my prayers therefore in thoſe Generalls, that God will give you whatſoever you would have, and multiplie it to you when you have it. If I might have ſorborn this Letter till to morrow, I could have had time enough to enlarge my ſelf,

for

for *Saturday* is my day of converſation and liberty. But I am now upon *Friday* evening, and not got through my preparation for my *Paul*'s ſervice upon *Sunday*. If you look for news from hence, let my part (who knows but ſmall things) be this, That Sir *John Brook* is married to Sir *William Bam*'s third daughter. So, my noble Siſter, our moſt bleſſed Saviour bleſſe you, with his beſt bleſſings, here and hereafter. *Amen.*

Your very true Friend, and Brother, and Servant.

A Letter between the ſame Perſons.

My nobleſt and lovingeſt Siſter,

NOthing returns ofner with more comfort to my memorie, than that you nor I ever asked any thing of one another, which we might not ſafelie grant; and we can ask nothing ſafelie, that implies an offence to God, or injury to any other perſon. I fall upon this conſideration now, upon this occaſion: Your Letter, upon the two and twentieth of *Auguſt*, which I received this day, laies a commandment

upon me, to give you an account of my ſtate in health; you do but ask me how I do, and if your Letter had come yeſterday, I could not have told you that. At my return from *Kent* to my gate, I found *Pegge* had the Pox; ſo I withdrew to *Prickham*, and ſpent a fortnight there. And without comming home, when I could with ſome juſtice hope, that it would ſpread no farther amongſt them, (as, I humbly thank God, it hath not, nor much disfigured her that had it) I went into *Bedfordſhire*. There, upon my third *Sunday*, I was ſeized with a Feavour, which grew ſo upon me, as forced me to a reſolution, of ſeeking my Phyſitian at *London*. Thither I came in a day, and a little piece; and within four miles of home, I was ſurpriſed with an accident in the Coach, which never befell me before, nor had been much in my contemplation, and therefore affected me much. It was a violent falling of the *Uvula*. Which when Doctor *Fox* (whom I found at *London*, and who had not been there in ten daies before) conſidered well, and perceived the feavour complicated with a Squinancie; by way of prevention of both, he preſentlie took blood; and ſo with ten-daies-ſtarving in a cloſe priſon, that

that is, my bed, I am (bleſſed be God) returned to a convenient temper, and pulſe, and appetite, and learn to eat, and this day met the acceptableſt gueſt in the acceptableſt manner, your Letter, walking in my chamber. All which I tell you with theſe particularities, leſt my ſickneſſe might be preſented by rumour worſe, than God hath been pleaſed to make it: For, I humbly thank him, now I feel no preſent ill, nor have reaſon to fear worſe. If I underſtand your Letter aright, much of your familie is together; if it be ſo, entreat them, for your ſake, to receive my ſervice, which, by your hand, I preſent to them all. If they be otherwiſe ſevered, yet, in the ears of Almighty God, to whom, I know, they all daily pray; my daily Praiers for them all, ſhall alſo meet them all. And that's the onely ſervice which I can promiſe my ſelf an ability to do to God's Church now, ſince this infirmity in my mouth and voice, is likelie to take me from any frequent exerciſe of my other duty of Preaching. But, God will either enable me, or pardon me. His will be done upon

us

us all, as his goodneſſe hath been overflowingly poured out upon

Your poor Friend, and lovingeſt Brother and Servant.

A Letter from the aforeſaid Doctor Donne *to the ſame friend, occaſioned by the death of her ſon.*

My noble and vertuous Siſter,

IF I had had ſuch an occaſion as this to have written to you, in the firſt year of our acquaintance, I had been likelie to have preſented you with an Eſſay of Morall Comfort. Now my Letter may well be excuſed, if it amount to an Homilie. My profeſſion and my willingneſſe, to ſtay long upon ſo good an office, as to aſſiſt you, will bear it. Our ſouls are trulie ſaid to be in everie part of our bodies; but yet, if any part of the bodie be cut off, no part of the ſoul periſhes, but is ſuckt in to that

ſoul

ſoul that remains, in that that remains of the body. When any limb or branch of a family is taken away, the vertue, the love, and (for the moſt part) the patrimonie and fortune of him that is gone, remaines with the Family. The family would not think it ſelf the leſſe, if any little quillet of ground had been evicted from it; nor muſt it, becauſe a clod of earth, one perſon of the family, is removed. In theſe caſes, there is nothing loſt; one part, the ſoul, enjoyes a preſent gain; and the other, the body, expects a future. We think it good husbandry to place our childrens portions ſo, as that in ſo many years it may multiply to ſo much: Shall we not be as glad to lay their bodies there, where onely they can be mellowed and ripened for glorification. The perverſneſſe of the father put you to ſuch a neceſſity of hiding your ſons, as that this ſon is ſcarce more out of your ſight, by being laid under ground, than he was before. And perchance you have been longer time, at ſome times, from meeting and ſeeing one another in this world, than you ſhall be now from meeting in the glory

glory of the Resurrection. That may come sooner, than you looked he should come from the *Bath*. A man truly liberall, or truly charitable, will borrow monie to lend: For, if I be bound to assist another with my meat, or with my mony, I may be as much bound to assist him with my credit, and borrow to lend. We do but borrow Children of God, to lend them to the world. And when I lend the world a daughter in marriage, or lend the world a son in a profession, the world does not alwaies pay me well again; my hopes are not alwaies answered in that daughter or that son. But, of all that I lend to, the Grave is my best pay-Master. The Grave shall restore me my child, where he and I shall have but one Father; and pay me my Earth, when that Earth shall be Amber, a sweet Perfume, in the nostrills of his and my Saviour. Since I am well content to send one sonne to the Church, the other to the Warrs; Why should I be loth to

send

ſend one part of either ſonne to Heaven, and the other to the Earth. Comfort your ſelf in this, my noble Siſter, that for thoſe years he lived, you were anſwerable to God for him; for yet, he was ſo young, as a Mother's power might govern him; and ſo long he was under your charge, and you accountable for him. Now, when he was growing into thoſe years, as needed a ſtronger hand, a Father's care, and had not that; God hath cancelled your Bonds, diſcharged you, and undertakes the office of a Father himſelf. But, above all, comfort your ſelf in this, That it is the declared will of God. In ſickneſſes, and other worldlie croſſes, there are anxieties, and perplexities; we wiſh one thing to day, in the behalf of a diſtreſſed child or friend, and another to morrow; becauſe God hath not yet declared his will. But when he hath done that, in death, there is no room for anie anxietie, for anie perplexitie, no, not for a wiſh; for we may not ſo much as pray for the

the dead. You know, *David* made his child's Sickneſſe his *Lent*, but his Death his *Eaſter*: he faſted till the Child's death; but then he returned to his repaſt, becauſe then he had a declaration of God's will. I am farre from quenching in you, or diſcharging naturall affections; but, I know your eaſie apprehenſions, and over-tenderneſſe in this kind. And, I know ſome perſons in the world, that I wiſh may live, eſpecially for this reſpect, becauſe I know their death would over-affect you. In ſo noble and numerous a family as yours is, every year muſt neceſſarily preſent you ſome ſuch occaſion of ſorrow, in the loſſe of ſome near friend. And therefore I, in the office of a Friend, and a Brother, and Prieſt of God, do not onelie look that you ſhould take this patientlie, as a declaration of God's preſent will; but that you take it catechiſtically, as an inſtruction for the future; and that God, in this, tells you, That he will do ſo again, in ſome other your friends.

For,

For, to take any one croſſe patiently, is but to forgive God for once; but, to ſurrender one's ſelf entirely to God, is to be ready for all that he ſhall be pleaſed to do. And, that his pleaſure may be either to leſſen your croſſes, or multiply your ſtrength, ſhall be the prayer of

Your Brother, and Friend, and Servant, and Chaplain,

JOHN DONNE.

A Letter between the ſame Perſons.

My noble dear Siſter,

I Am come now, not onely to pay a Feavour every half year, as a Rent for my life; but I am called upon before the day, and they come ſooner in the year than heretofore. This Feavour that I had now, I hoped, for divers daies, to have been but an exaltation of my damps and flaſhings, ſuch as exerciſe me ſometimes four or five daies, and paſſe away

away, without whining or complaint. But, I neglected this ſomewhat too long, which makes me (though, after I took it into conſideration, the Feavour it ſelf declined quickly) much weaker, than, perchance, otherwiſe I ſhould have been. I had Doctor *Fox* and Doctor *Clement* with me, but, I thank God, was not much trouble to them. Ordinary means ſet me ſoon upon my leggs. And I have broke my cloſe priſon, and walk'd into the Garden; and (but that the weather hath continued ſo ſpitefully foul) make no doubt, but I might ſafely have done more. I eat, and digeſt well enough. And it is no ſtrange thing, that I do not ſleep well; for, in my beſt health, I am not much uſed to do ſo. At the ſame time, little *Betty* had a Feavour too; and, for her, we uſed Doctor *Wright*, who, by occaſion, lies within two miles of us; and he was able to eaſe my ſickneſſe, with his report of your good health, which, he told us, he had received from you. But I found it not ſeconded in your own Letters,

which

which I had the honour to receive by Mr. *Hazard*. My noble ſiſter, I am afraid that Death will play with me ſo long, as he will forget to kill me; and ſuffer me to live in a languiſhing and uſeleſſe age, A life, that is rather a forgetting that I am dead, then of living. We diſpute whether the dead ſhall pray for the living: and becauſe my life may be ſhort, I pray with the moſt earneſtneſſe for you now. By the advantage of ſickneſſe, I return the oftner to that holy exerciſe, and in it joyn yours with mine own Soul. I would not have dignified my ſelf, or my ſickneſſe with ſaying ſo much of either, but that it is in obedience to your Command, that I ſhould do ſo. And though there lye upon me no Command, yet there lies a neceſſitie growing out of my reſpect, and a nobler root, than that my love to you, to enlarge my ſelf, as farre as I have gone alreadie, in Mr. *Hazards* buſineſſe. My noble Siſter, when you carrie me up to the beginning, which it pleaſes you to call a promiſe to your ſelf, and your noble Siſter; I never ſlackned my purpoſe of performing that promiſe. But if my pro-

miſe, which was, that I ſhould be readie to aſſiſt him in any thing I could, were tranſlated by you, or your noble Siſter, or him, that I would give him the next Living in my gift, certainlie we ſpeak not one language, or underſtand not one another, and I had thought we had; This which he imagined to be vacant, (for it is not yet, nor any way likely) is the firſt that fell to me, ſince I made that promiſe. And, my noble Siſter, if a perſon of my place, from whom, one Scholler in each Univerſitie ſucks ſomething, and muſt be weaned by me, and who hath otherwiſe a latitude of importunate friends and verie many obligations, have a Living once in five or ſix yeares fall in his gift, (for it is ſo long ſince I gave any) and may not make a good choice with freedome then, it is hard; yet it is not my fortune to doe ſo now: for, now there is a living fallen (though not that); I am not left to my choice. For my Lord *Carlile*, and *Percy* have choſen for me: but trulie ſuch a man as I would have choſen; and for him, they laid an obligation upon me three yeares ſince, for the next that ſhould fall: yet

Mr.

Mr. *Hazard* presses you to write for that, becaufe he to whom my promife belongs, hath another before, but doth he or his Lord owe me any thing for that? yet Mr. *Hazard* importunes me, to preffe that Chaplain of my Lord, that when he takes mine, he fhall refign the other to him, which, as it is an ignorant requeft, (for if it be refign'd, it is not in his power to place it upon *Mr. Hazard*) fo it is an unjuft requeft, that I that give him fiftie pounds a year, fhould take from him fortie. But amongft Mr. *Hazards* manifold importunities, that that I took worft, was, that he fhould write of domeftique things, and what I faid of my Son, to you; and arme you with that plea, that my Son was not in Orders. But, my noble Sifter, though I am far from drawing my Son immaturelie into Orders, or putting into his hands any Church with cure; yet there are many Prebends and other helps in the Church, which a man without taking Orders, may be capable of, and for fome fuch I might change a Living with cure, and fo begin to accommodate a Son in fome preparation. But Mr. *Hazard* is too

piercing. It is good counsell, (and as I remember I gave it him) that if a man deny him any thing, and accompany his deniall with a reason, he be not too searching, whether that be the true reason or no, but rest in the deniall: for many times it may be out of my power to doe a man a courtesie which he desires, and yet I not tied to tell him the true reason; Therefore out of his Letter to you, I continue my opinion, that he medled too far herein. I cannot shut my Letter, till (whilst we are upon this consideration of reasons of denialls) I tell you one Answer of his, which perchance may weaken your so great assurance of his modestie. I told him that my often sicknesses, had brought me to an inability of Preaching, and that I was under a necessitie of Preaching twelve or fourteen solemn Sermons every year, to great Auditories, at *Paules*, and to the Judges, and at Courts and that therefore I must think of conferring something upon such a man as may supplie my place in these Solemnities: And surely, said I, I will offer them no man in those cases which shall not be at least equall to my

selfe,

ſelf; and, Mr. *Hazard*, I do not know your faculties. He gave me this anſwer, I will not make compariſons, but I do not doubt but I ſhould give them ſatisfaction in that kind. Now, my noble Siſter, whereas you repeat often, that you and your ſiſter reſted upon my word, and my worth; and, but for my word and my worth, you would not have proceeded ſo far: I muſt neceſſarily make my proteſtation, that my word and my worth is, herein, as chaſt, and untouch'd as the beſt Maiden-head in the world. For, my noble ſiſter, Goes there no more to the giving of a Scholler a Church in *London*: but that he was a young Gentleman's School-maſter? You know the ticklishneſſe of *London*-Pulpits, and how ill it would become me, to place a man in a *London*-Church that were not both a ſtrong and a ſound man. And therefore, thoſe things muſt come into conſideration before he can have a Living from me; though there was no need of reflecting upon thoſe things, when I made that generall promiſe, that I would aſſiſt his fortune in any thing. You end in a phraſe of indignation and diſpleaſure, rare in

you

you towards me, therefore it affects me; which is, that he may part from me, as I received him at first, as though I were likely to hinder him. The heat that produced that word I know is past, and therefore, my most beloved Sister, give me leave to say to you, that he shall not part from me, but I shall keep him still in my care, and make you alwaies my judge of all omissions

Your faithfull Friend, and Servant.

FINIS.